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1. A COI

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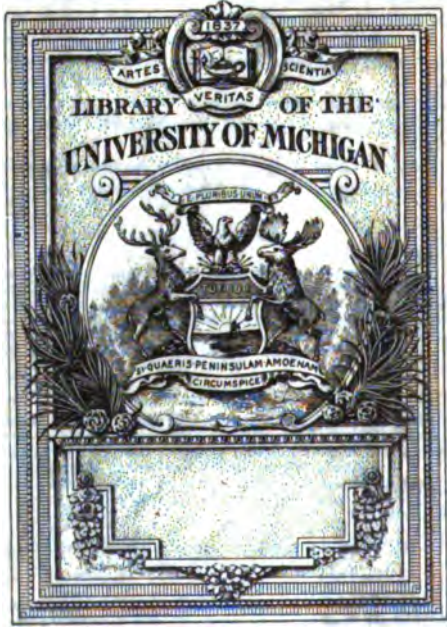
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GEO. B. EMERSON.

From the Rev. B. P. Aydelott, D.D., formerly President of Woodward College.

Cincinnati, March 18, 1848.

Dear Sir:—I have received and read with peculiar and very great satisfaction, your "Compendium of English Literature: peculiar, because it realizes what I had long since sketched in

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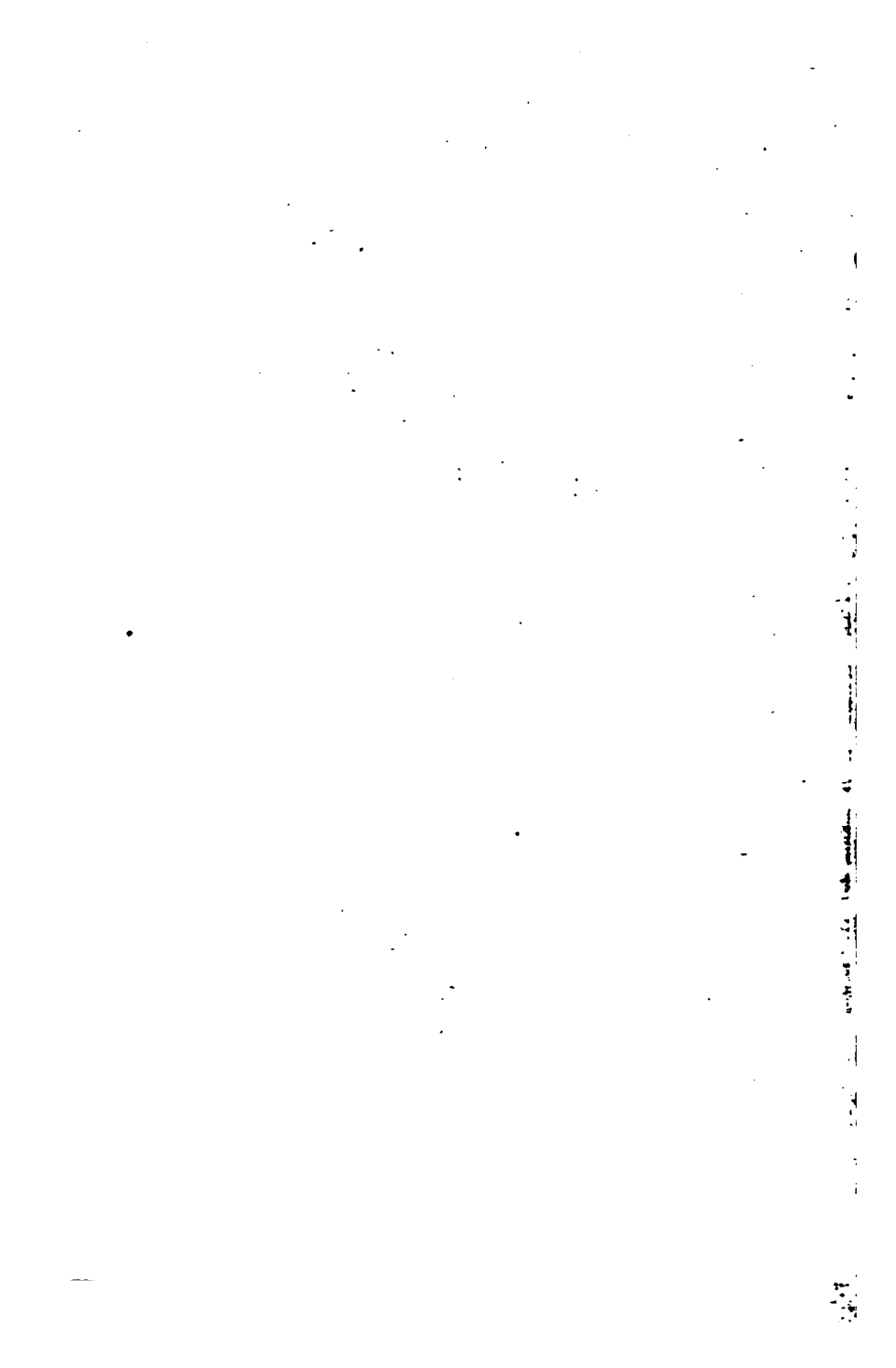
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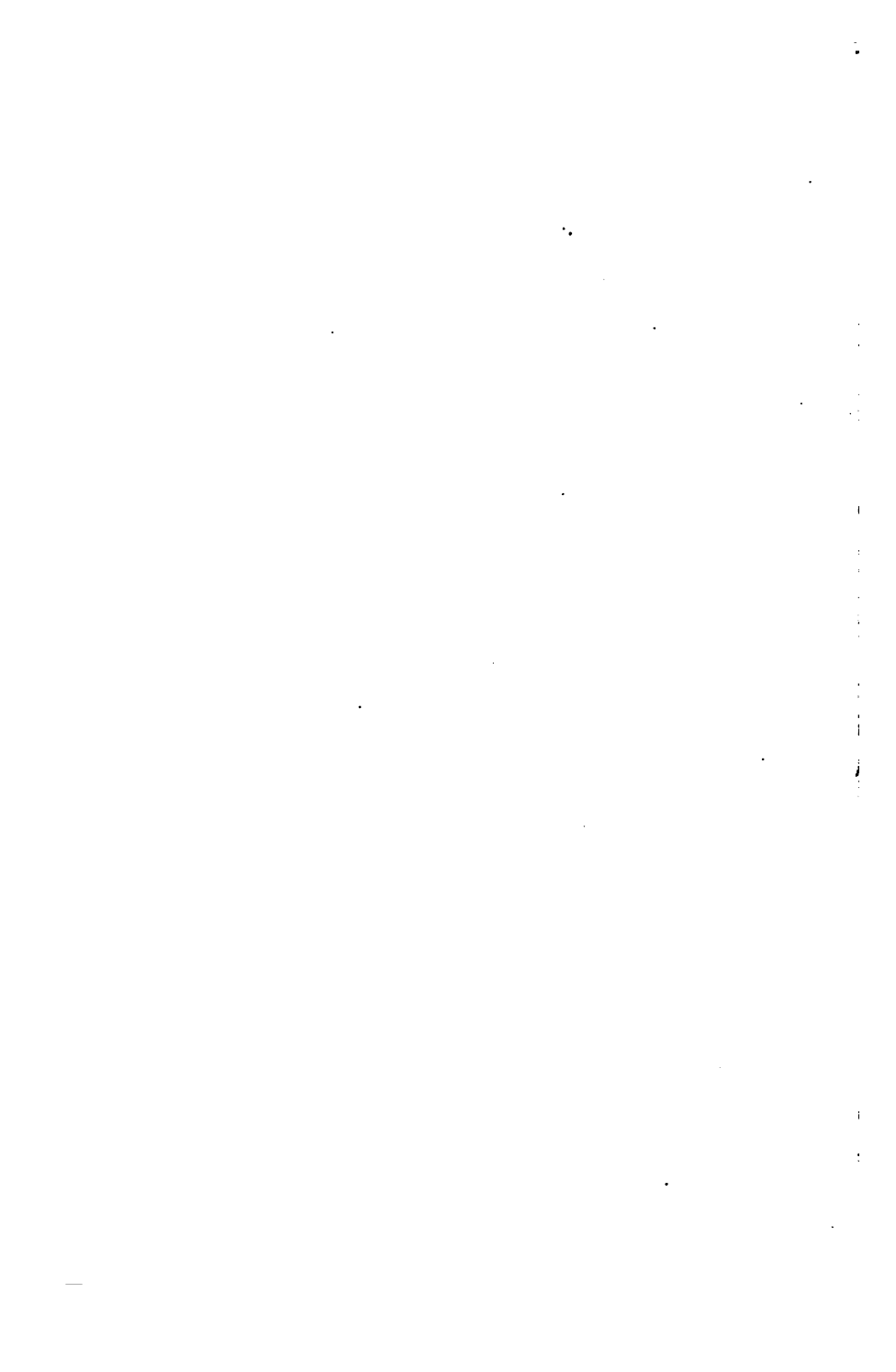
3. A COMPENDIUM OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, chronologically arranged. Consisting of Biographical Sketches of the Authors and Selections from their works; with Notes explanatory, illustrative, &c. By Charles D. Cleveland. Stereotype edition, June, 1859.



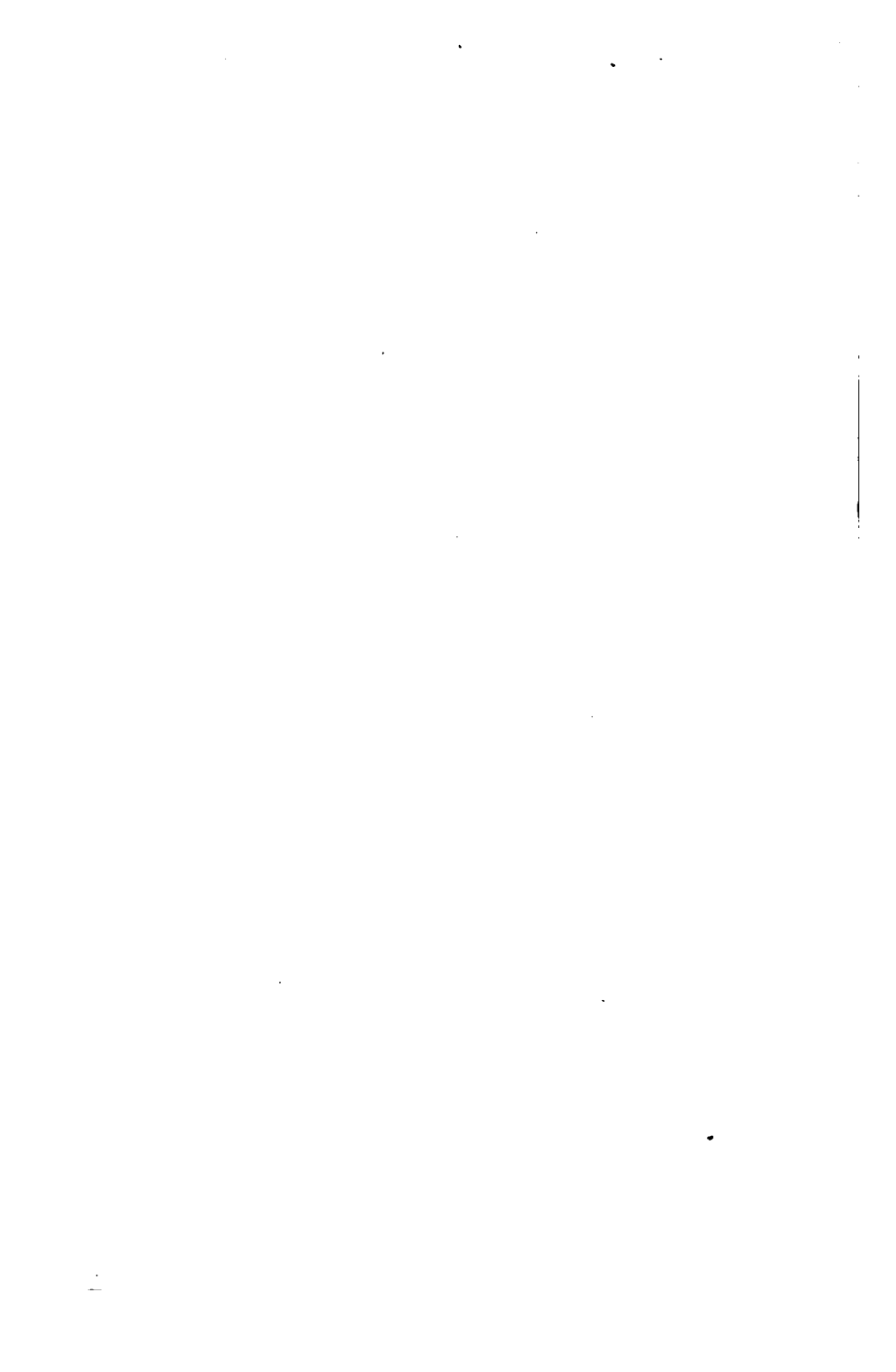
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CLASSICAL LITERATURE.



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AND
NOTES DIRECTING TO THE BEST EDITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

PART I.—FROM HOMER TO LONGINUS.

PART II.—FROM PLAUTUS TO BOËTHIUS.

BY
CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND,
FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF THE LATIN AND GREEK LANGUAGES IN DICKINSON
COLLEGE, CARLISLE, PENN., AND OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE AND
LITERATURE IN THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

PHILADELPHIA:
E. C. & J. BIDDLE & CO., No. 508 MINOR STREET.
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PHILADELPHIA :
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P R E F A C E .

109L 12-RRR.
THIS book completes the course upon Ancient and Modern Literature, which I originally designed ; and as it has been prepared upon a plan similar to that of my works on English and American Literature, little need be said by way of preface. I may remark, however, that this is even more the offspring of necessity than either of my other works ; for though a general knowledge of English literature could have been gleaned from a number of books that were in use before my first work appeared, yet I know of none, now accessible as school books, which would give the youthful student any adequate idea of the Greek and Roman writers. It is, therefore, in my view, a work very much needed ; for as far as my observation goes, the scholars who leave our English High, and Normal Schools, and our best private Seminaries, come out not only very ignorant of the character, works, and style of the classic authors, but often even of their very names.

The classical scholar will, of course, see at a glance that I have not attempted to give ALL the Greek and Roman writers, but those only who are by common consent considered THE BEST. Still, in what I have here attempted, many errors and omissions will doubtless be detected by those whose lives are devoted to this subject ; and if any one will point them out, and will write to me, expressing freely in what way he may think

the next edition (which will be stereotyped) may be improved, I shall feel under very great obligations to him for such kindness. It is now more than a quarter of a century since the Greek and Latin classics were the *chief* subjects of my studies, and though, in the mean time, I have kept up my acquaintance with them as much as my other avocations would allow, yet I well know how great an advance classical literature has made during that period, and therefore I feel conscious that in many points I may be in the rear.

I will only add that I can desire no greater favor to be shown to this my latest, than has been so signally bestowed upon my previous works.

CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND.

PHILADELPHIA, March 29, 1861.

THE following are the chief books to which I have been indebted in the preparation of my work, independent of the editions and translations of the authors themselves.

Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, 8 vols. 8vo.

Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, 1 vol. 8vo.

Classical Journal, published by Valpy, London, 40 vols. 8vo.

Classical Museum, published by Taylor & Co., London, 7 vols. 8vo.

Butler's History of Philosophy, 2 vols. 8vo.

Enfield's History of Philosophy, 2 vols. 8vo.

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Fiske's Eschenburg's Manual of Classical Literature, 1 vol. 8vo.

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Dunlap's History of Roman Literature, 2 vols. 8vo.

Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews.

Frazer's Magazine.

Blackwood's Magazine, &c. &c.

C. D. C.



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COMPENDIUM
OF
CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

PART FIRST.
THE LITERATURE OF GREECE.



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PART FIRST.
THE LITERATURE OF GREECE.

HOMER.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.

Pope.

Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song.

Thomson.

Troy's doubtful walls in ashes passed away,
Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay.

Charles Sprague.

It is not a little remarkable that nothing should be known with certainty of the parentage, or of the birth-place, or even of the era of the greatest poet of antiquity; of him who, next to Milton, ranks as the greatest epic poet of the world. As to his birth-place, it is well known that seven cities contended for the honor of it, according to the following dactylic hexameter:—

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Sala-mis, Rhodes, Argos, A-thenæ."

Of these, Smyrna appears to have the best claim, his epithet, Melesigenes, being derived from the river Meles,¹ which was in the neigh-

¹ "Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own."—*Par. Reg.*, iv. 259.

He is also called *Mæonides*, as some think, from Mæonia, the ancient name of Lydia; or, as others, from Mæon, King of Lydia, his reputed father.

"Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides."—*Par. Lost*, iii. 35.

borhood of that city, while all his local descriptions, as well as his feelings and prejudices, as displayed in his works, seem to favor his Asiatic and probably Ionian origin.

As to the antiquity of his life and writings, there is a still greater diversity of opinion. The Arundelian marbles place him about 907 years before Christ, and with this the majority of learned men are disposed to concur. Of his personal history little is known. Many stories are related of his youthful precocity, which are doubtless mythical, but all authorities agree in testifying to the purity of his life.¹ This is evident from his works, for no one can read them without being struck with this noble quality which distinguishes him not only amongst heathen, but almost amongst Christian poets, so called, namely, that there is hardly a passage or sentiment in any of his poems which could not be read aloud in the company of the purest and most refined; so that even Horace remarks that the contrast between virtue and vice is more instinctively painted in the Homeric poems than in the lectures of philosophers.

As to the personality of Homer, one would scarcely think that any sane mind, competent to judge in the matter, could ever for a moment question it. The ancients themselves never entertained a doubt on the subject. Pindar, Plato, Aristotle, and other distinguished Greek authors to whom his writings were familiar, all assumed the fact, nor did they ever doubt that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were the work of one mind. The difference between these poems did not, indeed, escape their critical notice—just as we perceive the difference between the "Paradise Lost" and the "Paradise Regained," of Milton; but they never thought that, in order to account for this difference,

¹ "In two respects, all the accounts concerning him agree—that he had travelled much, and that he was afflicted with blindness. From the first circumstance, it has been inferred that he was either rich or enjoyed the patronage of the wealthy; but this will not appear necessary, when it is considered that, in his time, journeys were usually performed on foot, and that he probably travelled, with a view to his support, as an itinerant musician or reciter. From most of the traditions respecting him, it appears that he was poor, and it is to be feared that necessity, rather than the mere desire of gratifying curiosity, prompted his wanderings. All that has been advanced respecting the occasion of his blindness is mere conjecture. Certain it is, that this misfortune arose from accident or disease, and not from the operation of nature at his birth; for the character of his compositions seems rather to suppose him all eye, than destitute of sight; and if they were even framed during his blindness, they form a glorious proof of the vivid power of the imagination more than supplying the want of the bodily organs, and not merely throwing a variety of its own tints over the objects of nature, but presenting them to the mind in a clearer light than could be shed over them by one whose powers of immediate vision were perfectly free from blemish."
—*Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd.*

they must suppose that the two poems proceeded from different authors. Longinus compared the "Iliad" to the sun in its noonday splendor, and the "Odyssey" to the same luminary when shorn of its beams at its setting; but he would as soon have doubted the identity of the mid-day and the evening sun as that of the author of the two poems.¹

But it was left to modern skepticism (which seems to think that to doubt shows a higher order of intellect than to believe on evidence) to maintain the bold position that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were a collection of separate lays by different authors, arranged and put together for the first time during the tyranny and by the order of Pisistratus,² at Athens, about 550 B. C. The chief supporters of this theory are the celebrated German scholars, Wolf and Heyne, who flourished about 1800, and who both published editions of Homer of great learning and research. We have not room here to discuss

¹ "There are many hearts and minds to which one of these matchless poems will be more delightful than the other; there are many to which both will give equal pleasure, though of different kinds; but there can hardly be a person, not utterly averse from the Muses, who will be quite insensible to the manifold charms of one or the other. The dramatic action of the Iliad may command attention where the diffused narrative of the Odyssey would fail to do so; but how can any one, who loves poetry under any shape, help yielding up his soul to the virtuous siren-singing of Genius and Truth, which is for ever resounding from the pages of either of these marvellous and truly immortal poems? In the Iliad will be found the sterner lessons of public justice or public expedience, and the examples are for statesmen and generals; in the Odyssey we are taught the maxims of private prudence and individual virtue, and the instances are applicable to all mankind; in both, Honesty, Veracity, and Fortitude are commended, and set up for imitation; in both, Treachery, Falsehood, and Cowardice are condemned, and exposed for our scorn and avoidance. Born, like the river of Egypt, in secret light, they yet roll on their great collateral streams, wherein a thousand poets have bathed their sacred heads, and thence drunk Beauty and Truth, and all sweet and noble harmonies. Known to no man is the time or place of their gushing forth from the earth's bosom, but their course has been amongst the fields and by the dwellings of men, and our children now sport on their banks and quaff their salutary waters. Of all the Greek poetry, I, for one, have no hesitation in saying that the Iliad and the Odyssey are the most delightful and have been the most instructive works to me; there is a freshness about them both which never fades, a truth and sweetness which charmed me as a boy and a youth, and on which, if I attain to it, I count largely for a soothing recreation in my old age."—*Henry Nelson Coleridge.*

² That before the time of Pisistratus the books of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were in disorder, and that the honor of the present arrangement is due to him, is probable from a remark in Cicero's "De Oratore," third book: *Quis doctior iisdem temporibus quam Pisistratus? qui primus Homeri libros, confusos antea, sic disposuisse dicitur ut nunc habemus.*—"Who in these times was more learned than Pisistratus, who is said to have first disposed the books of Homer, before that time in disorder, as we now possess them?"

this question;¹ but it is enough to say that the ingenious arguments of these learned men have been fully answered by modern scholars of equal learning.²

Indeed, it would hardly seem possible that any other opinion than the personality of Homer as the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* could win the common sense of mankind; for every reader of the poems ascribed to him must be impressed with the belief that they are the works of one author, from these three prominent characteristics—first, their general similarity of style, taste, and feeling; second, the unity of their plan; and third, the consistency of the characters.³ Even one rhetorical figure alone, which is so much used by Homer that it might almost be called Homeric—the simile—so pervades his whole works, in a style and taste so similar, that it must of itself, one would think, forever settle the question.⁴

¹ Those who may desire to go into the subject fully will read Wolf's "Prolegomena," and the strictures of his great opponent, G. W. Nitzsch; but a succinct account of the argument may be found in Browne's "Classical Literature," and in the "History of Greek Literature," by Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd.

² Even Wolf himself candidly declares that when he reads the "*Iliad*" he finds such unity of design, such harmony of coloring, and such consistency of character, that he is ready to give up his theories, and to be angry with himself for doubting the common faith in the personality of Homer.

Professor Felton, in his excellent edition of the "*Iliad*," thus remarks in the preface: "For my own part, I prefer to consider it, as we have received it from ancient editors, as one poem, the work of one author, and that author Homer—the first and greatest of minstrels. As I understand the '*Iliad*,' there is a unity of plan, a harmony of parts, a consistency among the different situations of the same character, which mark it as the production of one mind; but of a mind as versatile as the forms of nature, the aspects of life, and the combinations of powers, propensities, and passions in man are various." In these views, the literary world now very generally concurs.

³ "The hypothesis to which the antagonists of Homer's personality must resort implies something far more wonderful than the theory which they impugn. They profess to cherish the deepest veneration for the genius displayed in the poems. They agree, also, in the antiquity usually assigned to them; and they make this genius and this antiquity the arguments to prove that one man could not have composed them. They suppose, then, that in a barbarous age, instead of one being marvellously gifted, there were many; a mighty race of bards, such as the world has never since seen—a number of miracles instead of one. All experience is against this opinion. In various periods of the world great men have arisen, under very different circumstances, to astonish and delight it; but that the intuitive power should be so strangely diffused, at any one period, among a great number, who should leave no successors behind them, is unworthy of credit. And we are requested to believe this to have occurred in an age which those who maintain the theory regard as unfavorable to the poetic art! The common theory, independent of other proofs, is *primâ facie* the most probable. Since the early existence of the works cannot be doubted, it is easier to believe in one than in twenty Homers."—*Talfourd*.

⁴ "It was reserved for modern times," says that true genius and profound

Of the incidents in the life of Homer, almost as little is known as of his parentage and birthplace. The general account is that he was for many years a schoolmaster in Smyrna; that, being visited by one Mentès, the commander of a Leucadian ship, he was induced by him to leave his occupation and travel; that, in company with this captain, he visited the various countries around the shores of the Mediterranean; and at last was left at Ithaca, in consequence of a weakness in his eyes. While in this island, he was entertained by a man of fortune named Mentor, who narrated to him the stories upon which afterwards the *Odyssey* was founded. On the return of Mentès, he accompanied him to Colophon,¹ where he became totally blind. He then returned to Smyrna, and afterwards removed to Cyme (called also Cuma), in Æolis, where he received great applause in the recitations of his poems, but no pecuniary reward; the people alleging that they could not maintain all the 'Ὅμηροι, Homeroi, or *blind men*, and hence he obtained the name of *Homer*.² Thence he went about from place to place, acquiring much wealth by his recitations, and died at the island of Ios, one of the Cyclades, where he was buried.

The works attributed to Homer consist of the two epic poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; the *Batrachomyomachia*, or "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," a humorous, mock-heroic poem, and somewhat of a parody on the *Iliad*; the *Margites*, a satirical, personal satire; and about thirty *Hymns*. All of these but the two great epics are now, however, considered as spurious.

THE ILIAD.

The subject of the *Iliad* is, in general terms, the "wrath of Achilles,"³ his separation from the Grecian army in consequence of it, and the

scholar, the late Dr. Maginn, of Scotland, "to start the astounding doctrine that these divine poems are the productions of different hands. I am not ignorant of the talent, learning, and industry of Wolf; but I should as soon believe in four-and-twenty contemporary, or nearly contemporary, Homers, as in four-and-twenty contemporary Shakspeares or Miltons." And again: "He who cannot see that the *Iliad* was written by the same hand from beginning to end, is past the help of couching; and I might as well attempt to describe the Cartoons to a man in the state of physical blindness."

¹ A city of Lydia, about forty miles south of Smyrna.

² The etymology of *Ὅμηροι* thus being *Ὁ μὴ ὄψαι*, *One not seeing*.

³ There has been much misconception and dispute as to the Argument of the *Iliad*. Aristotle, as is well known, lays down, in his *Poetics*, a set of rules for the composition of an epic poem, which rules he founds upon the basis of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and of which he pronounces these poems to be complete and perfect models. But some critics, assuming "the anger of Achilles" to be the argument, and finding that to fail at the opening of the 18th book, have condemned Aristotle. But it is not very probable that that illustrious critic would have been so completely deceived in the

events of the Trojan war during his absence and immediately after his return. It is divided into twenty-four books, of which the following are the several subjects: I. The poet proposes to sing of Achilles' wrath, and its terrible consequences to the Greeks. When the poem opens, more than eight years of the war are supposed to have passed away. In the siege of a neighboring town by Achilles, he takes to himself a beautiful captive, Briseïs; Agamemnon claims her; a fierce quarrel arises between the heroes, and Achilles refuses to take part in the war, and retires in disgust, and the Greeks are discomfited until, in the 18th book, he returns. II. The enumeration of the forces of the Greeks and Trojans. III. The duel between Menelaüs and Paris

application of his own rules as to offer the *Iliad* as an exact illustration, when, in fact, it was a direct violation of them. It seems, therefore, to me that the true argument of the *Iliad* has been unfolded by a distinguished English scholar, Granville Penn, the able vindicator of the Mosaic account of the creation. His work is entitled "An Examination of the Primary Argument of the *Iliad*;" and on page 164, after a long, careful, and learned discussion, he says: "It is not difficult, therefore, now to perceive, that THE PRIMARY AND GOVERNING ARGUMENT OF THE ILIAD, co-extensive with its extent, running through all its length, and reaching to its extreme termination, is—THE SURE AND IRRESISTIBLE POWER OF THE DIVINE WILL OVER THE MOST RESOLUTE AND DETERMINED WILL OF MAN, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF HECTOR BY THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF ACHILLES, AS THE IMMEDIATE PRELIMINARY TO THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY." To me this seems entirely satisfactory, and to answer all the demands. Because the anger of Achilles is mentioned by the poet in the first line, that has been taken for the argument; but the introduction of the poem embraces two distinct propositions, connected with each other by the Greek adversative particle *δ*, "but;" the "anger of Achilles" is the first clause, and the *ΔΙΟΣ ΒΟΥΛΗ*, "the will of Jove," the second. But neither Pope in his paraphrastic version, nor Cowper in his more literal translation, has preserved the argument as it is in the original. The *ΔΙΟΣ ΒΟΥΛΗ*, "the will of Jove," has been considered by most commentators as a parenthesis of but little meaning, whereas it is an essential feature in the argument of the poem, and must be taken in connection with "the anger of Achilles." From the poem itself, we see that it was fixed in the determinate counsels of Jupiter that Troy should be destroyed. The war was drawing to a close, when the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles seemed to prevent the fulfilment of the decrees of Jupiter. But the death of Patroclus, by the hand of Hector, moves the ire of Achilles, and he goes forth from his seclusion bent on the destruction of the Trojan hero, and determines to give his unburied corse to the birds and beasts. But Jove destines Hector for honorable burial. Accordingly, Achilles is diverted from his purpose by a command of Jupiter, and his body is given to the aged Priam, and honored with funeral rites; and thus the poem concludes with the accomplishment of the purposes of Jove. This argument corresponds with the rules laid down by Aristotle; for the *Iliad* is one perfect whole, and has those essential qualities of unity—a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. "The anger of Achilles" is the *αρχή*, or "beginning;" the death of Patroclus, with the previous and subsequent events connected therewith, the *μεσση*, "the middle;" and the death and burial of Hector the *τέλος*, or "end." Thus we have the argument as stated by Mr. Penn—THE SURE AND IRRESISTIBLE POWER OF THE DIVINE WILL, &c.. as just stated.

for Helen. IV. The truce is violated, and the battle between the two armies begins. V. The prowess of Diomed. VI. The episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache. VII. The single combat between Hector and Ajax. VIII. The second battle and defeat of the Grecians. IX. The embassy to Achilles, with proposals from Agamemnon to restore Briseïs, which he treats with scorn. X. The night adventure of Diomed and Ulysses to the Trojan camp. XI. The third battle, and the exploits of Agamemnon. XII. The Trojans, with Hector at their head, assault the fortified camp of the Grecians, and succeed in forcing an entrance; the Greeks fly in confusion to their ships. XIII. The fourth battle, in which Neptune assists the Greeks. XIV. Juno deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus; Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and aids the Greeks. XV. The fifth battle, at the ships; the valiant deeds of Ajax. XVI. The sixth battle; Patroclus, arrayed in the armor of Achilles, is killed by Hector. XVII. The seventh battle; deadly strife for the body of Patroclus; exploits of Menelaüs. XVIII. The grief of Achilles at his friend's death; his new armor forged by Hephæstus, and his celebrated "Shield" described. XIX. Reconciliation between Agamemnon and Achilles; the latter rushes forth to battle. XX. Jupiter permits the gods to engage in the battle. XXI. Battle in the river Scamander, in which the deities participate. XXII. Achilles and Hector engage in single combat; the latter falls, and his corse is dragged at the chariot-wheels of his conqueror. XXIII. The funeral rites of Patroclus performed. XXIV. Priam begs of Achilles the body of Hector, whose funeral concludes the poem.

THE ODYSSEY.

The *Odyssey*, like the *Iliad*, consists of twenty-four books, and the general subject is—the wanderings of Ulysses, his many dangers and sufferings on his return from Troy to his home in Ithaca. This he finds invaded by a band of insolent intruders, who seek to rob him of his faithful wife, Penelope, and to kill his son, Telemachus. He remains concealed for some time, but finally reveals himself, kills the suitors, discloses himself to his wife, and subsequently to his aged father, Laertes: and with this the poem closes.¹

¹ To give the subjects of all the books of the *Odyssey* in full would occupy too much space; they may be found *in extenso* in Browne's "History of Greek Literature," from which I select the following very just remarks on the two poems: "It cannot be denied that the '*Odyssey*' does not show the same sublimity and grandeur, the same fervid enthusiasm, and torrent-like eloquence as the '*Iliad*;' but it does not follow for that reason that it is an inferior work. It displays equal genius, but less imagination. The calmness

The best editions of Homer are by Dr. Samuel Clarke, 1729-1740, in Greek and Latin, four volumes quarto, which has been reprinted in various sizes and styles; and that by Heyne, Leipsic, 1802, eight volumes octavo, Greek and Latin. The Rev. William Trollope, of London, has published an excellent edition of the *Iliad*, with English notes and preliminary observations, in two volumes octavo; and Dr. James Kennedy Baillie, of Dublin, a similar one in three volumes duodecimo. In our own country, Professor C. C. Felton, now the President of Harvard College, published, in 1833, a beautiful edition of the *Iliad*, with English notes and Flaxman's designs. Professor Owen's editions of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, with English notes, for colleges and schools, are much approved.

Of the translations of Homer into English, the most celebrated are those of Chapman, Pope, and Cowper. Chapman's object seems to be to present Homer's pictures faithfully to his readers, and to preserve the precise and specific features which stamped their character. Pope, on the other hand, too often renders his pictures indefinite by vague generalities. The general sense of Homer is indeed preserved, but that variety of style which is so exquisitely appropriated by the Grecian to the nature of the subject, is lost in Pope's version.¹ Still,

of wisdom supersedes the storms of passion, and gives a general coloring to the whole, as different from that of the '*Iliad*' as the wrathful hero of the Trojan war differs from the prudent Odysseus. There is a contrast not only between the subjects, but the objects, of the two poems, sufficient to account for difference of style. The subject of the '*Odyssey*' is human life in all its varied points of view, its strange vicissitudes of fortune: the object is to inculcate, by precept and example, lessons of moral and political wisdom.

"Doubtless, Homer was older when he wrote the '*Odyssey*,' but he shows no marks, as Longinus would have us suppose, of decaying and declining genius. The subject was one suited to the riper and calmer judgment of maturer years, but it is treated skilfully and appropriately. The language, imagery, and poetical ornament are as suitable to its gentler nature, as fire and impetuosity are to the stirring scenes of the '*Iliad*.' Wherever sublimity is appropriate, the '*Odyssey*' rises to as great a height as the '*Iliad*.' If the awful contest of the elements is described, there is no deficiency in animation; if the terror inspired by the unexpected presence of Odysseus, and the glories of his triumph over vice and profligacy are painted, the language is as majestic and dignified as that which narrates a battle in the '*Iliad*.' The religious and almost devotional feeling which pervades the second poem is far more awful and sublime than the mythological attributes with which the poet of the '*Iliad*' invests the divine nature. Everywhere there are points of unequalled excellence which mark the world's poet. In moral power, in wise instruction, in tranquil reflection, in simplicity of historical narrative, in pathos, and in comic liveliness, the '*Odyssey*' is even superior to the grander poem."

¹ The most elaborate edition of Pope's Homer is that by Gilbert Wakefield, London, 1796, eleven volumes octavo. It is full of instructive notes, and is very valuable. Read an excellent article on Homer in the thirty-seventh volume of the "*North American Review*;" another on Heyne's

there is a harmony and splendor of diction and versification in his translation, accompanied by grace and elegance, that will always make it the favorite with the public. Cowper's blank verse translation is doubtless more correct than either Chapman's or Pope's, but it is too prosaic to kindle the imagination, or even to enlist any deep interest. The celebrated Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, also translated the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but not with much success. In 1834, appeared "The *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, translated by Mr. Sotheby." This is in rhyme, and in the English heroic measure; but, while more correct than Pope's translation, it is destitute of his spirit and elegance.¹ The last version is the following: "The *Iliad* of Homer, faithfully translated into unrhymed English metre." By F. W. Newman: London, 1856. However "faithful" it is, it will never be praised for its elegance, and never be generally read.² But it is quite time to present selections from our author.

OPENING ARGUMENT OF THE ILIAD.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atreides strove.
Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Pope.

Homer in the second volume of the "Edinburgh;" and another on the various translations of Homer in the third volume of the "Retrospective." A condensed and able judgment on the various questions involved in the Homeric discussions will be found in the second volume of Grote's *History of Greece*.

¹ Read "Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer," by Thomas Blackwell; "Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets," by Henry Nelson Coleridge; "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, D. C. L., in three volumes octavo; this is a very erudite and valuable work. See remarks on Chapman's version in "Warton's *History of English Poetry*," vol. iv. p. 269.

² In 1846, Little & Brown, of Boston, published "Homer's *Iliad*, translated by William Munford," 2 vols. 8vo. Mr. Munford was a native of Virginia, and died at Richmond in 1845, a year before his work was put to press. He was a graduate of William and Mary College, and studied law; but he was more fond of literary pursuits than his profession. His translation of Homer is a correct version, though destitute of poetic merit. See a notice of it in the sixty-third volume of the "North American Review," by Prof. Felton; and another in the forty-first volume of the "Christian Examiner," by Rev. N. L. Frothingham.

MINERVA ARMING HERSELF FOR BATTLE.

Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that curiously she wove
 With glorious colors, as she sate on th' azure floor of Jove;
 And wore the arms that he puts on, bent to the tearful field.
 About her broad-spread shoulders hung his huge and horrid shield,¹
 Fring'd round with ever-fighting snakes; though it was drawn to life
 The miseries and deaths of fight; in it frown'd bloody Strife;
 In it shin'd sacred Fortitude; in it fell Pursuit flew;
 In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which held out to view
 Were all the dire ostents² of Jove; on her big head she plac'd
 His four-plum'd glittering casque of gold, so admirably vast,
 It would an hundred garrisons of soldiers comprehend.
 Then to her shining chariot her vigorous feet ascend;
 And in her violent hand she takes his grave,³ huge, solid lance,
 With which the conquests of her wrath she useth to advance,
 And overturn whole fields of men; to show she was the seed
 Of him that thunders. Then heaven's queen, to urge her horses' speed,
 Takes up the scourge, and forth they fly; the ample gates of heaven
 Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof is given,
 With all Olympus and the sky, to the distinguish'd⁴ Hours;
 That clear or hide it all in clouds, or pour it down in showers.
 This way their scourge-obeying horse made haste, and soon they won
 The top of all the toful heavens, where aged Saturn's son
 Sate sever'd from the other gods.

Chapman's translation, v.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Hector now pass'd, with sad presaging heart,
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
 At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
 She, with one maid of all her menial train,
 Had thence retired; and with her second joy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy:
 Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
 Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
 Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
 Hector this heard, return'd without delay;
 Swift through the town he trod his former way,
 Through streets of palaces and walks of state,
 And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.

¹ Jove's horrid shield—the *Ægis*.

² Ostents—"portentous displays;" from the Latin *ostendere*.

³ Grave—"heavy;" the Latin *gravis*.

⁴ Distinguish'd—"between which there are manifest distinctions."

With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast ;
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind :
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?

Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapp'd our walls in fire,
Laid Thebæ waste, and slew my warlike sire!
By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell ;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell.
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
O, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy ;
Thou from this tower defend the important post ;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief replied : "That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impels me to the embattled plains:
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories and my own.
 Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
 The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
 Must see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
 In Argive looms our battles to design,
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'

Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
 Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
 The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
 And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:—
 "O, thou whose glory fills the ethereal throne!
 And all ye deathless powers, protect my son!
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!
 So when, triumphant from successful toils
 Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
 And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame';
 While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe he laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:—

“Andromache, my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men;
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.”

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet black with shading plumes.
His princess parts, with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

Pope, Iliad, vi.

THE RACE OF MAN.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these when those are past away.

Pope, Iliad, vi.

COUNCIL OF THE GODS.

Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove convened the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.

The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke,
 The heavens attentive trembled as he spoke :—
 "Celestial states, immortal gods, give ear!
 Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
 The fix'd decree, which not all heaven can move;
 Thou, Fate, fulfil it; and ye, Powers, approve!
 What god but enters yon forbidden field,
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven:
 Or far, oh far, from steep Olympus thrown,
 Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,
 With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
 As deep beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to the ethereal world.
 Let him who tempts me dread those dire abodes,
 And know the Almighty is the god of gods.
 League all your forces, then, ye powers above,
 Join all, and try the omnipotence of Jove:
 Let down our golden everlasting chain,
 Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main;
 Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
 To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:
 Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,
 I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land;
 I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
 For such I reign, unbounded and above;
 And such are men and gods, compared to Jove."

Pope, Iliad, viii.

NIGHT-SCENE.

The troops exulting sat in order round,
 And beaming fires illumined all the ground.
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
 The long reflections of the distant fires
 Glean on the walls, and tremble on the spires.

Pope, Iliad, viii.

HATEFULNESS OF WAR.

Cursed is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war:
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!

Pope, Iliad, ix.

ACHILLES' ABHORRENCE OF FALSEHOOD.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Pope, Iliad, ix.

SHOWERS OF ARROWS COMPARED TO FLAKES OF SNOW.

As the feathery snows
Fall frequent on some wintry day, when Jove
Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,
And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the wind,
Then shakes them down continual, covering thick
Mountain tops, promontories, flowery meads,
And cultured valleys rich, and ports and shores
Along the margined deep; but there the wave
Their further progress stays; while all besides
Lies whelm'd beneath Jove's fast descending shower;
So thick, from side to side, by Trojans hurled
Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks returned,
The stony volleys flew.

Cowper, Iliad, xii.

PRIAM BEGGING OF ACHILLES THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON
HECTOR.

"Think, O Achilles, semblance of the gods,
On thine own father, full of days like me,
And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.
Some neighbor chief, it may be, even now
Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,
No friend to succor him in his distress.
Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
He still rejoices, hoping day by day,

That one day he shall see the face again
 Of his own son, from distant Troy returned.
 But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,
 So late the flowers of Ilium, are all slain.
 When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons ;
 But fiery Mars hath thinn'd them. One I had,
 One, more than all my sons, the strength of Troy,
 Whom, standing for his country, thou hast slain—
 Hector. His body to redeem I come
 Into Achaia's fleet, bringing myself,
 Ransom inestimable to thy tent.
 Rev'rence the gods, Achilles! recollect
 Thy father; for his sake compassion show
 To me, more pitiable still, who draw
 Home to my lips (humiliation yet
 Unseen on earth), his hand who slew my son !"
 So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret
 Of his own sire ; softly he placed his hand
 On Priam's hand, and pushed him gently away.
 Remembrance melted both. Rolling before
 Achilles' feet, Priam his son deplored,
 Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles wept
 By turns his father, and by turns his friend
 Patroclus : sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent.

Cowper, Iliad, xxiv.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION OVER HECTOR'S BODY.

Grief fell on all around ;
 Then Helen thus breathed forth her plaintive sound :—
 " Hector, to Helen's soul more lov'd than all
 Whom I in Ilion's walls dare brother call,
 Since Paris here to Troy his consort led,
 Who in the grave had found a happier bed.
 'Tis now, since here I came, the twentieth year,
 Since left my land, and all I once held dear :
 But never from that hour has Helen heard
 From thee a harsh reproach or painful word ;
 But if thy kindred blam'd me, if unkind
 The queen e'er glanc'd at Helen's sickle mind—
 (For Priam, still benevolently mild,
 Look'd on me as a father views his child)—
 Thy gentle speech, thy gentleness of soul,
 Would by thine own, their harsher minds control.
 Hence, with a heart by torturing misery rent,
 Thee and my hapless self I thus lament ;
 For no kind eye in Troy on Helen rests,
 But who beholds me shudders and detests."

Sotheby, Iliad, xxiv.

HOSPITALITY.

True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd :
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Pope, Od., xv.

SLAVERY.

Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

Pope, Od., xvii.

ULYSSES AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE CAVE OF POLYPHEMUS.

Attaining soon that neighbor-land we found
At its extremity, fast by the sea,
A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above
With laurels ; in that cavern slumbering lay
Much cattle, sheep, and goats, and a broad court
Inclosed it, fenced with stones from quarries hewn,
With spiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.
Here dwelt a giant vast, who far remote
His flocks fed solitary, converse none
Desiring, sullen, savage, and unjust.
Monster, in truth, he was, hideous in form,
Resembling less a man by Ceres' gift
Sustain'd, than some aspiring mountain crag
Tufted with wood, and standing all alone.
Enjoining then my people to abide
Fast by the ship, which they should closely guard,
I went ; but not without a goat-skin fill'd
With sable wine, which I had erst received
From Maron, offspring of Evanthès, priest
Of Phœbus, guardian god of Ismarus.
Few steps convey'd us to his den, but him
We found not ; he his flocks pastured abroad.
His cavern entering, we with wonder gazed
Around on all ; his strainers hung with cheese
Distended wide ; with lambs and kids his pens
Close-throng'd we saw, and folded separate
The various charge ; the eldest all apart,
Apart the middle-aged, and the new-yeen'd
Also apart. His pails and bowls with whey
Swam all, neat vessels into which he milk'd.
Me then my friends first importuned to take
A portion of his cheeses, then to drive
Forth from the sheep-cotes to the rapid bark

His kids and lambs, and plow the brine again.
 But me they moved not ; happier had they moved !
 I wish'd to see him, and to gain, perchance,
 Some pledge of hospitality at his hands,
 Whose form was such as should not much bespeak,
 When he appear'd, our confidence or love.
 Then, kindling fire, we offer'd to the gods,
 And, of his cheeses eating, patient sat
 Till home he trudged from pasture. Charged he came
 With dry wood bundled, an enormous load ;
 Fuel by which to sup. Loud crash'd the thorns
 Which down he cast before the cavern's mouth,
 To whose interior nooks we trembling flew.
 At once he drove into his spacious cave
 His batten'd flock, all those which gave him milk ;
 But all the males, both rams and goats, he left
 Abroad, excluded from the cavern-yard.
 Upheaving, next, a rocky barrier huge
 To his cave's mouth, he thrust it home. That weight
 Not all the oxen from its place had moved
 Of twenty and two wains ; with such a rock
 Immense, his den he closed. Then down he sat,
 And as he milk'd his ewes and bleating goats,
 All in their turns, her yeauling gave to each ;
 Coagulating then, with brisk dispatch,
 The half of his new milk, he thrust the curd
 Into his wicker sieves, but stored the rest
 In pans and bowls—his customary drink.
 His labors thus perform'd, he kindled, last,
 His fuel, and discerning us, inquired :—

“ Who are ye, strangers ? from what distant shore
 Roam ye the waters ? traffic ye ? or, bound
 To no one port, wander, as pirates use,
 At large the deep, exposing life themselves,
 And enemies of all mankind beside ? ”

He ceased ; we, dash'd with terror, heard the growl
 Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth ;
 To whom, though sore-appall'd, I thus replied :—

“ Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilium home,
 Have wander'd wide the expanse of ocean, sport
 For every wind, and, driven from our course,
 Have here arrived ; so stood the will of Jove.
 We boast ourselves of Agamemnon's train,
 The son of Atreus, at this hour the chief
 Beyond all others under heaven renown'd,
 So great a city he hath sack'd, and slain
 Such numerous foes ; but since we reach, at last,
 Thy knees, we beg such hospitable fare,
 Or other gift, as guests are wont to obtain.
 Illustrious lord ! respect the gods, and us
 Thy suitors ; suppliants are the care of Jove,
 The hospitable ; he their wrongs resents,
 And where the stranger sojourns, there is he.”

I ceased ; when answer thus, he fierce return'd :—

“Friend ! either thou art fool, or hast arrived
Indeed from far, who bidd'st me fear the gods
Lest they be wroth. The Cyclops little heeds
Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the powers of heaven.
Our race is mightier far ; nor shall myself,
Through fear of Jove's hostility, abstain
From thee or thine, unless my choice be such.
But tell me now, where touch'd thy gallant bark
Our country, on thy first arrival here ?
Remote or nigh ? for I would learn the truth.”

So spake he, tempting me ; but, artful, thus
I answered, penetrating his intent :—

“My vessel, Neptune, shaker of the shores,
At yonder utmost promontory dash'd
In pieces, hurling her against the rocks
With winds that blew right thither from the sea ;
And I, with these alone, escaped alive.”

So I ; to whom, relentless, answer none
He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, sprang
Toward my people, of whom, seizing two
At once, like whelps against his cavern-floor
He dash'd them, and their brains spread on the ground.
These, piecemeal hewn, for supper he prepared,
And, like a mountain-lion, neither flesh
Nor entrails left, nor yet their marrowy bones.
We, viewing that tremendous sight, upraised
Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage lost.
When thus the Cyclops had with human flesh
Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd
Much undiluted milk, among his flocks
Outstretch'd immense, he press'd his cavern-floor.
Me, then, my courage prompted to approach
The monster, with my sword drawn from the sheath,
And to transfix him where the vitals wrap
The liver ; but maturer thoughts forbad.
For so, we also had incurr'd a death
Tremendous, wanting power to thrust aside
The rocky mass that closed his cavern-mouth
By force of hand alone. Thus many a sigh
Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length
Aurora, day-spring's daughter, rosy-palm'd
Look'd forth, then kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd
In order, and her yeanning kid or lamb
Thrust under each. When thus he had perform'd
His wonted task, two seizing, as before,
He slew them for his next obscene regale.
His dinner ended, from the cave he drove
His fatted flocks abroad, moving with ease
That ponderous barrier, and replacing it
As he had only closed a quiver's lid.
Then, hissing them along, he drove his flocks

Toward the mountain, and me left, the while,
Deep ruminating how I best might take
Vengeance, and, by the aid of Pallas, win
Deathless renown. This counsel pleased me most :
Beside the sheep-cote lay a massy club
Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive stock,
Green, but which, dried, should serve him for a staff.
To us considering it, that staff appear'd
Tall as the mast of a huge trading-bark,
Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the deep.
Such seem'd its length to us, and such its bulk.
Part amputating (an whole fathom's length),
I gave my men that portion, with command
To shave it smooth. They smooth'd it, and myself,
Shaping its blunt extremity to a point,
Season'd it in the fire; then covering close
The weapon, hid it under litter'd straw,
For much lay scattered on the cavern-floor.
And now I bade my people cast the lot
Who of us all should take the pointed brand,
And grind it in his eye when next he slept.
The lots were cast, and four were chosen, those
Whom most I wish'd, and I was chosen fifth.
At even-tide he came, his fleecy flocks
Pasturing homeward, and compelled them all
Into his cavern, leaving none abroad,
Either through some surmise, or so inclined
By influence, haply, of the gods themselves.
The huge rock pull'd into his place again
At the cave's mouth, he, sitting, milk'd his sheep
And goats in order, and her kid or lamb
Thrust under each; thus, all his work dispatch'd,
Two more he seized, and to his supper fell.
I then approaching to him, thus address'd
The Cyclops, holding in my hand a cup
Of ivy-wood, well charged with ruddy wine.

"Lo, Cyclops, this is wine! Take this and drink
After thy meal of man's flesh. Taste, and learn
What precious liquor our lost vessel bore.
I brought it hither, purposing to make
Libation to thee, if, to pity inclined,
Thou wouldst dismiss us home. But ah, thy rage
Is insupportable! thou cruel one!
Who, thinkest thou, of all mankind, henceforth
Will visit *thee*, guilty of such excess?"

I ceased. He took and drank, and, hugely pleased
With that delicious beverage, thus inquired:—

"Give me again, and spare not. Tell me, too,
Thy name, incontinent, that I may make
Requit, gratifying also thee
With somewhat to thy taste. We Cyclops own

A bounteous soil, which yields us also wine
From clusters large, nourish'd by showers from Jove;
But this—oh, this is from above—a stream
Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine!"

He ended; and received a second draught,
Like measure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,
And, foolish, thrice he drank. But when the fumes
Began to play around the Cyclops' brain,
With show of amity I thus replied:—

"Cyclops! thou hast my noble name inquired,
Which I will tell thee. Give me, in return,
Thy promised boon, some hospitable pledge.
My name is Outis'; Outis I am call'd
At home, abroad, wherever I am known."

So I; to whom he, savage, thus replied:—
"Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,
Shall be my last regale. Be that thy boon."

He spake; and downward sway'd, fell resupine,
With his huge neck aslant. All-conquering sleep
Soon seized him. From his gullet gush'd the wine,
With human morsels mingled; many a blast
Sonorous issuing from his glutt'd maw.

Then thrusting far the spike of olive-wood
Into the embers glowing on the hearth,
I heated it, and cheer'd my friends the while,
Lest any should, through fear, shrink from his part.
But when that stake of olive-wood, though green,
Should soon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,
I bore it to his side. Then all my aids
Around me gather'd, and the gods infused
Heroic fortitude into our hearts.

They, seizing the hot stake rasp'd to a point,
Bored his eye with it, and myself, advanced
To a superior stand, twirl'd it about.

As when a shipwright with his wimble bores
Tough oaken timber, placed on either side
Below, his fellow-artists strain the thong
Alternate, and the restless iron spins,
So, grasping hard the stake pointed with fire,
We twirl'd it in his eye; the bubbling blood
Boil'd round about the brand; his pupil sent
A scalding vapor forth that sing'd his brow,
And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.
As when the smith an hatchet or large axe,
Tempering with skill, plunges the hissing blade
Deep in cold water (whence the strength of steel),
So hiss'd his eye around the olive-wood.
The howling monster with his outcry fill'd

^a This is the Greek for "No-man," and by the ingenious device of giving himself this name, Ulysses, as will be seen in the sequel, saved himself and his surviving companions from destruction.

The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,
 Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the spike
 From his burnt socket, mad with anguish cast
 The implement all bloody far away.
 Then, bellowing, he sounded forth the name
 Of every Cyclops dwelling in the caves
 Around him, on the wind-swept mountain tops;
 They, at his cry flocking from every part,
 Circled his den, and of his ail inquired:—

“What grievous hurt hath caused thee, Polypheme,
 Thus yelling to alarm the peaceful ear
 Of night, and break our slumbers? Fear'st thou lest
 Some mortal man drive off thy flocks? or fear'st
 Thyself to die by cunning or by force?”

Them answered then, Polypheme, from his cave:—
 “O, friends, I die! and Outis gives the blow.”

To whom, with accents wing'd, his friends without:—
 “If ‘No-man’ harm thee, but thou art alone,
 And sickness feel'st, it is the stroke of Jove,
 And thou must bear it; yet invoke for aid
 Thy father Neptune, sovereign of the floods.”

So saying, they went; and in my heart I laugh'd
 That, by the fiction only of a name,
 Slight stratagem! I had deceived them all.

Then groan'd the Cyclops, wrung with pain and grief,
 And, fumbling with stretch'd hands, removed the rock
 From his cave's mouth, which done, he sat him down
 Spreading his arms athwart the pass, to stop
 Our egress with his flocks abroad; so dull,
 It seems, he held me, and so ill advised.

I, pondering what means might fittest prove
 To save from instant death (if save I might)

My people and myself, to every shift
 Inclined, and various counsels framed, as one
 Who strove for life, conscious of woe at hand.
 To me, thus meditating, this appeared
 The likeliest course: the rams, well-thriven, were
 Thick-fleeced, full-sized, with wool of sable hue.

These silently, with osier twigs on which
 The Cyclops, hideous monster! slept, I bound
 Three in one leash; the intermediate rams
 Bore each a man, whom the exterior two
 Preserved, concealing him on either side.

Thus each was borne by three; and I, at last,
 The curl'd back seizing of a ram (for one
 I had reserved, far stateliest of them all),
 Slipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands
 Enfolding fast in his exuberant fleece,
 Clung ceaseless to him as I lay supine.

We, thus disposed, waited with many a sigh
 The sacred dawn; but when, at length arisen,
 Aurora, day-spring's daughter, rosy-palm'd

Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks
Rush'd forth to pasture, and his ewes, the while,
Stood bleating, unrelieved from the distress
Of udders overcharged. Their master, rack'd
With pain intolerable, handled yet
The backs of all, inquisitive, as they stood ;
But, gross of intellect, suspicion none
Conceived of men beneath their bodies bound.
And now (none left beside), the ram approach'd,
With his own wool burthen'd, and with myself—
Whom many a fear molested. Polypheme,
The giant, strok'd him as he sat, and said :—

“My darling ram! why latest of the flock
Comest thou, whom never, heretofore, my sheep
Could leave behind? but, stalking at their head,
Thou first was wont to crop the tender grass,
First to arrive at the clear stream, and first,
With ready will, to seek my sheep-cote here
At evening ; but, thy practice changed, thou comest
Now last of all. Feel'st thou regret, my ram!
Of thy poor master's eye, by a vile wretch
Bored out, who overcame me first with wine,
And by a crew of vagabonds accursed,
Followers of Outis, whose escape from death
Shall not be made to-day? Ah! that thy heart
Were as my own, and that, distinct as I,
Thou could'st articulate; so should'st thou tell
Where hidden, he eludes my furious wrath.
Then, dash'd against the floor his spatter'd brain
Should fly; and I should lighter feel my harm
From Outis—wretch base-named, and nothing worth.”

So saying, he left him to pursue the flock.
When, thus drawn forth, we had at length escaped
Few paces from the cavern and the court,
First quitting my own ram, I loosed my friends,
Then turning seaward many a thriven ewe
Sharp hoof'd, we drove them swiftly to the ship.
Thrice welcome to our faithful friends we came,
From death escaped, but much they mourn'd the dead.
I suffer'd not their tears, but silent shook
My brows, by signs commanding them to lift
The sheep on board, and instant plough the main.

Cowper, Od., ix.

ULYSSES DISCOVERING HIMSELF TO HIS FATHER.

Within the well-laid orchard all alone
He found his father digging with his spade
Around a plant. He was unseemly clad
In coarse patch'd tunic, and had stitched him boots
Of hides, to fence his legs from tearing thorns ;

And 'gainst the brambles, he had sheath'd his hands
In gloves. Upon his head he wore a cap
Of goat's hair, and he fed some inward grief.

When brave Ulysses, tried in sufferings, saw
And recogniz'd his father, worn with age,
While a great sorrow on his spirits weigh'd,
He stood beneath a pear-tree's lofty boughs,
And dropp'd a tear. Then, musing, he revolv'd
Within his mind and heart if he should kiss
And clasp his father, and in order tell
By what events he reach'd his country's shores,
Or first with questions prove him. Till while thus
He turn'd it in his thoughts, it better pleas'd
With cutting words to try the old man's heart;
And so considering, brave Ulysses went
Straight to his father. He with head bow'd down
Dug round about the plant. His noble son
Stood near him, and address'd himself in speech :—
“ Old man, no want of skill is thine to tend
This garden, for thy care appears throughout ;
No plant, no fig-tree, vine, nor olive-tree,
Pear-tree, nor bed, escape thy culturing hand
In all the garden. I would something add,
Nor let thy anger rise at this my speech.
This carefulness becomes thee not ; thy age
Is heavy on thee ; thou dost seem in plight
Ill-favor'd, and thy garb uncomely shows.
Good sooth, from no complaint of idle heed
Thy lord neglects thee thus ; nor art thou mean
To look upon, nor servile in thy form
Or stature ; rather like a king, like one
Who, having bathed and eaten, should repose
Softly ; the custom due for aged men.
But come, I pray thee tell me, and with truth,
Whom servest thou ? whose garden dost thou keep ?
And tell me too, that I may surely know,
If this, the land which I have reach'd, indeed
Be Ithaca ? as he, the first I met,
Has told me ; but a man of what he knew
Sparing ; nor had he patience to disclose
All that I wish'd, or listen to the drift
Of what I ask'd concerning one, my guest ;
If yet he live, or lie within the grave.
But I will tell it thee ; vouchsafe thine ear,
And hear me. In my native land, I once
Received within my house a man, than whom
No stranger more beloved from distant parts
E'er cross'd my threshold ; and he named his race
Of Ithaca, Laërtes as his sire.
Him did I entertain and feast with love,
And spared not cost, for I had store within.
I gave him too, as fitting, many gifts

In hospitable pledge; seven talents coin'd
Of gold well-minted, and a goblet framed
Entire of silver, and enchased with flowers;
Twelve single mantles, and as many robes,
Broider'd with divers colors; twelve fair cloaks
With tunics fitted; and, above the rest,
Four comely women in embroidery skill'd,
Free from a fault, which he himself might choose."
The father, melting into tears, replied:—
"O, stranger! thou in truth hast reach'd the soil
Of which thou questionest; but shameless men,
And violent in wrong, possess the land.
The gifts thou gavest in thy bounteous mood
Were given in vain. If thou hadst found him here
Alive, amidst the people of our isle,
He would have sent thee hence with ample gifts,
Requited hospitably—as beseems
One who, himself a guest, hath so received
Of hospitable gifts. But tell me now,
And truly tell, how many years have past
Since that when he thou namest, even my son,
Became thy guest? thy wretched guest, my son!
If it were he, ill-fated, whom, remote
From friends and country, fishes have devour'd
Amidst the deep; or he hath been the food
Of beasts and ravening birds upon the shore.
Nor they who gave him life have wept beside
His corse, anointed for the burial rite;
Nor wise Penelope, his high-dower'd wife,
Has mourn'd her husband on his nuptial bed
With seemly grief, nor closed his eyes, the last
Sad honor of the dead. And tell me too,
That I may surely know, what man art thou?
Whence? from what city? who thy parents are?
Say in what anchorage the ship is moor'd
That bore thee swiftly hither, and the rest
Thy noble friends; or in another's bark
Camest thou passenger, and have they gone,
And left thee here behind?" Then answering spake
Crafty Ulysses: "I will tell thee true:
I am from Alybas, and there reside
In splendid mansions, king Aphydas' son,
My name Eperitus. Some adverse god
Wide from Sicania drove me, and compell'd
Reluctant hither; but my ship is moor'd
Fast by the strand, at distance from the town.
Five years have roll'd their circles o'er his head,
Since that Ulysses parted from my land.
Unhappy man! yet, as he went his way,
Birds of good augury appeared in flight
Propitious; so, in joy, I sent him thence;
He too had joy departing, and the hope

Was in his mind that he should interchange
 My hospitality, and grace me here
 With splendid gifts." He said; but then a cloud
 Of blackest sorrow on Laërtes fell.
 With both his hands he snatch'd the burning dust,
 And strew'd it on his hoary head, and groan'd
 Deep from his heart. Ulysses' soul was moved
 Within him, and the sharp and throbbing breath
 Thrill'd to his nostrils as he looked upon
 The father whom he loved. Sudden he leap'd
 Unto his neck, and kiss'd and clasp'd him round,
 And cried: "I, I am he, my very self,
 He whom thou seek'st, my father! I am come,
 In twentieth year of absence, to my land.
 But come, refrain from weeping and lament,
 And I will tell thee; for the utmost haste
 Is urgent on us. I have slain, ev'n now,
 The suitors in our palace, and avenged
 Their evil deeds and spirit-galling wrongs."

Laërtes answering spoke: "If thou indeed
 Be that Ulysses, if thou be my son
 Return'd, give now some open sign, that so
 It may convince me." Then in answer spake
 The wise Ulysses: "First observe the scar
 Which, on the mount Parnassus passing forth,
 A boar inflicted with his ivory tusk.
 My venerable mother and thyself
 Had sent me to her sire, Autolious,
 To take the gifts which, when he hither came,
 My grandsire promised, smiling in consent.
 Come now, and I will name the trees which once,
 Within this well-laid orchard, thou didst give
 Thy young Ulysses; for I ask'd them each,
 When yet a boy, and rambling at thy side
 Within the garden; through the very ranks
 Of trees we walk'd, and thou didst name them all:
 Thirteen with pears were laden that thou gavest,
 With apples ten, and forty hung with figs;
 And thou distinctly said'st that thou would'st give
 Yet fifty rows of vines, and each was full
 Of clusters; every kind of grape was there
 When Jove's kind seasons weigh'd the tendrils down."
 He said; the old man's knees sank under him,
 And his heart melted, for he recognized
 The signs Ulysses told. Round his dear son
 He cast his arms. The brave, long-suffering chief
 Drew him, with joy, half-lifeless, to his breast.

Elton's translation, Od., book xxiv.

In the year 1838, there appeared, in "Frazer's Magazine," a series of translations from Homer, in the ballad style, which, from their great beauty, as well as their faithfulness to the original and their

reflecting so admirably its spirit, attracted the attention and excited the admiration of scholars. Soon after, in the same magazine, appeared, also by the same hand, some admirable translations of the "Comedies of Lucian." They were all the productions of William Maginn, LL. D., whose death, in 1842, was felt to be a great loss to the literary world. These ballads were afterwards collected into a volume, and published in London. I should not say, however, *all* these ballads; for the editor unaccountably omitted four, and took unwarrantable liberties with others. But they have all recently been given to the world as they originally appeared, and accompanied with discriminating and valuable notes, by a scholar of kindred tastes and sympathies, in a volume entitled "Homeric Ballads and Comedies of Lucian, translated by the late William Maginn, LL. D.: annotated by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, editor of 'Shel's Sketches of the Irish Bar,' 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' etc." From these delightful and scholarly productions I take the two following:—

THE INTRODUCTION OF PENELOPE.¹

I.

Soon as Athené spoke the word,
She took the likeness of a bird,
And, skyward soaring, fled.
The counsels of the heavenly guest
Within Telemachus's breast
New strength and spirit bred.

II.

His absent father to his thought
Was by his wakened memory brought
More freshly than of old:
But when Athené's flight he saw,
A feeling deep of reverend awe
His inmost heart controlled.

III.

He knew the stranger was a god;
And, hastening to his own abode,

¹ Minerva, in the appearance of Mentès, had visited Telemachus, and counselled him to seek his father. Inspired with a new feeling of independence, he joins the suitors, whom he finds at festival listening to Phemius, the minstrel, whose song turns, as usual, on the Trojan war. Penelope hears the singer, and comes into the hall to request that some other subject than that which is so distressful to her feelings should be chosen. Telemachus gently rebukes her; and she retires, convinced that her son is about to take the lead in his father's house, to weep herself to slumber over the thoughts of her absent husband; while the suitors continue the noisy revel. She is the first mortal female who speaks in the *Odyssey*, and her first words attest the deep and enduring affection she feels for Ulysses.

He joined the suitor train.
A far-famed minstrel in the hall
Sang to the peers, who listened all
In silence to his strain.

IV.

As subject of his lays he chose
The mournful story of the woes
Borne by the Achaian host,
When, under Pallas' vengeful wrath,
Homeward returning was their path
Bent from the Trojan coast.

V.

The song Icarius' daughter heard,
And all thine inmost soul was stirred,
Penelope the chaste!
Straight did she from her bower repair,
And, passing down the lofty stair,
The festal hall she graced.

VI.

Alone she went not—in her train
She took with her handmaidens twain;
And when the peerless queen
Came where the suitors sate, aloof
Close by a post that propped the roof,
She stood with face unseen.

VII.

A veil concealed her cheeks from view,
And by each side a handmaid true
In seemly order stood;
With tears fast bursting from her eyne,
Addressing thus the bard divine,
She her discourse pursued:—

VIII.

“Phemius! for men's delight thy tongue
Can many another flowing song
In soothing measure frame;
Can tell of many a deed, which, done
By God or man in days bygone,
Bards have consigned to fame.

IX.

“Take one of those, and all around,
Silent, will hear the dulcet sound,
Drinking the blood-red wine;
But cease that melancholy lay,
That wears my very heart away—
A heavy wo is mine!

X.

"How can I check the tide of grief,
Remembering still that far-famed chief,
Whose fame all Hellas fills!"
Answered her son: "O, mother mine!
Why dost thou blame the bard divine
For singing as he wills?"

XI.

"Blame not the poet; blame to Heaven,
Which to poor struggling men has given
What weight of wo it chose.
How can we charge the bard with wrong,
If the sad burden of his song
Turns on the Danaan woes?"

XII.

"Men ever, with delighted ear,
The newest song desire to hear
Then firmly to the strain
Listen, which tells of perils done:
My sire is not the only one
Who, of the chiefs to Ilion gone,
Has not returned again.

XIII.

"For many, to that fatal shore
Who sailed away, came back no more:
Thy business is at home,
Thy servant-maidens to command,
And ply, with an industrious hand,
The distaff and the loom.

XIV.

"To men the guiding power must be;
At all times in these halls to me,
For here my will is law."
The queen went homeward, as he bade,
And felt the words her son had said
Inspired her soul with awe.

XV.

Soon did she, with her handmaids twain,
Her lofty seated chamber gain;
And there, with many a tear,
Until Athené came to steep
Her weary lids in balmy sleep,
Did chaste Penelope bewEEP
Her absent husband dear.
While, seated still at festival,
The suitors, in the dusky hall,
Revelled with noisy cheer.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF PENELOPE.¹

I.

A bed of texture soft and fine
The nurse and the handmaiden spread ;
The couch was decked by torchlight shine,
And homeward then the old woman sped.
While Eurynome, as a chamber-groom,
With lamp in hand, to the nuptial-room
The new-met partners led.

II.

Thither she led them, and withdrew,
And left them, as in days of old,
Their former dalliance to renew
In joyous passion uncontrolled.
And the herd of swine, and the herd of kine,
With the heir of Ithaca's royal line,
Bade the house its peace to hold.

III.

The dance was checked as they desired,
The sound of woman's voice repressed ;
In silence then they all retired
Within the darkening halls to rest.
And when was done love's dearest rite,
Husband and wife with calm delight
Their mutual thoughts expressed.

IV.

She told him of the scorn and wrong
She long had suffered in her house
From the detested suitor throng,
Each wooing her to be his spouse.
How, for their feasts, her sheep and kine
Were slaughtered, while they quaffed her wine
In plentiful carouse.

V.

And he, the noble wanderer, spoke
Of many a deed of peril sore—
Of men who fell beneath his stroke—
Of all the sorrowing tasks he bore.

¹ This is a beautiful conclusion of the character of Penelope ; cautious and guarded, from the unhappy necessity of her position, but ever chaste and domestic ; and, when convinced that her husband has indeed returned, as warm and affectionate in his presence as her thoughts had been constant and tender toward him in his absence.

She listened, with delighted ear—
Sleep never came her eyelids near
Till all the tale was o'er.

VI.

First told he how the Cicones
He had subdued with valiant hand,
And how he reached across the seas,
The Lotus-eaters' lovely land ;
The crimes by Polyphemus done,
And of the well-earned vengeance won
For slaughter of his band.

VII.

Vengeance for gallant comrades slain,
And by the Cyclops made a prey ;
And how it was his lot to gain
The isle where Æolus holds sway ;
And how the monarch of the wind
Received him with a welcome kind,
And would have sent away

VIII.

Home to his native isle to sail ;
But vainly against fate he strove,
By whom unroused a desperate gale
Over the fishy ocean drove,
And sent him wandering once again,
The toils and dangers of the main
With many a groan to prove.

IX.

And how he wandered to the coast
Where dwells the distant Læstrygon ;
How there his ships and friends he lost,
Escaping in his bark alone.
He spoke of Circe's magic guile,
And told the art and deep-skilled wile
By the enchantress shown.

X.

Then how to Hades' grisly hall
He went to seek the Theban seer,
In his swift ship ; how there with all
The partners of his long career
He met ; and how his mother mild,
Who bore, and reared him from a child,
He saw while wandering there.

XI.

And how the dangerous strain he heard,
Sung by the Sirens' thrilling tongue ;
And how with dexterous skill he steered
His course the justling rocks among ;
How he—what none had done before—
Unscathed through dread Charybdis bore,
And Scylla sailed along.

XII.

And how the oxen of the sun,
With impious hands, his comrades slew ;
How their devoted bark upon
High thundering Jove his lightning threw ;
How, by the bolt of life bereft,
Perished his friends, he only left
Remaining of the crew.

XIII.

And how, in the Ogygian isle,
He visited Calypso fair ;
And how she sought, with many a wile,
To keep him still sojourning there :
With fond desire, 'twas hers to crave
That he, within her hollow cave,
Her nuptial bed should share.

XIV.

Each hospitable art she tried,
His heart to win—his hopes to soothe ;
She promised him, were she his bride,
Immortal life and ceaseless youth.
But all her promise, all her art,
Changed not the temper of his heart,
Nor shook his steadfast truth.

XV.

How, after many a year of toil,
When on Phæacian land he trod,
The king and people of the isle
Hailed him with honors of a god ;
And sent him, full of presents fair,
Of gold, and brass, and garments rare,
Back to his own abode.

XVI.

So closed the tale. Then balmy sleep,
The healer of all human woes,
Did their relaxing members steep
In soft oblivion of repose.

HESIOD.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 850 B. C.

THE Greek poet next to Homer, whose works have come down to us, is Hesiod. Of the precise period of his birth, we have no account; but the probability is that he flourished from half a century to a century later than Homer. From his works, we gather that he was born in Ascra,¹ a village in the central part of Bœotia; that, while a youth, he tended sheep on Mount Helicon, and was engaged in other rural pursuits; and that his father left him some property, of which his brother Perses defrauded him. From Ascra he seems to have emigrated to Orchomenos, a city in the western part of Bœotia, on Lake Copais, where he spent the remainder of his life.

The only complete works of Hesiod extant are the following: one entitled "Works and Days," and the other, "Theogony," or the "Birth of the Gods." The former is written in very simple style, with little poetical imagery, and may be looked upon as the most ancient specimen of didactic poetry. It contains ethical, political, and economical precepts, the last of which constitute the greater part of the work, consisting of rules about choosing a wife, the education of children, agriculture, commerce, and navigation.

The "Theogony" consists mostly of a long and rather dry catalogue of gods and goddesses, though it is an accurate account of the deities of Greece; but the description, at the close of the work, of the Battle of the Titans and the Gods, is one of the most sublime passages in classical poetry, conceived with great boldness, and executed with a power and force which show a masterly, though rugged, genius, and will bear a favorable comparison with Milton's Battle of the Angels.²

Of the most accessible editions of Hesiod, the best are: Robinson's splendid edition, published at Oxford in 1737, with the commentaries of Grævius, and notes of the editor and others; that of Lœsner, at Leipsic, in 1779, 8vo., which is a republication of Robinson's, with improvements; and an edition of the "Theogonia" by the celebrated Wolf, at Halle, 1783. The translators of Hesiod are George Chapman, T. Cooke, and C. A. Elton. Chapman's, though very free, has the

¹ Whence his epithet *Ascreus*, or *the Ascrean*.

² Another short poem has been attributed to Hesiod, called "The Shield of Hercules." It is in imitation of the Homeric description of the Shield of Achilles, in the eighteenth book of the Iliad, but it is quite inferior in ability and skill.

same spirit and fire that are seen in his Homer; Cooke's is more correct, but spiritless. By far the best now in use is that of Charles A. Elton, London, 1804-1809, with a preliminary dissertation and notes. A translation in English prose, by Rev. J. Banks, was published, in 1856, in "Bohn's Classical Library."

PANDORA'S BOX.

On earth of yore the sons of men abode
 From evil free and labor's galling load;
 Free from diseases that, with racking rage,
 Precipitate the pale decline of age.
 Now, swift the days of manhood haste away,
 And misery's pressure turns the temples gray.
 The woman's hands an ample casket bear;
 She lifts the lid—she scatters ills in air.
 Hope sole remained within, nor took her flight,
 Beneath the vessel's verge conceal'd from light:
 Or, ere she fled, the maid, advised by Jove,
 Seal'd fast th' unbroken cell, and dropp'd the lid above.
 Issued the rest in quick dispersion hurl'd,
 And woes innumerable roam'd the breathing world:
 With ills the land is full, with ills the sea;
 Diseases haunt our frail humanity:
 Self-wandering through the noon, the night, they glide,
 Voiceless—a voice the power all-wise denied:
 Know then this awful truth—it is not given
 T' elude the wisdom of omniscient heaven.

Elton.

RETRIBUTIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

O'er all the wicked race, to whom belong
 The thought of evil and the deed of wrong,
 Saturnian Jove, of wide-beholding eyes,
 Bids the dark signs of retribution rise:
 And oft the crimes of one destructive fall,
 The crimes of one are visited on all.
 The God sends down his angry plagues from high,
 Famine and pestilence; in heaps they die:
 He smites with barrenness the marriage bed,
 And generations moulder with the dead:
 Again in vengeance of his wrath he falls
 On their great hosts, and breaks their tottering walls;

¹ Read an article on the Life and Writings of Hesiod, in the 47th volume of the "Quarterly Review," and another in the 15th volume of the "Edinburgh Review."

Scatters their ships of war ; and where the sea
Heaves high its mountain billows, there is he.

Ponder, oh judges ! in your inmost thought
The retribution by his vengeance wrought.
Invisible, the gods are ever nigh,
Pass through the midst, and bend th' all-seeing eye :
The men who grind the poor, who wrest the right,
Aweless of Heaven's revenge, are naked to their sight.
For thrice ten thousand holy demons rove
This breathing world, the delegates of Jove.
Guardians of man, their glance alike surveys
The upright judgments and th' unrighteous ways.
A virgin pure is Justice, and her birth
August from him who rules the heavens and earth :
A creature glorious to the gods on high,
Whose mansion is yon everlasting sky.
Driven by despiteful wrong, she takes her seat,
In lowly grief, at Jove's eternal feet.
There of the soul unjust her plaints ascend ;
So rue the nations when their kings offend :
When, uttering wiles, and brooding thoughts of ill,
They bend the laws and wrest them to their will.
O, gorged with gold, ye kingly judges, hear !
Make straight your paths ; your crooked judgments fear ;
That the foul record may no more be seen,
Erased, forgotten, as it ne'er had been !

Elton.

WINTER.

Beware the January month, beware
Those hurtful days, that keenly-piercing air
Which flays the herds ; when icicles are cast
O'er frozen earth, and sheathe the nipping blast.
From courser-breeding Thrace comes rushing forth
O'er the broad sea the whirlwind of the north,
And moves it with his breath : the ocean floods
Heave, and earth bellows through her wild of woods.
Full many an oak of lofty leaf he fells,
And strews with thick-branch'd pines the mountain dells :
He stoops to earth ; the crash is heard around ;
The depth of forest rolls the roar of sound.
The beasts their cowering tails with trembling fold,
And shrink and shudder at the gusty cold ;
Thick is the hairy coat, the shaggy skin,
But that all-chilling breath shall pierce within.
Not his rough hide can then the ox avail ;
The long-hair'd goat, defenceless, feels the gale :
Yet vain the north-wind's rushing strength to wound
The flock with sheltering fleeces fenced around.
He bows the old man crook'd beneath the storm ;
But spares the soft-skinn'd virgin's tender form.

Screened by her mother's roof on wintry nights,
 And strange to golden Venus' mystic rites,
 The suppling waters of the bath she swims,
 With shiny ointment sleeks her dainty limbs;
 Within her chamber laid on downy bed,
 While winter howls in tempest o'er her head.

Now gnaws the boneless polypus his feet,
 Starved midst bleak rocks, his desolate retreat;
 For now no more the sun with gleaming ray
 Through seas transparent lights him to his prey.
 And now the horned and unhorned kind,
 Whose lair is in the wood, sore-famished, grind
 Their sounding jaws, and, chilled and quaking, fly
 Where oaks the mountain dells imbranch on high:
 They seek to couch in thickets of the glen,
 Or lurk, deep sheltered, in some rocky den.
 Like aged men, who, propp'd on crutches, tread
 Tottering, with broken strength and stooping head,
 So move the beasts of earth, and, creeping low,
 Shun the white flakes and dread the drifting snow.

Elton.

CERBERUS.

A grisly dog,
 Implacable, holds watch before the gates;
 Of guile malicious. Them who enter there,
 With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes:
 But suffers not that they with backward step
 Repass; whpe'er would issue from the gates
 Of Pluto, strong and stern Persiphone,
 For them, with marking eye, he lurks; on them
 Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours.

HONEST POVERTY.

Fools! not to know how better, for the soul,
 An honest half than an ill-gotten whole;
 How richer he who dines on herbs, with health
 Of heart, than knaves with all their wines and wealth.

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

All on that day stirr'd up th' enormous strife,
 Female and male; Titanic gods, and sons
 And daughters of old Saturn; and that band
 Of giant brethren, whom from forth th' abyss
 Of darkness under earth, deliverer Jove

Sent up to light: grim forms, and strong with force
Gigantic; arms of hundred-handed gripe
Burst from their shoulders; fifty heads up-sprang
Cresting their muscular limbs. They thus opposed
In dismal conflict 'gainst the Titans stood,
In all their sinewy hands wielding aloft
Precipitous rocks. On th' other side alert
The Titan phalanx closed; then hands of strength
Join'd prowess, and show'd forth the works of war.
Th' immeasurable sea tremendous dash'd
With roaring, earth resounded, the broad heaven
Groan'd shattering; huge Olympus reel'd throughout,
Down to its rooted base, beneath the rush
Of those immortals. The dark chasm of hell
Was shaken with the trembling, with the tramp
Of hollow footsteps and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they against each other through the air
Hurl'd intermix'd their weapons, scattering groans
Where'er they fell. The voice of armies rose
With rallying shout through the starr'd firmament,
And, with a mighty war-cry, both the hosts
Encountering closed. Nor longer then did Jove
Curb down his force, but sudden in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was fill'd
With his omnipotence; his whole of might
Broke from him, and the godhead rush'd abroad.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympus, flash'd
With his continual presence, for he pass'd
Incessant forth, and lighten'd where he trod.
Thrown from his nervous grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendor, and the thunderbolt
Fell. Then on every side the foodful earth
Roar'd in the burning flame, and far and near
The trackless depth of forests crash'd with fire.
Yea, the broad earth burn'd red, the floods of Nile
Glow'd, and the desert waters of the sea.
Round and around the Titans' earthy forms
Roll'd the hot vapor, and on fiery surge
Stream'd upward, swathing in one boundless blaze
The purer air of heaven. Keen rush'd the light
In quivering splendor from the writhen flash;
Strong though they were, intolerable smote
Their orbs of sight, and with bedimming glare
Scorch'd up their blasted vision. Through the gulf
Of yawning Chaos the supernal flame
Spread, mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been as on a time the heaven and earth
Met hurtling in mid-air, as nether earth
Crash'd from the centre, and the wreck of heaven

Fell ruining from high. Not less, when gods
 Grappled with gods, the shout and clang of arms
 Commingled, and the tumult roar'd from heaven.
 The whirlwinds were abroad, and hollow arous'd
 A shaking and a gathering dark of dust,
 Crushing the thunders from the clouds of air,
 Hot thunderbolts and flames, the fiery darts
 Of Jove; and in the midst of either host
 They bore upon their blast the cry confused
 Of battle, and the shouting. For the din
 Tumultuous of that sight-appalling strife
 Rose without bound. Stern strength of hardy proof
 Wreak'd there its deeds, till weary sank the war.

Elton.

ARCHILOCHUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 700 B. C.

ARCHILOCHUS, of the island of Paros, was one of the earliest lyric poets, and the first who composed iambic verses according to fixed rules. Though excelling in lyric poetry generally, it was on his satiric iambic poetry that his fame was founded; and so great were his merits in this department, that the ancient writers did not hesitate to compare him with Sophocles, Pindar, and even Homer. But nothing now remains of his writings but a few fragments of a grave and philosophic cast.

PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERING.

O, Pericles! in vain the feast is spread:
 To mirth and joy the afflicted soul is dead.
 The billows of the deep-resounding sea
 Burst o'er our heads, and drown our revelry;
 Grief swells our veins with pangs unfelt before;
 But Jove's high clemency reserves in store
 All-suffering patience for his people's cure:
 The best of healing balms is—TO ENDURE.

EQUANIMITY.

Spirit! thou spirit, like a troubled sea,
 Ruffled with deep and hard calamity,
 Sustain the shock: a daring heart oppose;
 Stand firm, amidst the charging spears of foes:

If conquering, vaunt not in vain-glorious show ;
If conquer'd, stoop not, prostrated in wo :
Moderate, in joy, rejoice ; in sorrow, mourn :
Muse on man's lot : be thine discreetly borne.

THE TURNS OF FORTUNE.

Leave the gods to order all things :
Often from the gulf of wo
They exalt the poor man, grov'ling
In the gloomy shades below.
Often turn again, and prostrate
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander,
'Reft of sense, and wanting bread.

TYRTÆUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 685 B. C.

BUT very little is known with certainty respecting this spirited elegiac and lyric poet. Tradition reports that he was a schoolmaster at Athens, and afflicted with lameness ; and that, when the Spartans, in the Messenian war, were commanded by the oracle to seek a leader from the Athenians, the latter sent, in mockery, Trytæus. But the lame schoolmaster proved the safety of Sparta ; for his animating, patriotic strains, his exhortations to firmness and resolution in the field of battle, written and sung in the enlivening anapestic measure, so cheered and encouraged the soldiers that they gained a brilliant victory. He left three kinds of poems : 1, his *Eunomia*, or political odes, designed to teach political wisdom and appease civil discords ; 2, his *Elegies*, consisting of exhortations to constancy and courage, and spirited descriptions of the glory of fighting for one's native land ; and 3, *Embateria*, or *Marching Songs*, which were more spirited compositions, in the anapestic measure, intended to be performed with the music of the flute while the soldiers were marching to battle. But few of all these are now extant.

IN COMMENDATION OF MILITARY VALOR.

I would not value, or transmit the fame
Of him whose brightest worth in swiftness lies ;
Nor would I chaunt his poor unwarlike name
Who wins no chaplet but the wrestler's prize.

In vain, for me, the Cyclops' giant might
Blends with the beauties of Tithonus' form ;
In vain the racer's agile powers unite,
Fleet as the whirlwind of the Thracian storm.

In vain, for me, the riches round him glow,
A Midas or a Cinyras possess ;
Sweet as Adrastus' tongue his accents flow,
Or Pelops' sceptre seems to stamp him blest.

Vain all the dastard honors he may boast,
If his soul thirst not for the martial field ;
Meet not the fury of the rushing host,
Nor bear o'er hills of slain the untrembling shield.

This—this is virtue : this the noblest meed
That can adorn our youth with fadeless rays ;
While all the perils of the adventurous deed
The new-strung vigor of the State repays.

Amid the foremost of the embattled train,
Lo, the young hero hails the glowing fight !
And, though fall'n troops around him press the plain,
Still fronts the foe, nor brooks inglorious flight.

His life—his fervid soul opposed to death,
He dares the terrors of the field defy ;
Kindles each spirit with his panting breath,
And bids his comrade-warriors nobly die !

See, see ! dismayed, the phalanx of the foe
Turns round, and hurries o'er the plain afar ;
While doubling, as afresh, the deadly blow,
He rules, intrepid chief, the waves of war !

Now fall'n, the noblest of the van, he dies !
His city by the beauteous death renowned ;
His low-bent father marking, where he lies,
The shield, the breastplate, hacked by many a wound.

The young, the old, alike commingling tears,
His country's heavy grief bedews the grave !
And all his race, in verdant lustre, wears
Fame's richest wreath, transmitted by the brave.

Though mixed with earth the perishable clay,
 His name shall live, while Glory loves to tell—
 "True to his country, how he won the day,
 How firm the hero stood, how calm he fell!"

But if he 'scape the doom of death (the doom
 To long, long, dreary slumbers), he returns
 While trophies flash, and victor-laurels bloom,
 And all the splendor of the triumph burns.

The old, the young caress him, and adore;
 And, with the city's love through life repaid,
 He sees each comfort that endears in store,
 Till, the last hour, he sinks to Pluto's shade.

Old as he droops, the citizens, o'erawed,
 (Ev'n veterans,) to his mellow glories yield;
 Nor would in thought dishonor or defraud
 The hoary soldier of the well-fought field.

Be yours to reach such eminence of fame;
 To gain such heights of virtue nobly dare,
 My youths! and, 'mid the fervor of acclaim,
 Press, press to glory! nor remit the war!

Polwhele.

THE HERO—THE RECREANT.¹

Glorious it is to emulate the brave;
 And for a country and a country's right
 To strive, to fall, and gain a bloody grave,
 Amid the foremost heroes in the fight.

But sad his state who, with his mother dear,
 His aged sire, his babes, and blooming wife,
 Leaves his own city, and the plains that near
 Are smiling, for a beggar's wandering life.

With looks of scorn shall he by all be seen,
 In want and hateful penury sunk low;
 For he his race dishonors, and his mien:
 Disgrace and evil close behind him go.

Tow'rds such a man, while yet he wanders round,
 A care or interest none shall entertain;
 And, after he no longer here is found,
 No reverence for his memory shall remain.

¹ This ode celebrates the glory of his death who falls for his country, and paints with great force the wretched condition of him who wanders a mendicant, with his family, far from his native home.

Now fight we for our children for this land ;
 Our lives unheeding, let us bravely die.
 Courage, ye youths ! together firmly stand ;
 Think not of fear, nor ever turn to fly.

In fight with men, of life regardless be :
 Now all your breasts inflame with noble rage ;
 Let none e'er basely turn his back to flee,
 And those desert whose knees are stiff with age.

O, shame it were that, fall'n among the van,
 Dust soil'd the snowy beard, the hoary head,
 And naked carcass of an aged man,
 Nearer the foe than lay the younger dead !

O ye, who youth's gay flower as yet can boast !
 Alive, so beauteous in soft woman's sight,
 Dying, admired by men among the host,
 Brave falling 'mid the foremost in the fight :

Or, having march'd together in a band,
 To join the foremost in the battle keen,
 With feet apart let each one firmly stand,
 And with lip hard compress'd his teeth between.

Frazer's Magazine.

ALCÆUS.

—
 FLOURISHED ABOUT 610 B. C.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse, and a threat'ning hand,
 The Lesbian patriot smites the sounding cords :
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train !
 Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men !
 Ye murderers of the laws !
 Though now ye glory in your lust,
 Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cause.

Akenside on Lyric Poetry.

ALCÆUS was a native of Mitylene, in Lesbos, and a contemporary with Sappho. We know but little of his personal history, but he was an ardent friend and defender of liberty as a citizen, and its eulogist as a writer. Of all that he wrote, but a few fragments remain ; but among the nine principal lyric poets of Greece, some ancient writers assign the very first place to Alcæus. This we know, that his poems furnished to Horace not only a metrical model, but also the subject matter of some of his most beautiful odes.

THE SPOILS OF WAR.

Glitters with brass my mansion wide;
 The roof is deck'd on every side,
 In martial pride,
 With helmets rang'd in order bright,
 And plumes of horse-hair nodding white,
 A gallant sight—
 Fit ornament for warrior's brow—
 And round the walls in goodly row
 Refulgent glow
 Stout greaves of brass, like burnish'd gold,
 And corselets there in many a fold
 Of linen roll'd;
 And shields that, in the battle fray,
 The routed losers of the day
 Have cast away.
 Eubœan falchions too are seen,
 With rich-embroidered belts between
 Of dazzling sheen:
 And gaudy surcoats piled around,
 The spoils of chiefs in war renown'd,
 May there be found—
 These, and all else that here you see,
 Are fruits of glorious victory,
 Achieved by me.

*Merivale.*CONVIVIAL.¹

Jove descends in sleet and snow,
 Howls the vexed and angry deep;
 Every stream forgets to flow,
 Bound in winter's icy sleep.
 Ocean wave and forest hoar
 To the blast responsive roar.

Drive the tempest from your door,
 Blaze on blaze your hearthstone piling,
 And unmeasured goblets pour,
 Brimful high with nectar smiling.
 Then beneath your poet's head
 Be a downy pillow spread.

Merivale.

¹ Müller observes that his drinking songs were not invitations to mere sensual enjoyment, but connected with reflections on the circumstances of the times, or upon man's destiny in general.

The following is the first verse of an ode by Sir William Jones, in imitation of one by Alcæus, entitled

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE ?

What constitutes a state ?
 Not high-raised battlement or labor'd mound,
 Thick wall, or moated gate :
 Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crown'd :
 No ! Men—high-minded men—
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude :
 Men who their duties know,
 Know too their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain !
 These constitute a state.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE.

FOURISHED ABOUT 600 B. C.

THE names generally included under the appellation of the Seven Wise Men of Greece are : THALES OF MILETUS, SOLON OF ATHENS, CHILO OF LACEDÆMON, PITTACUS OF MITYLENE, BIAS OF PRIENE, CLEOBULUS OF LINDUS, PERIANDER OF CORINTH.

THALES.

THALES was born in Miletus, in Ionia, 640 B. C., and was the founder of the Ionic sect,¹ from which arose the several sects of Academics, Peripatetics, Cynics, Stoics, &c. From his earliest years, he was a deep student, and would not marry, that he might devote himself more exclusively to the study of philosophy. He travelled to Crete and to Egypt, and returned to Miletus with a high reputation for wisdom and learning. He made great attainments, for that day, in na-

¹ Consult "History of Philosophy," by William Enfield, two vols., which is an abridgment of the great work of Brucher; and Tenneman's "Manual of the History of Philosophy," translated by Rev. Arthur Johnson. This translation is very severely commented on by one of the deepest thinkers of the nineteenth century—Sir William Hamilton.

tural philosophy and mathematics, and is said to have predicted an eclipse. He died at the advanced age of ninety years. Many ingenious aphorisms and precepts are attributed to him, of which the following may be given :—

MAXIMS.

Neither the crimes nor the thoughts of bad men are concealed from the gods.

Health of body, a competent fortune, and a cultivated mind are the chief sources of happiness.

Parents may expect from their children that obedience which they themselves paid to their parents.

Take more pains to correct the blemishes of the mind than those of the face.

Stop the mouth of slander by prudence.

Be careful not to do that yourself which you blame in another.

SOLON.

SOLON was born at Salamis, of Athenian parents, about 638 B. C. He early applied himself to the study of moral and civil wisdom, and was so successful in cultivating the art of poetry, that Plato thought that, if he had seriously applied himself to it, he would have equalled Homer himself. At a time when great civil dissensions existed at Athens, Solon was unanimously chosen, about 596 B. C., to cure the public disorders; and so judicious was the code of laws which he instituted, that it afterwards became the basis of the laws of the Twelve Tables of Rome. The fame which he thus acquired reached the remotest parts of the world, and brought many from a great distance to Athens to witness the fruits of his wisdom. He died in the island of Cyprus, about the eightieth year of his age.

SOME OF HIS APOTHEGMS.

Laws are like cobwebs, that entangle the weak, but are broken through by the strong.

Diligently contemplate excellent things.

He who has learned to obey will know how to command.

In all things, let reason be your guide.

In everything that you do, consider the end.

Of his poetry, we have but a few fragments.

THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS.

The force of snow and furious hail is sent
 From swelling clouds that load the firmament.
 Thence the loud thunders roar, and lightnings glare
 Along the darkness of the troubled air.
 Unmoved by storms, old ocean peaceful sleeps,
 Till the loud tempest swells the angry deeps ;
 And thus the state, in fell distraction tost,
 Oft by its noblest citizens is lost ;
 And oft a people, once secure and free,
 Their own imprudence dooms to tyranny.
 My laws have arm'd the crowd with useful might,
 Have banished honors and unequal right,
 Have taught the proud in wealth, and high in place,
 To reverence justice and abhor disgrace ;
 And given to both a shield, their guardian tower,
 Against ambitious aims and lawless power.

REMEMBRANCE AFTER DEATH.

Let not a death unwept, unhonor'd, be
 The melancholy fate allotted me !
 But those who loved me living, when I die
 Still fondly keep some cherish'd memory.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

The man that boasts of golden stores,
 Of grain, that loads his groaning floors,
 Of fields with freshening herbage green,
 Where bounding steeds and herds are seen,
 I call not happier than the swain,
 Whose limbs are sound, whose food is plain,
 Whose joys a blooming wife endears,
 Whose hours a smiling offspring cheers.

CHILO.

CHILO was one of the Ephori at Sparta, and was celebrated for his probity and his penetration. He discharged his public duties with great uprightness, and lived to a great old age. The following are some of his most valuable

MAXIMS.

Never ridicule the unfortunate.

Three things are difficult : to keep a secret, to bear an injury patiently, and to spend leisure well.

Think before you speak.

Visit your friends in misfortune, rather than in prosperity.

Do not desire impossibilities.

Gold is tried by the touchstone, and men are tried by gold.

Reverence the aged.

Honest loss is preferable to shameful gain : for by the one a man is a sufferer but once ; by the other, always.

Speak no evil of the dead.

In conversation, make use of no violent motion of the hands ; in walking, do not appear to be always upon business of life or death ; for rapid movements indicate a kind of frenzy.

Know thyself.

If you are great, be condescending ; for it is better to be loved than to be feared.

PITTACUS.

PITTACUS of Mitylene, in Lesbos, was born about 650 B. C. Such were his talents, and such his probity, that he was intrusted with the highest offices by his fellow-citizens. Finding it necessary to lay severe restrictions upon drunkenness, to which the Lesbians were particularly addicted, he passed a law which subjected offenders of this class to double punishment for any crime committed in a state of intoxication. The following are some of his

PRECEPTS.

The first office of prudence is to foresee threatening misfortunes, and prevent them.

Power discovers the man.

Never talk of your schemes before they are executed ; lest, if you fail to accomplish them, you be exposed to the double mortification of disappointment and ridicule.

Whatever you do, do it well.

Do not that to your neighbor, which you would take ill from him.

Be watchful for opportunities.

BIAS.

BIAS of Priene, in Ionia, acquired the name and honors of a wise man chiefly by his generosity and public spirit, which endeared him to his countrymen. Several young female captives from Messene, having been brought to Priene, Bias redeemed them, educated them as his own daughters, and then restored them, with a dowry, to their parents. The following are some of the remains of

HIS SENTENTIOUS WISDOM.

It is a proof of a weak and disordered mind to desire impossibilities.

The greatest infelicity is, not to be able to endure misfortunes patiently.

Great minds alone can support a sudden reverse of fortune.

The most pleasant state is, to be always gaining.

Be not unmindful of the miseries of others.

If you are handsome, do handsome things; if deformed, supply the defects of nature by your virtues.

Be slow in undertaking, but resolute in executing.

Praise not a worthless man for the sake of his wealth.

Whatever good you do, ascribe it to the gods.

Lay in wisdom as the store for your journey from youth to old age, for it is the most certain possession.

Many men are dishonest; therefore, love your friend with caution, for he may hereafter become your enemy.

CLEOBULUS.

CLEOBULUS of Lindus, in Rhodes, excelled all his contemporaries in bodily strength and beauty. He visited Egypt in pursuit of wisdom, and acquired great skill in the solution of enigmas and obscure questions, for which he was chiefly famous. The following are some of his

PRUDENTIAL MAXIMS.

Be kind to your friends, that they may continue such; and to your enemies, that they may become your friends.

Happy is the family where the master is more loved than feared.

When you go abroad, consider what you have to do; when you return home, what you have done.

Marry among your equals, that you may not become a slave to your wife's relations.

Be more desirous to hear than to speak.

Avoid excess.

PERIANDER.

THE last in order of the Seven Wise Men is Periander of Corinth, of which city he was the chief magistrate. He gave great offence to his luxurious and indolent countrymen by the rigor of his discipline, but the inscription upon his tomb at Corinth proves that they honored him as a wise and able ruler. He died 585 B. C., aged about eighty years. The following are some of his

MORAL SENTENCES.

Let the prince who would reign securely trust rather to the affection of his subjects than to the force of arms.

Pleasure is precarious, but virtue is immortal.

Conceal your misfortunes.

Study to be worthy of your parents.

There is nothing which prudence cannot accomplish.

ANACREON.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 550 B. C.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
 His silver tresses breathe perfume;
 His cheek displays a second spring,
 Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful cares, away,
 And let me listen to his lay;
 Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
 While in smooth dance the light-wing'd hours
 Lead round his lyre its patron powers—
 Kind laughter and convivial joy.

Akenside.

THIS gay and luxurious poet was born at Teos, a city on the coast of Ionia, in Asia Minor. But little is known of his personal history. He lived for many years at the court of Polycrates, the monarch of Samos, when Hipparchus invited him to Athens, sending a vessel of fifty oars to convey him thither. Here he lived till the death of Hipparchus, when he returned to his native country, where he died at the advanced age of eighty-five. As to his character, the universal tradition of antiquity represents him as a most consummate voluptuary, and his poems prove the truth of the assertion. Most of his odes that have come down to us are in praise of wine, and of the appetite which is so often and so falsely dignified by the name of love. But they are matchless in their kind; replete with such delicacy and grace as to render all attempts to translate them into the English language altogether unsatisfactory.¹

CURE FOR CARE.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
 Every sorrow 's lulled to sleep.
 Talk of monarchs! I am then
 Richest, happiest, first of men;
 Careless o'er my cup I sing,
 Fancy makes me more than king;

¹ The best editions of Anacreon are: Mattaire's Greek and Latin quarto, printed by Bowyer, London, 1778—a splendid, as well as very accurate, edition; Brunck, Strasburg, 1786; Fischer, Leipsic, 1793; and Bergk, Leipsic, 1834. Cowley translated twelve odes happily and with much spirit. Fawke's translation is more faithful to the original, but is destitute of the spirit of the poet. Elton's versions are much better; but Thomas Moore exceeds them all in sprightliness, elegance, and harmony, and in presenting his author to the English reader in a spirit congenial with that of the Grecian.

Gives me wealthy Croesus' store—
 Ought I, can I, wish for more?
 On my velvet couch reclining,
 Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
 All my soul elate with glee—
 What are kings and crowns to me?
 Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
 Hasten to the sanguine fight;
 But let me, my budding vine!
 Spill no other blood but thine.
 Yonder brimming goblet see,
 That alone shall vanquish me—
 Who think it better, wiser far
 To fall in banquet than in war.

Moore.

GOLD.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
 And not to love more painful still;
 But oh, it is the worst of pain
 To love, and not be loved again!
 Affection now has fled from earth,
 Nor fire of genius, noble birth,
 Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
 From beauty's cheek one favoring smile.
 Gold is the woman's only theme,
 Gold is the woman's only dream.
 O, never be that wretch forgiven!
 Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
 Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
 Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
 Since that devoted thirst began,
 Man has forgot to feel for man;
 The pulse of social life is dead,
 And all its fonder feelings fled!
 War, too, has sullied Nature's charms,
 For gold provokes the world to arms:
 And oh, the worst of all its arts,
 It rends asunder loving hearts.

Moore.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! what can be
 In happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup dost fill;

'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread.
 Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing ;
 Happier than the happiest king !
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee ;
 All that summer hours produce ;
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough ;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou !
 Thou dost innocently joy ;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy ;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year !
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life 's no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy, thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know ;
 But, when thou 'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal !)—
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Cowley.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

Cupid once upon a bed
 Of roses laid his weary head ;
 Luckless urchin, not to see
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee !
 The bee awaked—with anger wild,
 The bee awaked, and stung the child.
 Loud and piteous are his cries ;
 To Venus quick he runs. he flies :
 " O, mother ! I am wounded through ;
 I die with pain—in sooth I do !
 Stung by some little angry thing—
 Some serpent on a tiny wing ;
 A bee it was—for once, I know,
 I heard a rustic call it so."
 Thus he spoke, and she the while
 Heard him with a soothing smile ;
 Then said : " My infant, if so much
 Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
 How must the heart, ah, Cupid, be,
 The hapless heart, that 's stung by thee ?"

Moore.

RETURN OF SPRING.¹

Behold! the young, the rosy Spring
 Gives to the breeze her scented wing;
 While virgin Graces, warm with May,
 Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
 The murmuring billows of the deep
 Have languish'd into silent sleep;
 And mark! the fitting sea-birds lave
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
 While cranes from hoary winter fly,
 To flutter in a kinder sky.
 Now the genial star of day
 Dissolves the murky clouds away;
 And cultur'd field and winding stream
 Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells
 With leafy buds and flowery bells;
 Gemming shoots the olive twine,
 Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
 All along the branches creeping,
 Through the velvet foliage peeping,
 Little infant fruits we see,
 Nursing into luxury.

*Moore.*THE CARRIER PIGEON.²

"Tell me why, my sweetest dove,
 Thus your humid pinions move,
 Shedding through the air in showers
 Essence of the balmiest flowers?
 Tell me whither, whence you rove;
 Tell me all, my sweetest dove."

¹ Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; where, in a little villa at some distance from the city, commanding a view of the *Ægean Sea* and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature, and enjoyed the felicities of retirement.

² The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined. The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject:—

"Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
 The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?"

"Curious stranger, I belong
 To the bard of Teian song;
 With his mandate now I fly
 To the nymph of azure eye:
 She whose eye has madden'd many,
 But the poet more than any.
 Venus, for a hymn of love,
 Warbled in her votive grove,
 ('Twas, in sooth, a gentle lay,
 Gave me to the bard away.¹
 See me now his faithful minion—
 Thus, with softly-gliding pinion,
 To his lovely girl I bear
 Songs of passion through the air.
 Oft he blandly whispers me:
 'Soon, my bird, I'll set you free.'
 But in vain he'll bid me fly;
 I shall serve him till I die.
 Never could my plumes sustain
 Ruffling winds and chilling rain;
 O'er the plains, or in the dell,
 On the mountain's savage swell,
 Seeking in the desert wood
 Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
 Now I lead a life of ease,
 Far from rugged haunts like these.
 From Anacreon's hand I eat
 Food delicious, viands sweet;
 Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
 Sip the foamy wine with him.
 Then, when I have wanton'd round
 To his lyre's beguiling sound;
 Or, with gently-moving wings,
 Fann'd the minstrel while he sings;
 On his harp I sink in slumbers,
 Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
 This is all—away—away—
 You have made me waste the day.
 How I've chatter'd! prating crow
 Never yet did chatter so."

Moore.

WHEN SPRING ADORNS THE DEWY SCENE.

When spring adorns the dewy scene,
 How sweet to walk the velvet green,

¹ "This passage is invaluable, and I do not think anything so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man, from whom Venus herself, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favorite doves?"—*Longepierre.*

And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,
As o'er the scented mead it flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to burst in tears of wine;
And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove,
Or sit in some cool, green recess—
O, is not this true happiness?

Moore.

THE ROSE.¹

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing:
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's spring-tide season glows,
The Graces love to wreath the rose;
And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves,
An emblem of herself perceives.
Oft hath the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flowret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems.
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.

When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale.
There's naught in nature bright or gay,
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
Young nymphs betray the rose's hue;
O'er whitest arms it kindles through.
In Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.

¹ This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity," says Barnes, "has produced nothing more beautiful."

The rose distills a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold, inurned clay,¹
And mocks the vestige of decay:²
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odor even in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Listen—for thus the tale is sung:
When, humid from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclor'd the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance;
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produc'd an infant flower,
Which sprung, in blushing glories drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who gave the glorious vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

Moore.

SIMONIDES.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 500 B. C.

SIMONIDES, one of the most celebrated lyric poets of Greece, was born in the island of Ceos, about 556 B. C., and lived to the advanced age of eighty-nine. That his genius was held in the highest estimation by the learned of his own age, we may infer from the honors with which he was welcomed at Sparta by Pausanias, the Lacedemonian

¹ He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks), to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector.

² When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment.

general, and from the fact that Hiero, the accomplished monarch of Syracuse, particularly valued his compositions for their pathos, elegance, and sweetness, preferring the effusions of his muse even to the sublimer strains of Pindar. This, of course, is exaggerated praise; but though, as a lyric poet, he is inferior to the Theban bard—not having that sublime beauty, or that variety of imagery and illustration—he is still without a superior in the neatness and elegance of his epigrams, and the mournful and affectionate strains of his elegiac poetry. His poetical writings, composed in the Doric dialect, consisted of lyrics, elegies, epigrams, and dramatical pieces, and it is said that he composed an epic poem on Cambyaes, King of Persia. At the age of eighty, he carried off the prize for poetry at Athens, and died at Syracuse, at the court of Hiero, 467 B. C., in his ninetieth year.

LAMENTATION OF DANAË.¹

Whilst, around her lone ark sweeping,
Wailed the winds and waters wild,
Her young cheeks all wan with weeping,
Danaë clasped her sleeping child;
And “alas!” cried she, “my dearest,
What deep wrongs, what woes are mine;
But nor wrongs nor woes *thou* fearest,
In that sinless rest of thine.
Faint the moonbeams break above thee,
And, within here, all is gloom;
But, fast wrapt in arms that love thee,
Little reck’st thou of our doom.
Not the rude spray, round thee flying,
Has e’en damped thy clustering hair;—
On thy purple mantlet lying,
O, mine Innocent, my Fair!
Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow,
Thou would’st lend thy little ear,
And this heart of thine might borrow,
Haply, yet a moment’s cheer.
But, no: slumber on, babe, slumber;
Slumber, ocean waves; and you,
My dark troubles, without number,—
O, that ye would slumber too!

¹ This poem is based upon the tradition that Danaë and her infant son were confined, by order of her father Acrisius, in a chest, and set adrift on the sea. The chest floated towards the island of Seriphus, where both were rescued by Dictys, a fisherman, and carried to Polydectes, king of the country, who received and protected them. The boy grew up to manhood, and became the famous hero Perseus.

Though with wrongs they've brimmed my chalice,
 Grant, Jove, that, in future years,
 This boy may defeat their malice,
 And avenge his mother's tears."

IV. *Peter.*¹

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

There's naught on earth but flits or fades away,
 And well, indeed, the Chian bard might say :
 "The race of men is as the race of leaves!"
 Yet who—though many an ear this truth receives—
 Imprints it on his heart? For Hope's fond tongue
 Can dupe the old, as it has dup'd the young.
 O, as we tread on youth's unfolding flowers,
 What wild, impracticable schemes are ours!
 O, how we chase the shadows as they fly;
 No dread, midst health, of pain or troubles nigh, }
 No thought that man is born to suffer and to die. }
 Fools! dreamers! not to know how small the span
 Of youth and life allowed to mortal man!
 But thou—let wiser thoughts thy soul employ,
 Nor fear, while life endures, life's pleasures to enjoy.²

W. Peter.

VIRTUE.

Encircled by her heaven-bright band
 On a rough steep doth Virtue stand,
 And he, who hopes to win the goal,
 To manhood's height who would aspire—
 Must spurn each sensual low desire,
 Must never falter, never tire,
 But on, with sweat-drops of the soul.³

W. Peter.

¹ This translation of our late gifted English Consul, William Peter, Esq., is superior, I think, to Lord Denman's, which may be found in Bland's Greek Anthology.

² Contrast with the above elegy Dr. Doddridge's paraphrase of "Dum vivimus vivamus."

"Live while you live"—the Epicure would say—
 "And give to pleasure every passing day :"
 "Live while you live"—the sacred preacher cries—
 "And give to God each moment as it flies."
 Lord, in my view, let both united be—
 I live to pleasure, while I live to Thee!

³ Spenser has a similar sentiment :—

In woods, in waves, in wars, she wont to dwell,
 And will be found with peril and with pain,
 Ne can the man, who moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happy mansion e'er attain ;

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME.

Virtue delights her home to keep—
 Say the wise of the olden time—
 High on a rugged rocky steep,
 Which man may hardly climb :
 And there a pure, bright, shining band,
 Her ministers, around her stand.

No mortal man may ever look,
 That form august to see,
 Until with patient toil he brook
 The sweat of mental agony :
 Which all must do, who reach that goal,
 The perfect manhood of the soul.

Hay.

CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

Human strength is unavailing ;
 Boastful tyranny unfailing ;
 All in life is care and labor ;
 And our unrelenting neighbor,
 Death, forever hovering round ;
 Whose inevitable wound,
 When he comes prepar'd to strike,
 Good and bad will feel alike.

W. Peter.

THE FOUR BEST THINGS.

It is the best thing for a mortal man to be in health ; the second,
 to be born with a good form ; the third, to be rich without trickery ;
 and the fourth, to be in the prime of life, in the society of friends.

The first of mortal joys is health ;
 Next beauty ; and the third is wealth ;
 The fourth, all youth's delights to prove
 With those we love.

Before her gate High God did *sweat* ordain
 And wakeful watches ever to abide ;
 But easy is the way and passage plain
 To Pleasure's palace ; it may soon be spied,
 And, day and night, her doors to all stand open wide.

Fürst's Queen, B. II. c. 3.

ÆSCHYLUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 490 B. C.

ÆSCHYLUS, the first in point of time of the great dramatic poets of Greece, was born at Eleusis, in Attica, 525 B. C. He was contemporary with Simonides and Pindar, and distinguished himself in the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa. He may justly be styled the father of Grecian tragedy; for the rude attempts of Thespis¹ hardly deserve that name. His first representations were exhibited when he had scarcely attained his twenty-fifth year. He seems to have conceived as well as executed the plan of a theatre; to have given to the dialogue its bounds, to the chorus its office, and to the whole play greater unity of action; to have invented the mask and the buskin; and to have planned the mechanism of the stage, and embellished it with the most appropriate and magnificent scenery: in short, he gave the Grecian tragedy its complete form.

Æschylus wrote sixty-six dramas, in thirteen of which he obtained a victory over all his rivals. This success was mostly gained in the fourteen years between B. C. 484, the first year of his tragic victory, and the close of the Persian war by Cymon's illustrious achievements at the Eurymedon, B. C. 470. Two years after this (B. C. 468), he was defeated by his younger rival Sophocles, and the same year he retired to the court of Hiero, king of Syracuse, where he found the lyric poet Simonides, and where he was most hospitably entertained. He lived for several years after this at Gela, in Sicily, in dignified repose, and died there B. C. 456, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. The manner of his death was very remarkable: an eagle, mistaking the bald head of the poet, while asleep, for a stone, let a tortoise fall upon it, for the purpose of breaking its shell; and thus, it is said, the oracle was fulfilled—that he should die by a blow from heaven.

Of the sixty-six tragedies which Æschylus wrote, but seven have come down to us: the *Persians*, the *Seven against Thebes*, the *Suppliants*, the *Prometheus*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Chœphoræ*, and the *Æumenides*.

The subject of the *Persians* is the triumph of Greece over the Persian power; and in his descriptions of battle-scenes no one can fail to see that the language is inspired by the enthusiasm of one who was an actor in the exploits which he so vividly paints.

¹ See the author's Compendium of Grecian Antiquities, p. 142.

The *Seven against Thebes* is next in chronological order. It connects the destinies of Thebes with the terrible curse pronounced by Œdipus on his sons Eteocles and Polynices, and fulfilled in their unnatural and deadly strife.¹

The *Suppliants* is one of the poet's least interesting pieces. It gives an account of the arrival of Danaus in Argos with his daughters, who were flying from the sons of Ægyptus, who sought them in marriage; the protection afforded them by Pelasgus, the monarch of that city, and his refusal to surrender them to their persecutors. This play is, however, interesting as affording a pleasing portrait of the hospitality and regard to justice which prevailed in Greece in its rudest times.

The *Prometheus Chained* is the middle link of a trilogy,² the first of which was the *Prometheus the Fire-Bringer*, the third the *Prometheus Unbound*. The first represents man's inventive genius in the gift of fire, and all those arts and blessings which would accompany such a gift. But, vain of his discovery, he becomes arrogant, impious, and defiant of heaven; and hence, in the second play, his punishment begins. Nothing can be grander than the scenery in which the poet has made his hero suffer. He is chained to a desolate and stupendous rock at the extremity of earth's remotest wilds, frowning over old ocean. The daughters of Oceanus, who constitute the chorus of the tragedy, come to comfort and calm him; and even the aged Oceanus himself, and afterwards Mercury, do all they can to persuade him to submit to his oppressor, Jupiter. But all to no purpose; he sternly and triumphantly refuses. Meanwhile, the tempest rages, the lightnings flash upon the rock, the sands are torn up by whirlwinds, the seas are dashed against the sky, and all the artillery of heaven is levelled against his bosom, while he proudly defies the vengeance of his tyrant,

¹ When Œdipus, in his madness, had torn out his eyes, and was driven forth from his kingdom, Thebes, his daughter Antigone alone shared his wanderings, remained with him till he died, and then returned to Thebes. Her brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, had agreed to share the kingdom between them, and each reign on alternate years. The first year fell to the lot of Eteocles, but, at the end of the year, he refused to surrender the kingdom to his brother Polynices, who thereupon fled to Adrastus, king of Argos. He gave him his daughter in marriage, and aided him with an army to enforce his claims to his kingdom. This led to the celebrated expedition of the *Seven against Thebes*, which furnished such ample materials for the epic and tragic poets of Greece. The English reader will find "The Age of Fable," by Thomas Bulfinch, a very instructive book for reading, as well as for constant reference, on subjects connected with the poetry and the mythology of Greece and Rome.

² A series of three dramas, which, although each of them is in one sense complete, yet bear a mutual relation, and form but parts of one historical picture, corresponding to the Parts I., II., and III. of Henry VI. of Shakespeare.

and sinks into the earth to the lower regions, calling on the powers of justice to visit his wrongs. This is considered as the poet's masterpiece; and in the grand and sublime defiance of Prometheus, he designs, as it is thought, to exhibit the free and undaunted will of man triumphing over overwhelming difficulties from without.

The last three plays of our poet which, fortunately, are extant, form also a complete trilogy. The legend which it embodies is that of Orestes, and the three dramas which form it are—the *Agamemnon*, the *Choëphoræ*, and the *Eumenides*. The subject of the *Agamemnon* is the sin and punishment of that monarch. His sin is ambition; his punishment, ruin and death in the moment of triumph and prosperity. In the furtherance of his ambitious views, he has been regardless of human life, and has, by the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia, shown himself insensible to natural affection. He himself is murdered by his wife Clytemnestra and her paramour Ægisthus.

The *Choëphoræ* contains the mortal revenge of Orestes. It is the longest and most finished of the seven tragedies, and in it the poet evidently makes it his great object to display distinctly the deep distress of Orestes at the necessity he feels of revenging his father's death upon his mother.¹

In the *Eumenides*, the consequences of this doubtful revenge of Orestes in putting to death his own mother for her wickedness and unnatural crimes, are magnificently developed, and the whole series of tragic action conducted to a placid repose. Orestes is tried before the court of Areopagus; the ballots are even; and Minerva throws the ball of mercy into the urn, and thus the accused is acquitted.²

¹ To this Byron alludes in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold:"—

O thou! who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale—great Nemesis!
Thou who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss,
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in this,
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!

² The best edition of Æschylus is that of Samuel Butler, Cantab. 1809–15, in eight volumes, 8vo., with Latin version, notes, &c. The translation in Valpey's Classical Library is by R. Potter, two volumes. The late British Consul at Philadelphia, Wm. Peter, Esq., published a very finished version of the *Agamemnon*. The student will find the Latin-English Lexicon of Æschylus a great aid in reading this author; but much better than this is the Greek-English Lexicon of Rev. William Linwood, M. A., London, 1847, most beautifully printed.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

[From the Persians.]

The Persian chief,
Little conceiving of the wiles of Greece
And gods averse, to all the naval leaders
Gave his high charge : " Soon as yon sun shall cease
To dart his radiant beams, and dark'ning night
Ascends the temple of the sky, arrange
In three divisions your well-ordered ships,
And guard each pass, each outlet of the seas :
Others enring around this rocky isle
Of Salamis. Should Greece escape her fate,
And work her way by secret flight, your heads
Shall answer the neglect." This harsh command
He gave, exulting in his mind, nor knew
What Fate design'd. With martial discipline
And prompt obedience, snatching a repast,
Each mariner fix'd well his ready oar.
Soon as the golden sun was set, and night
Advanced, each train'd to ply the dashing oar,
Assumed his seat ; in arms each warrior stood,
Troop cheering troop through all the ships of war.
Each to the appointed station steers his course ;
And through the night his naval force each chief
Fix'd to secure the passes. Night advanced,
But not by secret flight did Greece attempt
To escape. The morn, all beauteous to behold,
Drawn by white steeds bounds o'er the enlighten'd earth ;
At once from every Greek, with glad acclaim,
Burst forth the song of war, whose lofty notes
The echo of the island rocks return'd,
Spreading dismay through Persia's host, thus fallen
From their high hopes ; no flight this solemn strain
Portended, but deliberate valor bent
On daring battle ; while the trumpet's sound
Kindled the flames of war. But when their oars,
(The pæan ended,) with impetuous force
Dash'd the resounding surges, instant all
Rush'd on in view ; in orderly array
The squadron on the right first led, behind
Rode their whole fleet ; and now distinct we heard
From ev'ry part this voice of exhortation :—
" Advance, ye sons of Greece, from thralldom save
Your country—save your wives, your children save,
The temples of your gods, the sacred tomb
Where rest your honor'd ancestors ; this day
The common cause of all demands your valor."
Meantime from Persia's hosts the deep'ning shout
Answer'd their shout ; no time for cold delay ;

But ship 'gainst ship its brazen beak impell'd.
 First to the charge a Grecian galley rush'd;
 Ill the Phœnician bore the rough attack,
 Its sculptured prow all shatter'd. Each advanced
 Daring an opposite. The deep array
 Of Persia at the first sustain'd the encounter;
 But their throng'd numbers, in the narrow seas
 Confined, want room for action; and, deprived
 Of mutual aid, beaks clash with beaks, and each
 Breaks all the other's oars; with skill disposed
 The Grecian navy circled them around
 In fierce assault; and, rushing from its height,
 The inverted vessel sinks: the sea no more
 Wears its accustomed aspect, with foul wrecks
 And blood disfigured; floating carcasses
 Roll on the rocky shores: the poor remains
 Of the barbaric armament to flight
 Ply every oar inglorious: onward rush
 The Greeks amidst the ruins of the fleet,
 As through a shoal of fish caught in the net,
 Spreading destruction: the wide ocean o'er
 Wailings are heard, and loud laments, till night,
 With darkness on her brow, brought grateful truce.
 Should I recount each circumstance of wo,
 Ten times on my unfinished tale the sun
 Would set; for be assured that not one day
 Could close the ruin of so vast a host.

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

[*From the Agamemnon.*]

STROPHE I.

O thou, that sitt'st supreme above,
 Whatever name thou deign'st to hear,
 Unblamed may I pronounce thee Jove!
 Immersed in deep and holy thought,
 If rightly I conjecture aught,
 Thy power I must revere:
 Else, vainly toss'd, the anxious mind
 Nor truth, nor calm repose can find.
 Feeble and helpless to the light
 The proudest of man's race arose,
 Though now, exulting in his might,
 Dauntless he rushes on his foes;
 Great as he is, in dust he lies;
 He meets a greater, and he dies.

ANTISTROPHE I.

He that, when conquest brightens round,
 Swells the triumphant strain to Jove,
 Shall ever with success be crown'd.

Yet often, when to wisdom's seat
 Jove deigns to guide man's erring feet,
 His virtues to improve,
 He to Affliction gives command
 To form him with her chast'ning hand :
 The memory of her rigid lore,
 On the sad heart imprinted deep,
 Attends him through day's active hour,
 Nor in the night forsakes his sleep.
 Instructed thus thy grace we own,
 O thou, that sitt'st on heaven's high throne !

* * * * *

ANTISTROPHE II.

When, in Diana's name, the seer
 Pronounced the dreadful remedy,
 More than the stormy sea severe,
 Each chieftain stood in grief profound,
 And smote his sceptre on the ground :
 Then, with a rising sigh,
 The monarch, whilst the big tears roll,
 Express'd the anguish of his soul :—
 " Dreadful the sentence : not to obey,
 Vengeance and ruin close us round :
 Shall then the sire his daughter slay,
 In youth's fresh bloom with beauty crown'd ?
 Shall on these hands her warm blood flow ?
 Cruel alternative of woe !

STROPHE III.

" This royal fleet, this martial host,
 The cause of Greece shall I betray,
 The monarch in the father lost ?
 To calm these winds, to smooth this flood,
 Diana's wrath a virgin's blood
 Demands : 'tis ours to obey."

Bound in necessity's iron chain,
 Reluctant nature strives in vain :
 Impure, unholy thoughts succeed,
 And dark'ning o'er his bosom roll ;
 Whilst madness prompts the ruthless deed,
 Tyrant of the misguided soul :
 Stern on the fleet he rolls his eyes,
 And dooms the hateful sacrifice.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Arm'd in a woman's cause, around
 Fierce for the war the princes rose ;
 No place affrighted Pity found.
 In vain the virgin's streaming tear,
 Her cries in vain, her pleading prayer,
 Her agonizing woes.

Could the fond father hear unmoved ?
 The Fates decreed : the king approved :
 Then to the attendants gave command
 Decent her flowing robes to bind ;
 Prone on the altar with strong hand
 To place her like a spotless hind ;
 And check her sweet voice, that no sound
 Unhallow'd might the rites confound.

EPODE.

Rent on the earth her maiden veil she throws,
 That emulates the rose ;
 And on the sad attendants rolling
 The trembling lustre of her dewy eyes,
 Their grief-impassion'd souls controlling,
 That ennobled, modest grace,
 Which the mimic pencil tries
 In the imaged form to trace,
 The breathing picture shows :
 And as, amidst his festal pleasures,
 Her father oft rejoiced to hear
 Her voice in soft mellifluous measures
 Warble the sprightly-fancied air ;
 So now in act to speak the virgin stands :
 But when, the third libation paid,
 She heard her father's dread commands
 Enjoining silence, she obey'd :
 And for her country's good,
 With patient, meek, submissive mind
 To her hard fate resign'd,
 Pour'd out the rich stream of her blood.

THE NAME HELEN.¹

Who gave her a name
 So true to her fame ?
 Does a Providence rule in the fate of a word ?
 Sways there in heaven a viewless power
 O'er the chance of the tongue in the naming hour ?
 Who gave her a name,
 This daughter of strife, this daughter of shame,
 The spear-wooded maid of Greece ?
 Helen the taker ! 'tis plain to see,
 A taker of ships, a taker of men,
 A taker of cities is she.
 From the soft-curtained chamber of Hymen she fled,
 By the breath of giant Zephyr sped,

¹ The fanciful etymology of this word is 'αλο', the participle of the verb αἰσθω, to take, and ναυς, a ship.

And shield-bearing throngs in marshalled array
 Hounded her flight o'er the printless way,
 Where the swift-plashing oar
 The fair booty bore
 To swirling Simois' leafy shore,
 And stirred the crimson fray.

Blackie.

DESCRIPTION OF HELEN.

[From the Agamemnon.]

When first she came to Ilion's towers,
 O what a glorious sight, I ween, was there !
 The tranquil beauty of the gorgeous queen
 Hung soft as breathless summer on her cheeks,
 Where on the damask sweet the glowing zephyr slept ;
 And like an idol beaming from its shrine,
 So o'er the floating gold around her thrown
 Her peerless face did shine ;
 And though soft sweetness hung upon their lids,
 Yet her young eyes still wounded where they look'd.
 She breathed an incense like Love's perfumed flower,
 Blushing in sweetness ; so she seem'd in hue,
 And pained mortal eyes with her transcendent view :
 E'en so to Paris' bed the lovely Helen came.
 But dark Erinnys, in the nuptial hour,
 Rose in the midst of all that bridal pomp,
 Seated midst the feasting throng,
 Amidst the revelry and song ;
 Erinnys, led by Xenius Jove,
 Into the halls of Priam's sons,
 Erinnys of the mournful bower,
 Where youthful brides weep sad in midnight hour.

Symmons.

In one of the earlier choruses, in which is introduced an episodical allusion to the abduction of Helen, occurs one of those soft passages so rare in Æschylus, nor less exquisite than rare.

LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF HELEN.

BY THE MINSTRELS OF MENELAUS.

And wo the halls, and wo the chiefs,
 And wo the bridal bed !—
 And wo her steps—for once she loved
 The lord whose love she fled !
 Lo ! where, dishonor yet unknown,
 He sits—nor deems his Helen flown,

Tearless and voiceless on the spot;
 All desert, but he feels it not!
 Ah! soon alive, to miss and mourn
 The form beyond the ocean borne
 Shall start the lonely king!
 And thought shall fill the lost one's room,
 And darkly through the palace gloom
 Shall stalk a ghostly thing.
 Her statues meet, as round they rise,
 The leaden stare of lifeless eyes.
 Where is their ancient beauty gone?—
 Why loathe his looks the breathing stone?
 Alas! the foulness of disgrace
 Hath swept the Venus from her face!
 And visions in the mournful night
 Shall dupe the heart to false delight,
 A false and melancholy;
 For nought with sadder joy is fraught
 Than things at night by dreaming brought,
 The wish'd for and the holy.
 Swift from the solitary side
 The vision and the blessing glide,
 Scarce welcomed ere they sweep,
 Pale, bloodless dreams aloft
 On wings unseen and soft,
 Lost wanderers gliding through the paths of sleep.
Bulwer.

ORESTES ABOUT TO MURDER HIS MOTHER.

Clytemnestra. I nursed thy childhood, and in peace would die.
Orestes. Spare thee to live with me—my father's murderer?
Clytem. Not I; say rather Fate ordained his death.
Orest. The self-same Fate ordains thee now to die.
Clytem. My curse beware, the mother's curse that bore thee.
Orest. That cast me homeless from my father's house.
Clytem. Nay, to a friendly house I lent thee, boy.
Orest. Being free-born, I like a slave was sold.
Clytem. I trafficked not with thee. I got no gold.
Orest. Worse—worse than gold: a thing too foul to name!
Clytem. Name all my faults; but had thy father none?
Orest. Thou art a woman sitting in thy chamber.
 Judge not the man that goes abroad and labors.
Clytem. Hard was my lot, my child; alone, uncherished.
Orest. Alone by the fire, while for thy gentle ease
 Thy husband toiled.
Clytem. Thou wilt not kill me, son?
Orest. I kill thee not. Thyself dost kill thyself.
Clytem. Beware thy mother's anger-whetted hounds—
Orest. My father's hounds have hunted me to thee.
Clytem. The stone that sepulchres the dead art thou,
 And I the tear on't.

Orest. Cease! I voyaged here
 With a fair breeze: my father's murder brought me.
Clytem. Ah me! I nursed a serpent on my breast.
Orest. Thou hadst a prophet in thy dream last night;
 And since thou kill'dst the man thou should'st have
 spared,
 The man, that now should spare thee, can but kill.
Blackie.

RETRIBUTION FOR SIN.

[*From the Agamemnon*]

CHORUS.—STROPHE I.

Prophetically gifted he,
 In more than mortal language wise,
 Who, diving to eternity,
 Dragged from its depths man's destinies,
 And gave our universal foe
 A name, denoting endless strife,
 And inextinguishable wo
 And loss of ships, and towns, and life,
 And loss of thrones to mightiest kings.
 She, like hell's fury to destroy,
 Sailed on the giant Zephyr's wings
 At midnight's mantling hour to Troy;
 Whom followed to the leafy shores
 Of Simois, with no equal race,
 But heavier vanned, ten thousand oars,
 That part the waves, but leave no trace,
 And mailed hunters proud fierce-panting in the chase.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Murderous the strife—styled rightly, too—
 That nuptial hour shall cost him dear;
 And Priam and his sons shall rue,
 With hearts presaging many a fear,
 That guilty flight; ay, soon shall they,
 Who sung defiance to the foe,
 Drown in a note of bitterest wo
 Their joyous hymeneal lay:
 A deeper and a brinier tide
 Must deluge yet that land for thee,
 Paris, and thine adulterous bride!
 The god of hospitality
 Shall pour a dark and crimson flood
 Of human life, to ebb no more,
 Wash out the crime in seas of blood,
 Of the false guest and paramour,
 And in its torrent sweep all in that vengeful hour.

STROPHE II.

As one who nurtures with ungrateful care
 Some lioness's cub, in whom no trace
 Is visible of his mother or the lair,
 The young and old admire his gentle ways,
 He with the children like an infant plays;
 Now stretches forth his paws in sportive mood
 To be caressed, and now his shining face;
 He presses each by turns in his embrace,
 Makes all his wants and wishes understood,
 And fondly licks the hand that brings him food.

ANTISTROPHE II.

But older grown, his father and the lair
 And all his savage nature rise confessed,
 And in repayment of his fosterer's care
 He robs his board an uninvited guest;
 Of lambs and kids he makes his daily feast,
 And gorged with slaughter is insatiate still.
 Adieu to peace by day, or nightly rest!
 The house is stained with gore; in every breast
 Deep anguish reigns, and he resembles well
 Some fate-commissioned fiend let slip from hell.

STROPHE III.

A thought of breathless calm, and silent joy,
 Image of all that nature boasts, or art
 Of beauty, there came also one to Troy,
 Who vibrated a sweet and delicate dart
 From her mild eyes, that wounded every heart,
 And oped in every breast the flower of love.
 But soon the thorns remain, the sweets depart:
 Detested bride, a fatal guest thou wert!
 Around their bed a fury howls, to prove
 That there's a god, nor sleeps the avenging bolt of Jove.

GOODNESS AND WICKEDNESS PRODUCE THEIR LIKES.

[*From the Agamemnon.*]

ANTISTROPHE III.

'Twas said of old, and men maintain it still,
 Fortune, how great soe'er, is never crown'd,
 But when the great possessor, at the close
 Of earthly grandeur, leaves an heir behind,
 And sinks not childless to his grave.
 But then they say it often haps
 Fortune will wither on the father's grave,
 And though his race was blest before,
 'Twill bud with sorrow's weeping sore,
 And never ending, once begun.

But I think not, as thinks the crowd :
 The impious doer still begets
 A brood of impious doers more,
 Children and heirs of all his wicked deeds :
 Whilst from the house of righteous men,
 Who even-handed justice love,
 Comes a long line of children good and fair.

STROPHE IV.

Foul villany, that wanton'd in its day,
 Now its old crimes by time are half effaced,
 Still reproduces others fresh and young,
 In generations new of wicked men ;
 And brings its horrid progeny to light,
 Born now or then, when comes the hour,
 Born at a birth with infant Wrath,
 And that great demon, heaven-detested fiend,
 High Hardihood or Thrasos bold,
 And blackest woes of cypress hue,
 In gloomy likeness of their parents drear,
 Woes, that on mansions proud let fall
 The funeral pall.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But Justice sheds her peerless ray
 In love-roof'd sheds of humble swain,
 And gilds the smoky cots where low-lived virtue dwells :
 But with averted eyes
 The maiden Goddess flies
 The gorgeous halls of state, sprinkled with gold,
 Where filthy-handed Mammon dwells ;
 She will not praise what men adore,
 Wealth sicklied with false pallid ore,
 Though drest in pomp of haughty power,
 But still leads all things on, and looks to the last hour.
Symmons.

PROMETHEUS' INVOCATION.

Prometheus alone. O holy Æther, and swift-winged Winds,
 And River-wells, and laughter infinite
 Of yon Sea-waves ! Earth, mother of us all,
 And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you !—
 Behold me a god, what I endure from gods !
 Behold, with throe on throe,
 How, wasted by this wo,
 I wrestle down the myriad years of Time !
 Behold, how, fast around me,
 The new King of the happy ones sublime

Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
 Wo, wo! to-day's wo and the coming morrow's,
 I cover with one groan! And where is found me

A limit to these sorrows?
 And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
 Clearly all things that should be—nothing done,
 Comes sudden to my soul—and I must bear
 What is ordained with patience, being aware
 Necessity doth front the universe
 With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
 Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
 In silence or in speech. Because I gave
 Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
 To this compelling fate! Because I stole
 The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
 Over the ferule's brim, and manward sent
 Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
 That sin I expiate in this agony;
 Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky!

Ah, ah me! what a sound,
 What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
 Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between—
 Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her bound,
 To have sight of my pangs—or some guerdon obtain—
 Lo! a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!

The god, Zeus hateth sore,
 And his gods hate again,
 As many as tread on his glorified floor,—
 Because I loved mortals too much evermore!
 Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
 As of birds flying near!
 And the air undersings
 The soft stroke of their wings—
 And all life that approaches, I wait for in fear.

CHORUS.—ANTISTROPHE I.

I behold thee, Prometheus—yet now, yet now,
 A terrible cloud, whose rain is tears,
 Sweeps over mine eyes that witness how
 Thy body appears
 Hung awaste on the rocks by infrangible chains!
 For new is the hand and the rudder that steers
 The ship of Olympus through surge and wind—
 And of old things passed, no track is behind.

Prometheus. Under earth, under Hades,
 Where the home of the shade is,
 All into the deep, deep Tartarus,
 I would he had hurled me adown!
 I would he had plunged me, fastened thus
 In the knotted chain, with the savage clang,
 All into the dark, where there should be none,
 Neither god nor another, to laugh and see!

But now the winds sing through and shake
 The hurtled chains wherein I hang;
 And I, in my naked sorrows, make
 Much mirth for my enemy.

CHORUS.—STROPHE II.

Nay! who of the gods hath a heart so stern
 As to use thy woe for a root of mirth?
 Who would not turn more mild to learn
 Thy sorrows? who of the heaven and earth,
 Save Zeus? But he
 Right wrathfully
 Bears on his sceptral soul unbent,
 And rules thereby the heavenly seed;
 Nor will he cease, till he content
 His thirsty heart in a finished deed;
 Or till Another shall appear,
 To win by fraud, to seize by fear
 The hardly captured government.

Prometheus. Yet even of me he shall have need,
 That monarch of the blessed seed;
 Of me, of me, who now am cursed
 Beneath his fetters dire!
 To wring my secret out withal,
 And learn by whom his sceptre shall
 Be filched from him—as was, at first,
 His heavenly fire!
 Yet he never shall enchant me
 With his honey-lipped persuasion;
 Never, never shall he daunt me
 With the oath and threat of passion,
 Into speaking as they want me,
 Till he loose this savage chain,
 And accept the expiation
 Of my sorrow, by his pain.

CHORUS.—ANTISTROPHE II.

Thou art, sooth, a brave god,
 And, for all thou hast borne
 From the stroke of the rod,
 Naught relaxest from scorn!
 But thou speakest unto me
 Too free and unworn—
 And a terror strikes through me,
 And festers my soul,—
 And I fear, in the roll
 Of the storm, for thy fate,
 In the ship far from shore—
 Since the son of Saturnius is hard in his hate,
 And unmoved in his heart evermore.

Prometheus. I know that Zeus is stern!
 I know he metes his justice by his will!
 And yet I also know his soul shall learn
 More softness when once broken by this ill,—
 That, curbing his unconquerable wrath,
 He shall rush on in fear, to meet with me
 Who rush to meet with him, in agony,
 To issues of harmonious covenant.

STROPHE I.

I moan thy fate, I moan for thee,
 Prometheus! From my restless eyes,
 Drop by drop intermittently,
 A trickling stream of tears supplies
 My cheeks all wet from fountains free,—
 Because that Zeus, the sternly bold,
 Whose law is taken from his breast,
 Uplifts his sceptre manifest
 Over the gods of old.

ANTISTROPHE I.

'Tis sweet to have
 Life lengthened out
 With hopes that are brave
 By the very doubt,
 Till the spirit swells bold
 With the joys foretold!
 But I thrill to behold
 Thee, victim doomed,
 By the countless cares
 And the drear despairs,
 Lifelong, consumed.
 And all because thou, who art fearless now,
 With Zeus above,
 Dost overflow, for mankind below,
 With a free-souled, reverent love.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

PROMETHEUS' PROUD DEFIANCE OF JUPITER.

[*Mercury persuades Prometheus to relent. The chorus sustains him.*]

Hermes. I have indeed, methinks, said much in vain,—
 For still thy heart, beneath my showers of prayers,
 Lies dry and hard!—nay, leaps like a young horse
 Who bites against the new bit in his teeth,
 And tugs and struggles against the new-tried rein,—
 Still fiercest in the weakest thing of all,
 Which sophism is,—for absolute will alone,
 When left to its motions in perverted minds,
 Is worse than null, for strength! Behold and see,

Unless my words persuade thee, what a blast
And whirlwind of inevitable wo
Must sweep persuasion through thee! For at first
The Father will split up this jut of rock
With the great thunder and the bolted flame,
And hide thy body where the hinge of stone
Shall catch it like an arm!—and when thou hast passed
A long black time within, thou shalt come out
To front the sun; and Zeus's winged hound,
The strong carnivorous eagle, shall wheel down
To meet thee,—self-called to a daily feast,—
And set his fierce beak in thee, and tear off
The long rags of thy flesh, and batten deep
Upon thy dusky liver! Do not look
For any end, moreover, to this curse,
Or ere some god appear, to bear thy pangs
On his own head vicarious, and descend
With unreluctant step the darks of hell,
And the deep glooms enringing Tartarus!—
Then ponder this!—the threat is not a growth
Of vain invention: it is spoken and meant!
For Zeus's mouth is impotent to lie,
And doth complete the utterance in the act.
So, look to it, thou!—take heed!—and nevermore
Forget good counsel, to indulge self-will!

Chorus. This Hermes suits his reasons to the times—
At least I think so!—since he bids thee drop
Self-will for prudent counsel. Yield to him!
When the wise err, their wisdom proves their shame.

Prometheus. Unto me the foreknower, this mandate of power,
He cries, to reveal it!
And scarce strange is my fate, if I suffer from hate,
At the hour that I feel it!
Let the locks of the lightning, all bristling and whitening,
Flash, coiling me round!
While the æther goes surging 'neath thunder and scourging
Of wild winds unbound!
Let the blast of the firmament whirl from its place
The earth rooted below,—
And the brine of the ocean, in rapid emotion,
Be it driven in the face
Of the stars up in heaven, as they walk to and fro!
Let him hurl me anon into Tartarus—on—
To the blackest degree,
With Necessity's vortices strangling me down!
But he cannot join death to a fate meant for me!

Hermes. Why the words that he speaks and the thoughts that
he thinks,
Are maniacal—sad!
And if Fate, who hath bound him, just loosens the links,—
Yet he's nigh to be mad.

Then depart ye who groan with him,
 Leaving to moan with him—
 Go in haste! lest the roar of the thunder, in nearing,
 Should blast you to idiocy, living and hearing.

Chorus. Change thy speech for another, thy thought for a new,
 If to move me and teach me indeed be thy care!
 For thy words swerve so far from the loyal and true,
 That the thunder of Zeus seems more easy to bear.
 How, couldst teach me to venture such vileness?

Behold!

I choose, with this victim, this anguish foretold!
 For I turn from the traitor in hate and disdain,—
 And I know that the curse of the treason is worse
 Than the pang of the chain.

Hermes. Then remember, O nymphs, what I uttered before,—
 Nor, when pierced by the arrows that Atë will throw you,
 Cast the blame on your fate, and declare evermore
 That Zeus thrust you on anguish he did not foreshow you.
 Nay, verily, nay! for ye perish anon
 For your deed—by your choice!—by no blindness of doubt,
 No abruptness of doom!—but by madness alone,
 In the great net of Atë, whence none cometh out,
 Ye are wound and undone!

Prometheus. Ay! in act, now—in word, now, no more!

Earth is rocking in space!

And the thunders crash up with a roar upon roar—
 And red eddies of lightning flash fires in my face—
 And the whirlwinds are whirling the dust round and round—
 And the blasts of the winds universal, leap free,
 And blow each upon each, with a passion of sound,—
 And æther goes mingling in storm with the sea!
 Such a curse on my head, in a manifest dread,
 From the hand of your Zeus has been hurtled along!
 O my mother's fair glory! O, Æther, enringing.
 All eyes, with the sweet common light of thy bringing.
 Dost thou see how I suffer this wrong?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

PINDAR.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 480 B. C.

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,
While virtue leads the noble way.

Prior.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight;
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labor with th' inspiring God.

Pope's Temple of Fame.

He who aspires to reach the towering height
Of matchless Pindar's heaven-ascending strain,
Shall sink unequal to the arduous flight;
Like him who, failing, named the Icarian main.
Presumptuous youth! to tempt forbidden skies,
And hope above the clouds on waxen plumes to rise.
Pindar, like some fierce torrent swollen with showers
Or sudden cataracts of melting snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song.

Francis.

As when a river, swollen by sudden showers,
O'er its known banks from some steep mountain pours;
So, in profound, unmeasurable song,
The deep-mouth'd Pindar, foaming, pours along.

Horace; Francis' Translation.

While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim,
Still rolls the Olympian car in Pindar's fame.

Charles Sprague.

PINDAR, the most celebrated of the Lyric Poets of Greece, was born in Thebes, the metropolis of Bœotia, about 520 B. C. He was of a noble family that claimed descent from the Cadmids, the descendants of the founder of Thebes. Great attention was paid to his education, he having been sent to Athens to be instructed in music and all the liberal arts. He returned to Thebes at the early age of twenty, and soon acquired so great a reputation as a poet that he was employed by different states, and by princes in all parts of the Hellenic world, to compose for them choral songs for special occasions. The estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries is strikingly shown by the honors conferred upon him by the free states of Greece—Thebes, Athens, Ceos, and Rhodes.

Pindar wrote various Hymns to the Gods, Pæans, Odes for Processions, Songs of Maidens, Mimic Dancing Songs, Dirges, &c. &c.; but the only poems which have come down to us entire are his *Eptnecia*,¹

¹ Formed of two Greek words, *epi*, "upon," and *nice*, "victory."

or *Triumphal Odes*. These were all composed in commemoration of some victory in the public games, and are divided into four books, celebrating respectively the victories gained in the Olympian, Pythean, Nemean, and Isthmian games. The return of a victor at the games to his native city was an event celebrated with public rejoicings and solemn religious thanksgivings. A procession welcomed the successful hero, and attended him to the temple; sacrifices were offered, and the sumptuous banquet followed. The triumphal ode, the principal feature in the solemnity, was then sung, and the festival was prolonged to a late hour, ending with a joyous revel called *κῶμος*, *comos*. At this revel the praises of the victor were again sung, and the poem or ode which celebrated them was also called *comos*, and hence our two English words, now so diverse, *comic* and *encomium*.

In his triumphant odes Pindar is full of rapid and sudden digressions, which make him hard to be understood.¹ Not only does he extol the personal merits and the family of the victor, his country, and all that was adapted to display national greatness, but, abandoning the professed objects of his panegyric, he bursts into celebrations of the heroes of former days, the mighty exploits of demi-gods, and the gorgeous fables of earliest times. He is chiefly remarkable for the gigantic boldness of his conceptions, and the daring sublimity of his metaphors. In him also we see the true majesty and grandeur of religious poetry; for the religious character of his mind, as well as his firm belief in a superintending Providence, would not permit him to connect success with mere human causes. He always represents the gods as the givers of victory, and speaks of piety, and the fulfilment of relative duties as the causes which recommend the conqueror to their favor. Nor does he neglect to warn the victor of the dangers of success, and of the temptation which it offers to overweening pride; thus teaching him, emphatically, humility, gratitude, and moderation in victory.²

The best of the early editions of Pindar is that by Heyne, in three volumes 8vo., published at Gottingen, 1798, containing a valuable dissertation on the metres of Pindar by Godfrey Hermann. In 1816 appeared in London a new edition with notes, by Mr. Huntingford, who subjoins the Latin paraphrase of Joannes Benedictus. This is a very useful edition, especially for younger students. A very valuable edition has also been published by A. Böckh, Leipsic, 1821, in two

¹ The English student will have the best conception of the style and manner of Pindar, by reading "The Bard" of Gray, a poem not inferior in beauty or sublimity to anything the Theban bard has left us.

² Pindar died about 442 B. C., at the advanced age of eighty years.

volumes quarto, containing dissertations and a valuable commentary. The translations of Pindar are by Gilbert West, with a Dissertation on the Olympic Games;¹ by Rev. C. A. Wheelwright, Prebendary of Lincoln; by Abraham Moore, with Notes, critical and explanatory;² and another by Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A. M. This last is decidedly the best,³ giving us an idea of Pindar as nearly as it can be given to a mere English reader.

FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

The deeds that stubborn mortals do
In this disordered nook of Jove's domain,
All find their meed; and there's a Judge below,
Whose hateful doom inflicts th' inevitable pain.

O'er the Good, soft suns awhile,
Through the mild day, the night serene,
Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
Tempering all the tranquil scene.
Theirs is leisure; vex not they
Stubborn soil, or watery way,
To wring from toil want's worthless bread:
No ills they know, no tears they shed,
But with the glorious gods below
Ages of peace contented share:
Meanwhile the Bad, in bitterest wo,
Eye-startling tasks and endless tortures bear.

All, whose steadfast virtue thrice
Each side the grave unchanged hath stood,
Still unseduced, unstained with vice,
They, by Jove's mysterious road,
Pass to Saturn's realm of rest,
Happy isle, that holds the Blest;
Where sea-born breezes gently blow
O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,

¹ A review of this, by Bishop Heber, may be found in the fifth volume of the *Quarterly Review*, May, 1811.

² This is noticed in the twenty-eighth volume of the *Quarterly*.

³ Of this a writer in the fifty-ninth volume of the *Edinburgh Review* says: "This, at last, is Pindar. It is a book which the lover of Pindar, whose memory is written over with the beauties of the great Lyric, will go through without stopping; and which will convey an image—an *idea*—of his genius and manner—that admirable mixture of strength, softness; austerity, sweetness; simplicity, richness;—sometimes hard and vivid as the chastest statuary; sometimes florid and luxuriant as the warmest painting—to the unlearned mind destitute of Greek."

Which Nature boon from stream or strand
Or goodly tree profusely showers ;
Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
And braid their locks with never-fading flowers.

A. Moore.

THE SAILING OF THE ARGO.

And soon as by the vessel's bow,
The anchor was hung up ;
Then took the leader on the prow,
In hands, a golden cup ;
And on great father Jove did call ;
And on the winds, and waters all
Swept by the hurrying blast ;
And on the nights, and ocean ways ;
And on the fair auspicious days,
And sweet return at last.
From out the clouds, in answer kind,
A voice of thunder came ;
And, shook in glistening beams around,
Burst out the lightning flame.
The chiefs breath'd free ; and at the sign,
Trusted in the power divine.
Hinting sweet hopes, the seer cried,
Forthwith their oars to ply ;
And swift went backward from rough hands,
The rowing ceaselessly.

Conducted by the breezy south,
They reached the stormy Axine's mouth ;
There a shrine for Neptune rear'd ;
Of Thracian bulls, a crimson herd
Was ready ; and heav'n founded-stone,
Wide-spread, to lay the altar on.
Peril deep before them lay ;
And to the Lord of ships they pray,
Amidst their ever-raging shocks,
To 'scape the jumble of fierce rocks.
For twain there were, alive, that whirl'd
Swifter than bellowing winds are hurl'd.
But now to them, that voyage blest
Brought their final day of rest.

Cary.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

O thou, whom Phœbus and the choir
Of violet-tressed Muses own,
Their joint treasure, golden lyre,
Ruling step with warbled tone,

Prelude sweet to festive pleasures;
 Minstrels hail thy sprightly measures;
 Soon as shook from quivering strings,
 Leading the choral bands, thy loud preamble rings.
 In thy mazes, steep'd, expire
 Bolts of ever-flowing fire.
 Jove's eagle on the sceptre slumbers,
 Possess'd by thy enchanting numbers;
 On either side, his rapid wing.
 Drops, entranc'd, the feather'd king;
 Black vapor o'er his curved head,
 Sealing his eyelids, sweetly shed;
 Upheaving his moist back he lies,
 Held down with thrilling harmonies.

Cary.

Gray has thus most beautifully imitated this in his "Progress of Poetry":—

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs!
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
 And frantic Passions bear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curbed the fury of his car,
 And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber, lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

MOUNT ÆTNA.

Ætna, nurse of ceaseless frost;
 From whose cavern'd depths aspire
 In purest folds upwreathing, tost,
 Fountains of approachless fire.
 By day, a flood of smouldering smoke,
 With sullen gleam, the torrents pour;
 But in darkness, many a rock,
 And crimson flame, along the shore,
 Hurls to the deep with deaf'ning roar.
 From that worm, aloft are thrown,
 The wells of Vulcan, full of fear;
 A marvel strange to look upon;
 And, for the passing mariner,
 As marvellous to hear;
 How Ætna's tops with umbrage black,
 And soil, do hold him bound;
 And by that pallet, all his back
 Is scored with many a wound.

Cary.

PRAYER FOR BENEVOLENCE.

Hateful of old the glozing plea,
With bland imposture at his side,
Still meditating guile ;
Fill'd with reproaches vile ;
Who pulls the splendid down,
And bids th' obscure in fest'ring glory shine.

Such temper far remove, O Father Jove, from me.
The simple paths of life be mine ;
That when this being I resign,
I to my children may bequeath
A name they shall not blush to hear.
Others for gold the vow may breathe,
Or lands that see no limit near :
But fain would I live out my days,
Beloved by those with whom they're past,
In mine own city, till at last
In earth my limbs are clad ;
Still praising what is worthy praise,
But scatt'ring censure on the bad.
For virtue by the wise and just
Exalted, grows up as a tree,
That springeth from the dust,
And by the green dews fed,
Doth raise aloft her head,
And in the blithe air waves her branches free.

Cary.

THE INFANT HERCULES.

I praise not him, whose palace stored
Reserves unsunn'd the secret hoard,
For private aims design'd.

Riches, for happiness employ'd,
Are with applause of all enjoy'd ;
By friends, that share them, blest.
For common hopes to man are given ;
Labor his lot, by will of heaven ;
And naught, for self, possest.

Worth the theme, on Hercules
Gladly doth my spirit seize ;
From the records of old story,
Waking up a tale of glory :

How, escaped the mother's pang,
Into wondrous-gleaming light,
With his twinborn-brother sprang
The son of Jove ; and from the height,
Seated on her throne of gold,
How Juno did the babe behold,
Where, wrapt from jealous eye of day,
In yellow swaddling-bands, he lay.

Forthwith the queen, whom heav'n adores,
In angry mood, her dragons sent,
And rushing through the open doors,
To the wide chambers in they went ;
Eager the children to enfold
With keen jaws in ravine roll'd.
But he against them, raised upright
His head, and first essay'd the fight ;
Grasping by their necks the twain
With hands they struggled from in vain.
They hung and gasp'd, till life was tir'd ;
Then from enormous folds expired.
Opprest the women sunk with dread,
That watched about Alcmena's bed ;
For she unclad had leapt to scare
The serpents from her infant lair.
Swift the Cadmean princes, arm'd
In glittering steel, throng'd in, alarm'd ;
Amphitryon foremost of the ring,
His naked falchion brandishing,
Smitten with a pang severe.
Others' pain we lightly bear ;
But the woes, that home befall,
Press alike the hearts of all.

He stood. Delight and wonder mix'd
His step suspense, in silence, fix'd ;
Surveying with a rapture wild,
The might and courage of his child ;
And heav'n, beyond his utmost thought,
Had turn'd the fearful news to nought.
A neighboring seer he summoned straight,
Tiresias, who best knew
To read the dark decrees of fate ;
Of Jove a prophet true :
Who, to him and all the host,
His fortunes did explain :
What monsters he shall slay by land,
And what amidst the main :
And who, with fell ambition flown,
Shall from a high estate be thrown,
To meet, beneath his righteous doom,
A bitter lot, a timeless tomb.

And last of all, on Phlegra's coast,
 When gods against the giant host
 Should stand in dread array;
 That underneath his weapons, must
 Their radiant locks be smear'd in dust,
 Did that diviner say.

And he with peace, his lot to close,
 Shall dwell for aye in sweet repose;
 Amid those mansions wondrous fair,
 A portion with the gods to share;
 And of his mighty toils the meed,
 Hebe, the destined bride, shall lead,
 In youthful beauty's bloom;
 And the blessed spousals ending,
 Near Saturnian Jove ascending,
 Gaze round upon the awful dome.

Cary.

TO THE SUN UNDER AN ECLIPSE.

[*A Fragment.*]

Beam of the Sun, Heaven-watcher, Thou, whose glahce
 Lights far and wide, unveil to me, unveil
 Thy brow, that once again mine eye may hail
 The lustre of thy cloudless countenance.

Surpassing star! Why thus at noon of day
 Withdrawing, would'st thou mar
 Man's stalwart strength, and bar
 With dark obstruction Wisdom's winding way?

Lo! on thy chariot-track
 Hangs midnight pitchy-black;
 While thou, from out thine ancient path afar,
 Hurriest thy belated car.

But thee, by mightiest Jove, do I implore—
 O'er Thebes thy fleet steeds' flight
 To rein, with presage bright
 Of plenteousness and peace for evermore.

Fountain of Light!—O venerated Power!—
 To all of earthly line
 A wonder and a sign,
 What terror threatenest thou at this dread hour?

Doom of battle dost thou bring;
 Or cankerous blight, fruit-withering;
 Or crushing snow-showers' giant weight;
 Or faction, shatterer of the state;

Or breaching seas poured o'er the plain ;
 Or frost that fettereth land and spring ;
 Or summer dank whose drenching wing
 Droops heavily with rain ?

Such fate, portendeth such, thy gloomy brow ?
 Or, deluging beneath the imprison'd deep,
 This earth once more, man's infant race wilt thou
 Afresh from off the face of nature sweep ?

SOCRATES.

470-400 B. C.

To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
 Of Socrates ; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men ; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools,
 Of Academicks old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripateticks, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoick severe.

Milton.

Much suffering heroes next their honors claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair virtue's silent train : supreme of these
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates.

Pope.

First Socrates,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,
 That voice of God within the attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death :
 Great moral teacher ! WISEST OF MANKIND !

Thomson.

This first of moral philosophers, eminent alike for the purity of his precepts and of his life, was the son of a poor sculptor named Sophroniscus. He early formed himself to a character completely opposed to the frivolity and sophistical habits of the refined and corrupt age to which he belonged, and espoused that true wisdom which consists in virtue. While the sophists who preceded him discussed questions that had no bearing whatever upon the life, he was the first who caused the truths of philosophy to exercise a practical influence upon the masses of mankind. Disdaining to assume the appellation of *sophos*, "a wise man," as other pretended teachers of wisdom had done, he chose simply to be called a *philosophos*, "a lover of wisdom ;" and

his whole life, in all the relations of man and citizen, presented the pure image of a beautiful humanity ennobled by morality. Without becoming, properly speaking, the founder of a school or system of philosophy, he drew around him, by the charms of his conversation, a crowd of young men and others, inspiring them with elevated thoughts and sentiments, and forming several of those most devoted to him into the most brilliant characters that have adorned Grecian literature; for what higher reward could a teacher ask than to have such pupils as Xenophon and Plato?

Unlike Plato and Aristotle, Socrates had no fixed place for giving his instructions; but he might be seen at all times in the streets and highways of the city, and in the midst of the crowds who thronged Athens, delivering his lessons as occasion called them forth—lessons which were listened to by all with enthusiastic attention. He professed to be guided by what he called his *Dæmon*, or *Genius*, and in his attempts to regenerate society he felt that his best prospects of success were with the young, and with those especially whose talents, cultivated by learning, were likely to influence their contemporaries. His earnestness as a social reformer brought upon him increasing odium from the “conservatives”¹ of the day, as well as from that still larger class whose feelings of malice and revenge towards those who expose their follies and their vices, their wicked private customs and public institutions, can never be appeased but with the death of their victim. Accordingly, prejudice, unpopularity, and hate finally prevailed, and two charges were brought against him: one of not believing in the national deities, and the other of corrupting the youth. That he did not believe in the idols that most of his contemporaries worshipped, is true; but that he corrupted the youth was as absurd as false, for all his teachings tended ever to purify them, and lead them in the paths of virtue and truth. He defended himself; and his defence is a perfect whole, neither more nor less than what it ought to

¹ There are some who, calling themselves conservatives, conserve nothing, and who yield, not to the advances of civilization, but to the encroachments of barbarism; whose whole conservatism is constant concession: who tell us they are “as much opposed to barbarism as any one,” but they wouldn’t meet it on the field of politics;—“as much opposed to crime as any one,” but they wouldn’t hear a warning voice raised against it from the pulpit;—their politics are too pure, their Sunday slumbers too precious, to be disturbed by any allusions to such exciting matters as the advances of crime. And so they go on, conceding everything—not to civilization, but to barbarism;—not to liberty, but to liberticide—backing down before every presumptuous aggression. From such there is nothing to expect.—*Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1859, by George Sumner.*

have been. Proudly conscious of his innocence, he sought not to move the pity of his judges, for he cared not for acquittal; and "exhibited that union of humility and high-mindedness which is observable in none, perhaps, with the exception of St. Paul."¹ His speech availed not, and he was condemned to drink the hemlock.² He continued in prison thirty days before the sentence was executed; and to this interval we are indebted for that sublime conversation on the immortality of the soul which Plato has embodied in his *Phædo*.

At length the fatal day arrived, when he had reached his full three score years and ten. Refusing all means of escape to which his friends continually and importunately urged him, he took the poisoned cup from the hands of the boy who brought it to him in his prison-chamber; drank it off calmly amid the tears and sobs of surrounding friends; walked about till the draught had begun to take effect upon his system; and then laid himself down upon his bed, and soon breathed his last. Such was the life and such the death of this great man, who has commanded more admiration and reverence than any other individual of ancient or modern times, and whose death has been felt as the greatest of all human examples, not only by his own countrymen, but by the whole civilized world.

The main object of the philosophy of Socrates was the attainment of correct ideas concerning moral and religious obligation—the end of man's being, and the perfection of his nature as a rational being, and his duties; all of which he discussed in an unpretending and popular manner, appealing to the testimony of the moral sense within us. His method of teaching was by a series of questions, step by step, designed to elicit, from each with whom he conversed, the principles of his own convictions, and thus, by induction and analogy, leading to the desired result. His own good sense suggested to him this method, since called "Socratic," as being best calculated to refute the sophists, by making them contradict themselves. His life, manner of conversation, his style of reasoning, and the subjects which chiefly interested him, have been embodied in the most interesting and instructive book which the ancients have left us—the "*Memorabilia of Socrates*," by his illustrious pupil, Xenophon.

Mitchell, in his "*Preliminary Discourse*" to the *Comedies of Aristophanes*—a piece of criticism which cannot be too highly praised for its rare beauty and eloquence, and its felicitous discrimination—thus speaks of this truly wise and good man:—

¹ Browne's *Greek Literature*.

² Of his judges 281 were for his condemnation, and 276 for his acquittal.

The name of Socrates is known to most readers only by the page of history, where nothing appears in its undress; and even in persons tolerably conversant with the learned languages, the knowledge of this singular man is often confined to that beautiful little work of Xenophon, which, indeed, deserves the classical appellation of "golden," and to that immortal trilogy of Plato, which has been embalmed by the tears¹ of all ages. When we read the admirable system of ethics (some few blots excepted) which is laid open in the former, and the simple narrations which conduct the author of them to the close of his mortal career in the latter, it is not simply a burst of admiration, or grief, or horror which breaks from us, but a union of all three, so profound and so involved, that the mind must be strong indeed which can prevent the feelings, for a time, from mastering the judgment. Few readers, it is believed, even make the attempt; the prison-scene is an agony of suffering to which the mind gives way that it may not be torn by opposing it; Socrates drinking the poison shocks the imagination; we feel, such is the merit of the sufferer, or such the consummate skill of his biographer, as if a sin had been committed against human nature; we think for a moment that a chasm has been left in society which can never again be filled up; and we feel as if we could stop nature herself in her course to protest against a transaction the guilt of which seems to belong to all ages.

That Socrates could have so commanded the spirits of two men so gifted as Xenophon and Plato, that they may be said to have devoted their lives to the delineation of his character and sentiments, is a proof of ascendancy which gives us the most astonishing opinion of his powers. It cannot, however, be sufficiently regretted that he did not take the task upon himself. The most interesting book, perhaps, that ever could have been written, would have been that which traced gradually and minutely the progress of thought in the mind of Socrates, and through what changes and circumstances he arrived at that system of opinions which, if they sometimes remind us of what unassisted nature must be, more often recall to us "how glorious a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in apprehension how like a God!" This, however, has not been done, and Socrates must now be taken as we find him. By thus leaving the task to others, he has, perhaps, gained something in reputation on the score of intellect, but it can neither be concealed

¹ One of the greatest, wisest, and best men of antiquity, and whose little infirmities only made him the more amiable, confesses that he never read the *Phædon* without an agony of tears. *Quid dicam de Socrate? ejus mortis Achrymare soleo Platonem legens.*—*Cic. de Nat. Deor.* lib. viii.

nor denied that, on the side of manners and morals, he has lost much both in purity and dignity.

CONVERSATION WITH ARISTODEMUS ON THE GOODNESS OF
THE DEITY.

I will now relate the manner in which I once heard Socrates discoursing with Aristodemus, surnamed *the Little*, concerning the Deity. For, observing that he neither prayed nor sacrificed to the gods, nor yet consulted any oracle, but, on the contrary, ridiculed and laughed at those who did, he said to him:—

"Tell me, Aristodemus, is there any man whom you admire on account of his merit?"

Aristodemus having answered, "*Many*."—"Name some of them, I pray you."

"I admire," said Aristodemus, "Homer for his epic poetry, Melanippides for his dithyrambics, Sophocles for tragedy, Polycletes for statuary, and Xeuxis for painting."

"But which seems to you most worthy of admiration, Aristodemus;—the artist who forms images void of motion and intelligence; or one who hath the skill to produce animals that are endued, not only with activity, but understanding?"

"The *latter*, there can be no doubt," replied Aristodemus, "provided the production was not the effect of *chance*, but of wisdom and contrivance."

"But since there are many things, some of which we can easily see the *use* of, while we cannot say of others to what purpose they were produced; which of these, Aristodemus, do you suppose the work of wisdom?"

"It should seem the most reasonable to affirm it of those whose fitness and utility is so evidently apparent."

"But it is evidently apparent, that He, who at the beginning made man, endued him with senses *because* they were *good* for him; eyes, wherewith to behold whatever was visible; and ears, to hear whatever was to be heard. For say, Aristodemus, to what purpose should odors be prepared, if the sense of smelling had been denied? Or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet, of savory and unsavory, unless a palate had been likewise given, conveniently placed, to arbitrate between them, and declare the difference? Is not that Providence, Aristodemus, in a most eminent manner conspicuous, which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contexture, hath therefore

prepared eyelids like doors, whereby to secure it; which extend of themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches? Are not these eyelids provided, as it were, with a fence on the edge of them, to keep off the wind and guard the eye? Even the eyebrow itself is not without its office, but, as a penthouse, is prepared to turn off the sweat, which, falling from the forehead, might enter and annoy that no less *tender* than *astonishing* part of us! Is it not to be admired that the ears should take in sounds of every sort, and yet are not too much filled by them? That the fore-teeth of the animal should be formed in such a manner as is evidently best suited for the cutting of its food, as those on the side for grinding it in pieces? That the mouth, through which this food is conveyed, should be placed so near the nose and the eyes, as to prevent the passing, *unnoticed*, whatever is unfit for nourishment; while Nature, on the contrary, hath set at a distance, and concealed from the senses, all that might disgust or any way offend them? And canst thou still doubt, Aristodemus! whether a disposition of parts like *this* should be the work of chance, or of wisdom and contrivance?"

"I have no longer any doubt," replied Aristodemus: "and, indeed, the more I consider it, the more evident it appears to me, that man must be the *masterpiece* of some great artificer; carrying along with it infinite marks of the love and favor of Him who hath thus formed it."

"And what thinkest thou, Aristodemus, of that *desire* in the individual which leads to the continuance of the species? Of that tenderness and affection in the female towards her young, so necessary for its preservation? Of that unremitted love of life, and dread of dissolution, which take such strong possession of us from the moment we begin to be?"

"I think of them," answered Aristodemus, "as so many regular operations of the same great and wise Artist, deliberately determining to *preserve* what he hath once made."

"But, farther (unless thou desirest to ask me questions), seeing, Aristodemus, thou thyself art conscious of reason and intelligence, supposest thou there is no intelligence elsewhere? Thou knowest thy body to be a small part of that wide-extended earth which thou everywhere beholdest: the moisture contained in it, thou also knowest to be a small portion of that mighty mass of waters whereof seas themselves are but a part, while the rest of the elements contribute, out of their abundance, to thy formation. It is the soul then alone, that intellectual part of us, which is come to *thee* by some lucky chance, from I

know not where. If so be, there is indeed no intelligence elsewhere: and we must be forced to confess, that this stupendous universe, with all the various bodies contained therein—equally amazing, whether we consider their magnitude or number, whatever their use, whatever their order—all have been produced, not by *intelligence*, but *chance*!”

“It is with difficulty that I can suppose otherwise,” returned Aristodemus; “for I behold none of those gods, whom you speak of, as *making* and *governing* all things; whereas I see the artists when at their work here among us.”

“Neither yet seest thou thy *soul*, Aristodemus, which, however, most assuredly *governs* thy body: although it may well seem, by thy manner of talking, that it is *chance*, and not *reason*, which governs thee.”

“I do not despise the gods,” said Aristodemus: “on the contrary, I conceive so highly of their excellence, as to suppose they stand in no need either of me or of my services.”

“Thou mistakest the matter, Aristodemus; the greater magnificence they have shown in their care of *thee*, so much the more honor and service thou owest them.”

“Be assured,” said Aristodemus, “if I once could be persuaded the gods took care of man, I should want no monitor to remind me of my duty.”

“And canst thou doubt, Aristodemus, if the gods take care of man? Hath not the glorious privilege of walking upright been *alone* bestowed on him, whereby he may, with the better advantage, survey what is around him, contemplate, with more ease, those splendid objects which are above, and avoid the numerous ills and inconveniences which would otherwise befall him? Other animals, indeed, they have provided with feet, by which they may remove from one place to another; but to *man* they have also given *hands*, with which he can form many things for his use, and make himself happier than creatures of any other kind. A tongue hath been bestowed on every other animal; but what animal, except man, hath the power of forming words with it, whereby to explain his thoughts, and make them intelligible to others? And to show that the gods have had regard to his very *pleasures*, they have not limited them, like those of other animals, to *times* and *seasons*, but man is left to indulge in them, whenever not hurtful to him.

“But it is not with respect to the body alone that the gods have shown themselves thus bountiful to man! Their most excellent gift is that *soul* they have infused into him, which so far surpasses what is elsewhere to be found. For, by what animal,

except man, is even the *existence* of those gods discovered, who have *produced*, and still *uphold*, in such regular order, this beautiful and stupendous frame of the universe? What other species of creatures are to be found that can serve, that can adore them? What other animal is able, like man, to provide against the assaults of heat and cold, of thirst and hunger? That can lay up remedies for the time of sickness, and improve the strength nature hath given by a well-proportioned exercise? That can receive, like him, information and instruction; or so happily keep in memory what he hath seen, and heard, and learnt? These things being so, who seeth not that man is, as it were, *a god* in the midst of this visible creation; so far doth he surpass, whether in the endowments of soul or body, all animals whatsoever that have been produced therein! For, if the *body* of the *ox* had been joined to the *mind* of *man*, the acuteness of the latter would have stood him in small stead, while unable to execute the well-designed plan; nor would the *human* form have been of more use to the brute, so long as it remained destitute of understanding! But in thee! Aristodemus, hath been joined, to a wonderful *soul*, a body no less wonderful: and sayest thou, after *this*, 'the gods take no thought for me!' What wouldst thou then more to convince thee of their care?"

"I would they should send, and inform me," said Aristodemus, "what things I *ought* or *ought not* to do, in like manner as thou sayest they frequently do to thee."

"And what then, Aristodemus! Supposest thou, that when the gods give out some oracle to *all* the Athenians, they mean it not for *thee*? If, by their prodigies, they declare aloud to all Greece—to *all* mankind—the things which shall befall them; are they dumb to *thee* alone? And art *thou* the only person whom they have placed beyond their care? Believest thou they would have wrought into the mind of man a persuasion of their being *able* to make him happy or miserable, if so be they had no such *power*? or would not even man himself, long ere this, have seen through the gross delusion? How is it, Aristodemus, thou rememberest, or remarkest not, that the kingdoms and commonwealths most renowned as well for their *wisdom* as antiquity, are those whose piety and devotion hath been the most observable? And why thinkest thou that the providence of God may not easily extend itself throughout the whole universe? As, therefore, among men, we make best trial of the affection and gratitude of our neighbor, by showing him kindness; and discover his wisdom, by consulting him in

our distress; do thou, in like manner, behave towards the gods: and, if thou wouldst experience what their wisdom, and what their love, render thyself deserving the communication of some of those divine secrets which may not be penetrated by man; and are imparted to those alone who consult, who adore, who obey the Deity. Then shalt thou, my Aristodemus! understand there is a Being whose eye pierceth throughout all nature, and whose ear is open to every sound; *extended* to all places; *extending* through all time; and whose bounty and care can know no other bounds than those fixed by his own creation!"

By this discourse, and others of the like nature, Socrates taught his friends that they were not only to forbear whatever was impious, unjust, or unbecoming before *men*; but even, when alone, they ought to have a regard to all their actions; since the gods have their eyes continually upon us; and none of our designs can be concealed from them.

CONVERSATION WITH GLAUKON ON THE QUALIFICATIONS
NECESSARY FOR A RULER.

When Glaukon, the son of Ariston, not yet twenty years old, was obstinately bent on making a speech to the people of Athens, and could not be stopped by his other friends and relations, even though he was dragged from the speaker's *bema* by main force and well laughed at, Socrates did what they could not do, and by talking with him, checked this ambitious attempt. "So, Glaukon," said he, "it appears that you intend to take a leading part in the affairs of the state."—"I do, Socrates," he replied.—"And, by Jupiter," said Socrates, "if there be any brilliant position among men, that is one. For if you attain this object, you may do what you like, serve your friends, raise your family, exalt your country's power, become famous in Athens, in Greece, and perhaps even among the barbarians, so that when they see you they will look at you as a wonder, as was the case with Themistocles." This kind of talk took Glaukon's fancy, and he stayed to listen.

Socrates then went on. "Of course, in order that the city may thus honor you, you must promote the benefit of the city."—"Of course," Glaukon said.—"And now," says Socrates, "do not be as niggard of your confidence, but tell me, of all love, what is the first point in which you will promote the city's benefit."—And when Glaukon hesitated at this, as having to

consider in what point he should begin his performances, Socrates said: "Of course, if you were to have to benefit the family of a friend, the first thing you would think of, would be to make him richer; and in like manner, perhaps, you would try to make the city richer."—"Just so," said he.—"Then, of course you would increase the revenues of the city."—"Probably," said he.—"Good. Tell me, now, what are the revenues of the city, and what they arise from? Of course you have considered these points with a view of making the resources which are scanty become copious, and of finding some substitute for those which fail."—"In fact," said Glaukon, "those are points which I have not considered."

"Well, if that be the case," said Socrates, "tell me at least what are the expenses of the city; for of course your plan is to retrench anything that is superfluous in these."—"But, by Jove," said he, "I have not given my attention to this matter."—"Well, then," said Socrates, "we will put off for the present this undertaking of making the city richer; for how can a person undertake such a matter without knowing the income and the outgoings?"

Glaukon of course must by this time have had some misgivings at having his fitness for a prime minister tested by such questioning as this. However, he does not yield at once. "But, Socrates," he says, "there is a way of making the city richer by taking wealth from our enemies."—"Doubtless there is," said Socrates, "if you are stronger than they; but if that is not so, you may by attacking them lose even the wealth you have."—"Of course that is so," says Glaukon.—"Well, then," says Socrates, "in order to avoid this mistake, you must know the strength of the city and of its rivals. Tell us first the amount of our infantry, and of our naval force, and then that of our opponents."—"O, I cannot tell you that off-hand and without reference."—"Well, but if you have made memoranda on these subjects, fetch them. I should like to hear."—"No: in fact," he said, "I have no written memoranda on this subject."—"So. Then we must at any rate not begin with war: and indeed it is not unlikely that you have deferred this as too weighty a matter for the very beginning of your statesmanship. Tell us then about our frontier fortresses, and our garrisons there, that we may introduce improvement and economy by suppressing the superfluous ones."—Here Glaukon has an opinion, probably the popular one of the day. "I would," he says, "suppress them all. I know that they keep guard so ill there, that the produce of the country is stolen."—Socrates

suggests that the abolition of guards altogether would not remedy this, and asks Glaukon whether he knows by personal examination that they keep guard ill.—“No,” he says, “but I guess it.”—Socrates then suggests that it will be best to defer this point also, and to act when we do not guess, but know.—Glaukon assents that this may be the better way.—Socrates then proceeds to propound to Glaukon, in the same manner, the revenue which Athens derived from the silver mines, and the causes of its decrease; the supply of corn, of which there was a large import into Attica; and Glaukon is obliged to allow that these are affairs of formidable magnitude.

But yet Socrates urges, “No one can manage even one household without knowing and attending to such matters. Now as it must be more difficult to provide for ten thousand houses than for one, he remarks that it may be best for him to begin with one; and suggests, as a proper case to make the experiment upon, the household of Glaukon’s uncle, Charmides; for he really needs help.”—“Yes,” says Glaukon, “and I would manage my uncle’s household, but he will not let me.” And then Socrates comes in with an overwhelming retort: “And so,” he says, “though you cannot persuade your uncle to allow you to manage for him, you still think you can persuade the whole body of the Athenians, your uncle among the rest, to allow you to manage for them.” And he then adds the moral of the conversation: What a dangerous thing it is to meddle, either in word or in act, with what one does not know.

CONCLUSION OF SOCRATES’ DEFENCE.

I say then to you, O Athenians, who have condemned me to death, that immediately after my death a punishment will overtake you, far more severe, by Jupiter, than that which you have inflicted on me. For you have done this, thinking you should be freed from the necessity of giving an account of your life. The very contrary, however, as I affirm, will happen to you. Your accusers will be more numerous, whom I have now restrained, though you did not perceive it; and they will be more severe, inasmuch as they are younger, and you will be more indignant. For, if you think that by putting men to death you will restrain any one from upbraiding you because you do not live well, you are much mistaken; for this method of escape is neither possible nor honorable, but that other is most honorable and most easy, not to put a check upon others, but for a

man to take heed to himself, how he may be most perfect. Having predicted thus much to those of you who have condemned me, I take my leave of you.

But with you who have voted for my acquittal, I would gladly hold converse on what has now taken place, while the magistrates are busy and I am not yet carried to the place where I must die. Stay with me, then, so long, O Athenians, for nothing hinders our conversing with each other, whilst we are permitted to do so; for I wish to make known to you, as being my friends, the meaning of that which has just now befallen me. To me, then, O my judges—and in calling you judges I call you rightly—a strange thing has happened. For the wonted prophetic voice of my guardian deity, on every former occasion, even in the most trifling affairs, opposed me, if I was about to do anything wrong; but now, that has befallen me which ye yourselves behold, and which any one would think and which is supposed to be the extremity of evil, yet neither when I departed from home in the morning did the warning of the god oppose me, nor when I came up here to the place of trial, nor in my address when I was about to say anything; yet on other occasions it has frequently restrained me in the midst of speaking. But now, it has never throughout this proceeding opposed me, either in what I did or said. What then do I suppose to be the cause of this? I will tell you: what has befallen me appears to be a blessing; and it is impossible that we think rightly who suppose that death is an evil. A great proof of this to me is the fact that it is impossible but that the accustomed signal should have opposed me, unless I had been about to meet with some good.

Moreover, we may hence conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things: for either the dead may be annihilated and have no sensation of anything whatever; or, as it is said, there is a certain change and passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain. For I think that if any one, having selected a night, in which he slept so soundly as not to have had a dream, and having compared this night with all the other nights and days of his life, should be required on consideration to say how many days and nights he had passed better and more pleasantly than this night throughout his life, I think that not only a private person, but even the great king himself would find them easy to number in comparison with other days and nights. If, therefore, death

is a thing of this kind, I say it is a gain; for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night. But if, on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? For if, on arriving at Hades, released from these who pretend to be judges, one shall find those who are true judges, and who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus, and such others of the demigods as were just during their own life, would this be a sad removal? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? I indeed should be willing to die often, if this be true. For to me the sojourn there would be admirable, when I should meet with Palamédes, and Ajax son of Telamon, and any other of the ancients who has died by an unjust sentence. The comparing my sufferings with theirs would, I think, be no unpleasing occupation. But the greatest pleasure would be to spend my time in questioning and examining the people there as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise, and who fancies himself to be so, but is not. At what price, my judges, would not any one estimate the opportunity of questioning him who led that mighty army against Troy; or Ulysses, or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others, whom one might mention, both men and women? with whom to converse and associate, and to question them, would be an inconceivable happiness. Surely for that the judges there do not condemn to death; for in other respects those who live there are more happy than those that are here, and are henceforth immortal, if at least what is said be true.

You, therefore, O my judges, ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death, and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die, and be freed from my cares, is better for me. On this account the warning in no way turned me aside; and I bear no resentment towards those who condemned me, or against my accusers, although they did not condemn and accuse me with this intention, but thinking to injure me: in this they deserve to be blamed.

But it is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to every one but God.

SAPPHO.¹

FLOURISHED ABOUT 600 B. C.

Does Sappho then beneath thy bosom rest,
 Æolian earth?—that mortal Muse confess
 Inferior only to the choir above,
 That foster-child of Venus and of Love;
 Warm from whose lips divine Persuasion came,
 Greece to delight, and raise the Lesbian name?
 Oh ye—who ever twine the threefold thread,
 Ye Fates—why number with the silent dead
 That mighty songstress, whose unrivall'd powers
 Weave for the Muse a crown of deathless flowers?

Translated from Antipater of Sidon.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant Queen of Love.

Akenstide.

Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot
 Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave,
 And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,
 The lover's refuge and the Lesbian's grave.
 Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire?

Byron.

SAPPHO, the most celebrated for genius of all the females of antiquity, was born at Mitylene, in Lesbos, and was a contemporary with Alcæus. The precise time of her birth is uncertain, but the most reliable authorities place it about 632 B. C. Very little is known of her life. She was married to a Lesbian of the name of Cerculus, by whom she had a daughter named Cleis; but her husband dying soon after, she passed the remainder of her life in a state of widowhood. She was a woman of the liveliest fancy and the most ardent temperament, and she expressed the warm feelings of her heart with great freedom. Hence the calumnies that in a later age (not by any of her contemporaries) were fabricated against her. But, as Müller well remarks, "the strict morality with which she reproves the licentiousness of her brother Charaxus, fully acquits her of levity of character, inasmuch as her reproof would have been her own condemnation." The stories which were first fabricated against her, and handed down, without examination, from generation to generation, namely, her love for the youth Phaon, and her despairing leap from the Leucadian promontory (commonly called the lover's leap), are doubtless myths, as the name of Phaon does not once occur in the fragments she has left, and there

¹ In some unaccountable manner my manuscript of Sappho got mislaid, and hence she appears here not in chronological order. But this mistake will be corrected in the next edition.

is no evidence that it was once mentioned in her poems; and "as for the leap from the rock of Leucate, it is a mere metaphor, which is taken from an expiatory rite connected with the worship of Apollo, which seems to have been a frequent poetical image."¹

Concerning the relations of Sappho to her own sex, she appears to have been the centre of a female literary society, most of the members of which were her pupils in the technical portion of her art; which position she held till near the close of her life. After her death the Mitylenians did her public honors, and so sensible were they of her worth as a poetess, that they coined money impressed with her likeness.

As to the poems of Sappho, it may safely be affirmed that their loss is the greatest over which we have to mourn, in the whole range of Greek literature, at least of the imaginative species. The fragments that survive, though some of them are exquisite, barely furnish a sample of the surpassing beauty of the whole. They are chiefly of an erotic character; and at the head of this class must be placed that splendid ode to Aphrodite (Venus), of which we perhaps possess the whole. "In these most delicious love-songs, the tide of passion seems deep and exhaustless; it flows rapidly yet gently on, while the most sparkling fancy is playing over it; and the words themselves seem to participate in the sentiment which they develop." It is a mistake, however, to imagine that the fragments of this delightful poetess are nothing more than the eloquent expressions of amatory feeling; for they are really works of high imagination, which renders them as beautiful as they are intense, and, in the opinion of some writers, raises them even to the sublime.²

HYMN TO VENUS.

O, Venus, beauty of the skies!
To whom a thousand altars rise,
Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddess, from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,

¹ Philip Smith, B. A. of the University College, London.

² Longinus quotes the celebrated ode "to her Loved One," as an example of sublimity.

Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddess, hear me now.
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once did leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above :
The car thy wanton sparrows drew ;
Hovering in air they lightly flew ;
As to my bower they winged their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain),
Bore back the empty car again :
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid ?

What frenzy in my bosom raged,
And by what care to be assuaged ?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure ?
Who does thy tender heart subdue ?
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who !

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms ;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore !
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distempered soul relief :
Favor thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

Phillips.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME.

Immortal Venus, throned above,
In radiant beauty ! Child of Jove !
O skilled in every art of love
 And playful snare ;
Dread power, to whom I bend the knee,
Release my soul, and set it free
From bonds of piercing agony,
 And gloomy care.

Yea, come thyself!—If e'er, benign,
 Thy listening ear thou didst incline
 To my rude lay, the starry shine
 Of Jove's court leaving,
 In chariot yoked with coursers fair,
 Thine own immortal birds, that bear
 Thee swift to earth, the middle air
 With bright wings cleaving:—

Soon were they sped—and thou, most blest,
 In thine own smiles ambrosial drest,
 Didst ask what griefs my mind oppress—
 What meant my song—
 What end my frenzied thoughts pursue—
 For what loved youth I spread anew
 My amorous nets—"Who, Sappho, who
 Hath done thee wrong?

What though he fly, he'll soon return—
 Himself shall give, though now he spurn;
 Heed not his coldness—soon he'll burn,
 E'en though thou chide."
 And said'st thou this, dread goddess?—O,
 Come thou once more to ease my wo!
 Grant all!—and thy great self bestow,
 My shield and guide!

Merivale.

A YOUTH TO HIS BELOVED.

Blest as the gods, methinks, is he,
 Th' enamored youth that sits by thee,
 Hearing thy silver tones the while,
 Warmed by thy love-exciting smile.

While gazing on thee, fair and blest,
 What transports heav'd my glowing breast!
 My faltering accents soon grew weak,
 My quivering lips refused to speak.

My voice was lost—the subtle flame
 Of love pervaded all my frame;
 O'er my film'd eyes a darkness hung,
 "My ears with hollow murmurs rung."

Cold moisture every pore distill'd,
 My frame a sudden tremor chill'd,
 My color went—I felt decay,
 I sunk—and fell—and swoon'd away.

THE IMMORTALITY OF LITERARY FAME.¹[*A Fragment.*]

Whenever Death shall seize thy mortal frame,
 Oblivion's pen shall blot thy worthless name;
 For thy rude hand ne'er plucked the beauteous rose
 That on Pieria's² sky-clad summit blows:
 Thy paltry soul with vilest souls shall go
 To Pluto's kingdom—scenes of endless wo;
 While I on golden wings ascend to fame,
 And leave behind a muse-enamored, deathless name.

LOVE.

[*A Fragment.*]

Mother! sweet mother! 'tis in vain—
 I cannot now the shuttle throw;
 That youth is in my heart and brain,
 And Love's absorbing fires within me glow.

SOPHOCLES.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 460 B. C.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
 Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clustering vine;
 Thus will thy lasting leaves with beauties hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
 Whose soul exalted by the god of wit,
 Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

Translated from Simmias the Theban.

SOPHOCLES was born at Athens B. C. 495. His father, though a poor mechanic, had the discrimination as well as generosity to bestow an

¹ Passionately devoted to literature herself, Sappho, in this fragment, pours out her whole soul in indignation against an associate who had probably derided her talents, or stigmatized her poetical labors as unsuited to her sex and condition. But she is not alone in promising to herself immortality, for Virgil, Horace, and Ovid have been their own heralds to posterity. See the closing lines of the *Metamorphoses* of the latter, in this book.

² Pieria was a region in the North of Thessaly dedicated to the Muses; hence they are sometimes called "the Pierian maids;" and hence the word Pieria is, by Pope, put for knowledge in general.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring."

excellent education upon his son, whose great powers began early to unfold themselves, and to attract the notice of the first citizens of Athens. Before he had attained his twenty-fifth year he carried off the prize in a dramatic contest against his senior, *Æschylus*; and his subsequent career corresponded to this splendid beginning. He is said to have composed one hundred and twenty tragedies; to have gained the first prize twenty-four times; and on other occasions to have ranked second in the list of competing poets. So excellent was his conduct, so majestic his wisdom, so exquisite his poetical capacities, so rare his skill in all the fine arts, and so uninterrupted his prosperity, that the Greeks regarded him as the peculiar favorite of heaven. He lived in the first city of Greece, and throughout her best times, commanding an admiration and love amounting to reverence. He died in extreme old age, without disease and without suffering, and was mourned with such a sincerity and depth of grief as were manifested at the death of no other citizen of Athens.¹

"The great and distinguishing excellence of Sophocles will be found in his exquisite sense of the beautiful and the perfect harmony of all his powers. His conceptions are not on so gigantic a scale as those of *Æschylus*, but in the circle which he prescribes to himself to fill, not a space is left unadorned; not a niche without its appropriate figure; not the smallest ornament which is incomplete in the minutest graces. His judgment seems absolutely perfect, for he never fails; he is always fully master both of himself and his subject; he knows the precise measure of his own capacities; and while he never attempts a flight beyond his reach, he never debases himself, or his art, by anything beneath him. In reading him, we seem always to breathe

¹ Sophocles appears, indeed, to have had every element which, in the judgment of a Greek, would go to make up a perfect character: the greatest beauty and symmetry of form; the highest skill in those arts which were prized above all others, music and gymnastics, of which the latter developed that bodily perfection which always adorns if it does not actually contribute to intellectual greatness, while the former was not only essential to his art as a dramatist, but was also justly esteemed by the Greeks as one of the chiefest instruments in moulding the character of a man; a constitutional calmness and contentment, which seems hardly ever to have been disturbed, and which was probably the secret of that perfect mastery over the passions of others which his tragedies exhibit; a cheerful and amiable demeanor, and a ready wit, which won for him the affectionate admiration of those with whom he associated; a spirit of tranquil and meditative piety, in harmony with his natural temperament, and fostered by the scenes in which he spent his childhood and the subjects to which he devoted his life; a power of intellect, and a spontaneity of genius, of which his extant tragedies are the splendid, though mutilated monument. Such are the leading features of a character, which the very harmony of its parts makes it difficult to portray with any vividness.—*Philip Smith, of University College, London.*

the pure air of Attica, and expatiate on a sky without a cloud. From his figures a sweet music seems to breathe, such as comes over the soul with delight, from the contemplation of the Apollo Belvidere or the Elgin Marbles. His philosophy is 'musical as is Apollo's lute;' his wisdom is made visible in the form of beauty. His choral songs, which are the reflective expressions of the feeling which the tragedy should inspire, are full of the noblest passages to which this praise is pre-eminently due. He was undoubtedly the first philosophical poet of the ancient world. With his pure taste for the graceful, he perceived, amidst the sensible forms around him, one universal Spirit of Love pervading all things. Virtue and justice, to his mind, did not appear the mere creatures of convenience, or the means of gratifying the refined selfishness of man; he saw them, having deep root in eternity, unchanging and imperishable as their divine Author. In a single stanza he has expressed this sentiment, with a plenitude of inspiration before which the philosophy of expediences vanish—a passage that has neither parallel nor equal in its kind, that we recollect, in the whole compass of heathen poetry, and may be rendered thus:—

O for a spotless purity of action and of speech, according to those sublime laws of right, which have the heavens for their birthplace, and God alone for their author—which the decays of mortal nature cannot vary, nor time cover with oblivion; for the divinity is mighty within them, and waxes not old!—*Æd. Tyrann.*"

Of the one hundred and thirty plays ascribed to Sophocles there are but seven extant, namely, *Antigone*, *Electra*, *Trachiniaz*, *Edipus Tyrannus*, *Ajax*, *Philoctetes*, and *Edipus Coloneus*.

The subject of the *Antigone* is very simple. On the death of *Ædipus*, Creon becomes King of Thebes. Eteocles and Polynices, the sons of the deceased monarch, *Ædipus*, invade the kingdom, but in the assault fall before the walls of Thebes. Eteocles is buried with honor, but the rites of burial are refused to Polynices by Creon, who forbids any one on pain of death to perform the last, sad offices, regarded by the ancients as of such solemn importance, and considered as essential to the repose of the soul of the dead. *Antigone*, his sister, notwithstanding the command of the tyrant, determines to bury the body with her own hands. She is detected in the act, and Creon gave orders that she should be buried alive. Her lover, *Hæmon*, the son of Creon,

¹ See Thomas Noon Talfourd's "Essay on Greek Poetry."

unable to avert her fate, would not survive her, and fell by his own hand. In this play Sophocles has shown that, in an age when women were scarcely regarded as reasonable beings, he estimated the true nobleness of the female heart. The heroism of Antigone springs not from ambition, but has its root in the purest affection, the most disinterested love. She exhibits the most glorious perfection of the female character. All is pure, spotless, unearthly; and, with the exception of Alcestis, there is no female portrait in all the works of antiquity which approaches this.¹

¹ The following beautiful comparison between *Antigone* and *Cordelia*, may be found in Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women":—

The character which at once suggests itself in comparison with Cordelia, as the heroine of filial tenderness and piety, is certainly the Antigone of Sophocles. As poetical conceptions, they rest on the same basis—they are both pure abstractions of truth, piety, and natural affection; and in both, love, as a passion, is kept entirely out of sight—for though the womanly character is sustained, by making them the objects of devoted attachment; yet to have portrayed them as influenced by passion would have destroyed that unity of purpose and feeling which is one source of power; and, besides, have disturbed that serene purity and grandeur of soul which equally distinguishes both heroines. The spirit, however, in which the two characters are conceived, is as different as possible, and we must not fail to remark that Antigone, who plays a principal part in two fine tragedies, and is distinctly and completely made out, is considered as a masterpiece, the very triumph of the ancient classical drama; whereas, there are many among Shakespeare's characters which are equal to Cordelia as dramatic conceptions, and superior to her in finishing of outline, as well as in the richness of poetical coloring.

When Œdipus, pursued by the vengeance of the gods, deprived of sight by his own mad act, and driven from Thebes by his subjects and his sons, wanders forth, abject and forlorn, he is supported by his daughter Antigone, who leads him from city to city, begs for him, and pleads for him against the harsh, rude men, who, struck more by his guilt than his misery, would drive him from his last asylum. In the opening of the "Œdipus Coloneus," where the wretched old man appears leaning on his child, and seats himself in the consecrated Grove of the Furies, the picture presented to us is wonderfully solemn and beautiful. The patient, dutiful tenderness of Antigone; the scene in which she pleads for her brother Polynices, and supplicates her father to receive his offending son; her remonstrance to Polynices, when she entreats him not to carry the threatened war into his native country, are finely and powerfully delineated; and in her lamentation over Œdipus, when he perishes in the mysterious grove, there is a pathetic beauty, apparent even through the stiffness of the translation.

Alas! I only wished I might have died
With my poor father; wherefore should I ask
For longer life?
O, I was fond of misery with him;
E'en what was most unlovely grew beloved
When he was with me. O, my dearest father,
Beneath the earth now in deep darkness hid,
Worn as thou wert with age, to me thou still
Wert dear, and shall be ever.
—Even as he wished he died,
In a strange land—for such was his desire—

CREON.—ANTIGONE.—CHORUS.

Cr. Answer, then—
Bending thy head to earth, dost thou confess,
Or canst deny the charge?'

Ant. I do confess it
Freely; I scorn to disavow the act.

Cr. Reply with answer brief to one plain question,
Without evasion. Didst thou know the law,
That none should do this deed?

Ant. I knew it well:
How could I fail to know? it was most plain.

Cr. Didst thou then dare transgress our royal mandate?

Ant. Ne'er did eternal Jove such laws ordain,
Or Justice, throned amid th' infernal powers,
Who on mankind these holier rites imposed—
Nor can I deem thine edict armed with power
To contravene the firm unwritten laws

A shady turf covered his lifeless limbs,
Nor unlamented fell! for O these eyes,
My father, still shall weep for thee, nor time
E'er blot thee from my memory.

The filial piety of Antigone is the most affecting part of the tragedy of "Edipus Coloneus;" her sisterly affection, and her heroic self-devotion to a religious duty, form the plot of the tragedy called by her name. When her two brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, had slain each other before the walls of Thebes, Creon issued an edict forbidding the rites of sepulture to Polynices (as the invader of his country), and awarding instant death to those who should dare to bury him. We know the importance which the ancients attached to the funeral obsequies, as alone securing their admission into the Elysian fields. Antigone, upon hearing the law of Creon, which thus carried vengeance beyond the grave, enters in the first scene, announcing her fixed resolution to brave the threatened punishment; her sister Ismene shrinks from sharing the peril of such an undertaking, and endeavors to dissuade her from it, on which Antigone replies—

Wert thou to proffer what I do not ask—
Thy poor assistance—I would scorn it now;
Act as thou wilt, I'll bury him myself;
Let me perform but that, and death is welcome.
I'll do the pious deed, and lay me down
By my dear brother; loving and beloved,
We'll rest together.

She proceeds to execute her generous purpose; she covers with earth the mangled corpse of Polynices, pours over it the accustomed libations, is detected in her pious office, and, after nobly defending her conduct, is led to death by command of the tyrant: her sister Ismene, struck with shame and remorse, now comes forward to accuse herself as a partaker in the offence, and share her sister's punishment, but Antigone sternly and scornfully rejects her; and after pouring forth a beautiful lamentation on the misery of dying "without the nuptial song—a virgin and a slave," she dies à l'*antique*—she strangles herself to avoid a lingering death.

¹ That she has buried her brother.

Of the just gods, thyself a weak frail mortal!
 These are no laws of yesterday—they live
 For evermore, and none can trace their birth.¹
 I would not dare, by mortal threat appalled,
 To violate their sanction, and incur
 The vengeance of the gods. I knew before
 That I must die, though thou hadst ne'er proclaim'd it,
 And if I perish ere th' allotted term,
 I deem that death a blessing. Who that lives,
 Like me, encompassed by unnumbered ills,
 But would account it blessedness to die?
 If then I meet the doom thy laws assign,
 It nothing grieves me. Had I left my brother,
 From my own mother sprung, on the bare earth
 To lie unburied, that, indeed, might grieve me;
 But for this deed I mourn not. If to thee
 Mine actions seem unwise, 'tis thine own soul
 That errs from wisdom, when it deems me senseless.

Chorus. This maiden shows her father's stubborn soul,
 And scorns to bend beneath misfortune's power.

Cr. Yet thou might'st know, that loftiest spirits oft
 Are bowed to deepest shame; and thou might'st mark
 The hardest metal soft and ductile made
 By the resistless energy of flame;
 Oft, too, the fiery courser have I seen
 By a small bit constrained. High, arrogant thoughts
 Beseem not one whose duty is submission.
 In this presumption she was lessened first
 When our imperial laws she dared to spurn,
 And to that insolent wrong fresh insult adds,
 In that she glories, vaunting of the deed.
 Henceforth no more deem mine a manly soul;—
 Concede that name to hers, if from this crime
 She shall escape unpunished. Though she spring

¹ Franklin thus translates this—

"I had it not from Jove, nor the just gods
 Who rule below; nor could I ever think
 A mortal's law of power or strength sufficient
 To abrogate the unwritten law divine,
 Immutable, eternal, not like these
 Of yesterday, but made ere time began."

These noble sentiments, uttered nearly five hundred years before Christ, may well put to shame many professing Christians in the middle of the nineteenth century! The scenes are too recent for us to forget how those true Christian Statesmen, Charles Sumner and William H. Seward (1850-1852) were grossly abused, because in their places in the United States Senate, while speaking against the "Fugitive Slave Act" of world-renowned infamy, they appealed to a "higher law" as of more imperative obligation than any that man could enact. In numerous papers, and even by some so-called "divines," they were sneered at as "higher law men." With what power might they have quoted these high-principled words of the "heathen" Sophocles!

From our own sister, she shall not evade
A shameful death.

Ant. And welcome! Whence could I
Obtain a holier praise than by committing
My brother to the tomb? These, too, I know
Would all approve the action, but that fear
Curbs their free thoughts to base and servile silence;
But 'tis the noble privilege of tyrants
To say and do whate'er their lordly will,
Their only law, may prompt.

Cr. Of all the Thebans
Dost thou alone see this?

Ant. They, too, behold it,
But fear constrains them to an abject silence.

Cr. Doth it not shame thee to dissent from these?

Ant. I cannot think it shame to love my brother.

Cr. Was not he too, who died for Thebes, thy brother?

Ant. He was; and of the self-same parents born.

Cr. Why then dishonor him to grace the guilty?

Ant. The dead entombed will not attest thy words.

Cr. Yes; if thou honor with an equal doom
That impious wretch.

Ant. He did not fall a slave;
He was my brother.

Cr. Yet he wronged his country;
The other fought undaunted in her cause.

Ant. Still death at least demands an equal law.

Cr. Ne'er should the base be honored like the noble.

Ant. Who knows, if this be holy in the shades?

Cr. Death cannot change a foe into a friend.

Ant. My nature tends to mutual love, not hatred.

Cr. Then to the grave, and love them, if thou must.
But while I live no woman shall bear sway.

Dale.

The following passage is from the tragedy of *Electra*, and contains an animated and faithful picture of an exhibition of the Pythian races. Orestes had attained five victories in the first day, and on the second he starts with nine competitors in the chariot race: an Achæan, a Spartan, two Libyans, an Ætolian, a Magnesian, an Cœnian, an Athenian, and a Bœotian.

A CHARIOT RACE.

They took their stand where the appointed judges
Had cast their lots, and ranged their rival cars;
Rang out the brazen trump! Away they bound,
Cheer the hot steeds and shake the darkening reins,
As with a body the large space is filled

With the huge clangor of the rattling cars :
High whirl aloft the dust-clouds ; blent together
Each presses each—and the lash rings—and loud
Snort the wild steeds, and from their fiery breath,
Along the manes and down the circling wheels,
Scatter the flaking foam. Orestes still,
Ay, as he swept around the perilous pillar
Last in the course, wheel'd in the rushing axle,
The left rein curbed—that on the outer hand
Flung loose. So on erect the chariots rolled !
Sudden the Ænian's fierce and headlong steeds
Broke from the bit, and, as the seventh time now
The course was circled, on the Libyan car
Dash'd their wild fronts : then order changed to ruin :
Car dashed on car—the wide Crissæan plain
Was, sea-like, strewn with wrecks : the Athenian saw,
Slackened his speed, and, wheeling round the marge,
Unscathed and skilful, in the midmost space,
Left the wild tumult of that tossing storm.
Behind, Orestes, hitherto the last,
Had yet kept back his coursers for the close ;
Now one sole rival left—on, on he flew,
And the sharp sound of the impelling scourge
Rang in the keen ears of the flying steeds.
He nears—he reaches—they are side by side ;
Now one—now th' other—by a length the victor.
The courses all are past—the wheels erect—
All safe—when as the hurrying coursers round
The fatal pillar dash'd, the wretched boy
Slackened the *left* rein ; on the column's edge
Crash'd the frail axle—headlong from the car,
Caught and all meshed within the reins he fell ;
And, masterless, the mad steeds rag'd along !

Loud from that mighty multitude arose
A shriek—a shout ! But yesterday such deeds—
To-day such doom ! Now whirled upon the earth,
Now his limbs dash'd aloft, they dragged him—those
Wild horses—till all gory from the wheels
Released—and no man, not his nearest friends,
Could in that mangled corpse have traced Orestes.
They laid the body on the funeral pyre,
And while we speak, the Phocian strangers bear,
In a small, brazen, melancholy urn,
That handful of cold ashes to which all
The grandeur of the beautiful hath shrunk.
Within they bore him—in his father's land
To find that heritage—a tomb !

Bulwer.

HUMAN LIFE.

STROPHE I.

Estranged from wisdom's rule appears
 The man, whose restless mind
 Aspires to life beyond the years
 To mortal date assigned.
 Years linger on; but in their train
 Lead cares more restless, keener pain;
 And when beyond Hope's utmost bound
 Thy wish is won, ah what can cheer
 The joyless breast, when, hovering near,
 Relentless Death has frowned?
 No festive dance, or nuptial wreath,
 Or magic of the melting lyre,
 Can wake in age the stifled fire,
 Or charm the sleep of death.

ANTISTROPHE I.

O better were it not to be;—
 Or when the infant-eye
 Opens on light and misery,
 To pass in that first sigh
 Whence first we came. Youth onward speeds,
 And in his train of folly leads
 Delusive pleasures, light and vain:—
 What restless toils are absent there,
 What woes, swift darkening to despair?
 In that disastrous train
 Are Strife, Sedition, Envy, Wrath;
 While Age, morose with countless woes,
 Dark, cheerless, friendless, waits to close
 The drear and downward path.

Dale.

The *Edipus Tyrannus* is considered the masterpiece of Sophocles. The following is from the concluding act of the tragedy. *Edipus* having put out his own eyes in his agony and remorse at the crimes he had unconsciously committed, has this colloquy with *Creon*, his successor to the throne of Thebes:—¹

¹ The best editions of Sophocles are those of Brunck, four volumes 8vo.; of Erfurdt, with *Scolia*, Notes, and Indexes, Leipsic, 1802–1825, seven volumes 8vo.; and of Schneider, with German notes and a *Lexicon*, ten volumes 8vo. The English versions are by Franklin, 1758, Potter, 1788, and Dale, 1824; which last has a good introduction. The admirable *Lexicon Sophocleum*, by Ellendt, in two volumes, has been abridged and translated, and published in one volume 8vo., by Talboys, Oxford, and will be found of great service to the student of Sophocles.

CREON.—ŒDIPUS.

Cr. I come not to insult thee, Œdipus,
Or add recrimination to thy sorrows.
But you, if nought of reverence ye retain
For those of mortal birth, at least respect
The all-sustaining flame of yon fair sun,
Nor drag the dire pollution into light,
Which nor the earth, nor heaven-descending rain,
Nor day's broad light can evermore endure.
Haste, and immure him instantly within,
For decency demands that kindred ears
Alone should listen to a kinsman's woes.

Œd. Now by the gods, since thou hast passed my hopes,
And, best thyself of men, dost freely come
To me the most abandoned, grant *one* boon—
Not for myself, but thee, I ask.

Cr. What boon
Would'st thou of me so fervently implore?

Œd. Drive me from Thebes afar, where never more
May I e'er hold communion with mankind.

Cr. This had I done, be well assured, but first
'Tis meet to ask the pleasure of the god.

Œd. That pleasure hath already been declared;
He dooms the impious parricide to death.

Cr. Thus hath he willed; yet in so dark a crisis
'Tis better far again to ask his pleasure.

Œd. Wilt thou consult him for a wretch like me?

Cr. Thy fall hath taught us to revere his truth.

Œd. I charge and will adjure thee to entomb
With decent rites the dead who lies within—
Such office best beseems thy kindred blood.
Nor longer let my native city deign

To grant me refuge in her friendly walls;
But drive me hence, to dwell on that wild mount,
My own Cithæron called, which erst my parents,
While yet I lived, designed my sepulchre;—
As they my death ordained, so let me die.

Too well I know, nor blight of keen disease,
Nor other ill could slay me. I was snatched
From death, to dare this more than deadly deed.
But as our fate began, so let us on.—

As for my children—for my sons, O Creon,
Take no solicitude—for they are men—
Where'er they roam, they cannot feel the pangs
Of piercing penury.—But, O! my daughters!—
My much loved daughters!—in the weak estate
Of virgin helplessness—who never dwelt
Apart from their loved father, and with whom
I ever shared my pomp—my joy—my all,—

Be these thy constant care, and grant me now
To clasp them, and bewail our common woes.
Assent, O king!—
O, generous monarch, while my hand may touch them,
I seem to hold, as though I saw them still.
What do I say?—
Ye gods! my much loved children do I hear,
Wailing our woes?—hath pitying Creon sent
The dearest pledges of my love to bless me?
Are my words true?

Cr. They are. My care provided this delight,
Assured of old what joy their presence gave thee.
Æd. O be thou blest for this, and mayst thou find
The god a better guard than I have found him.
Where are ye, my sweet children? Come, O come,
To mine embrace, as to a brother's hands,
Which yet have quenched a father's eyes in darkness.
Your father, my poor children (though unseen,
Unknown the dead), by *her* who gave me life.
O'er you I weep—though never more, alas!
Can I behold you,—yet I know too well
That ye must linger on through life in sorrow,
While bitterest anguish waits you with mankind.
To what assembled crowds will ye resort,
What festive scenes, from which with downcast looks
Ye will not steal dejected to your home,
Yourselves more wept than that ideal wo?
And when in Beauty's vernal pride ye bloom,
Ah who, my daughters, who in nuptial tie
Will lead you to his house, nor heed the stain
Fixed on my wretched parents, and on yours?
What taint is wanting? First, your father slew
His father; then, in guilty wedlock linked
To his own mother, gave you birth, my children,
From the same source whence his own life he drew.
Thus will ye be reproached. Who, then, will wed you?
None, none, my daughters—ye must pine, alas!
Deserted, and with nuptial rites unblessed.
Son of Menœceus, since thou now art left
Sole parent to these orphans (we, who once
Bore that beloved name, in ruin whelmed),
Ah, leave them not, for they are still thy kindred,
To roam in friendless penury, unwedded;—
Let not their misery equal their lost father's.
Ah, pity them, so young, so innocent,
By every friend deserted, save by thee.
Assent, most noble monarch, pledge thy hand.
And ye, my children, were your age mature
To heed instruction, much would I exhort you.—
Now would I breathe alone this parting prayer,
Where'er your destined home, may Heaven assign
A happier lot than your most wretched father's.

EURIPIDES.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 450 B. C.

Divine Euripides, this tomb we see
 So fair, is not a monument for thee,
 So much as thou for it; since all will own
 That thy immortal fame adorns the stone.¹

EURIPIDES, the latest in birth of the great Greek tragedians, though outlived by Sophocles, was born B. C. 480, the year of the battle of Salamis. Thus the three tragic poets of Athens are brought into direct connection with the most glorious day of her annals; for while it is said that Euripides first saw the light on the very day of the battle, *Æschylus*, in the maturity of manhood, fought in it; and Sophocles, a beautiful boy of fifteen, took part in the chorus at the festival which celebrated the victory.

Euripides spent his youth in perfecting himself in the highest physical and mental accomplishments—in gymnastics—in rhetoric under Prodicus, in morals under Socrates, and in physics under Anaxagoras. He began to compose tragedies at a very early age, for he found the theatre a safer and readier medium of diffusing his sentiments than through the schools of philosophy. He was very decided in his opinions and very bold in uttering them; and upon one occasion when the audience clamorously demanded that a sentiment in the play which they were witnessing should be expunged, the poet came forward and boldly told them that it was his province to teach them and not theirs to instruct him.²

In his domestic relations Euripides was very unhappy. He was twice married, and both his wives proved unworthy of him. This will account for the low moral position which woman so often occupies in his tragedies, and the very severe remarks which he, here and there, vents against the sex. His first wife he was compelled to repudiate for abandoned conduct; and the second, by her open profligacy, caused her husband to be so ridiculed that he was forced to leave Athens. On doing so, he repaired to the court of Archelaus, King of Macedon, by whom he was received with the most distinguished

¹ Translated from an epigram in the seventh volume of the Greek Anthology.

² Would that more of our modern "clergy" thus knew their own power and province, and had similar courage in proclaiming the truth, and not be so fearful of displeasing their congregations! So did *not* the apostles: "Whether it be right to hearken unto you more than unto God—judge ye."

honors. There, in peace and ease, he passed the remainder of his days, and died in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His remains were removed to Pella, where Archelaus honored them with a sumptuous funeral, and erected a monument over them.¹

Euripides wrote about eighty plays, of which eighteen are extant, namely, *Alcestis*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus*, *Hecuba*, *Heraclidæ*, *Supplices Mulieres*, *Ion*, *Hercules Furens*, *Andromache*, *Iphigenia at Tauris*, *Troades*, *Electra*, *Helena*, *Iphigenia at Aulis*, *Bacchæ*, *Phænissæ*, *Cyclops*, and *Orestes*; all of which are connected with the history and mythology of Greece.²

The *Alcestis*³ contains some of the most touching scenes in the whole

¹ In comparing Euripides and the other two masters in Grecian tragedy, it may be said that he ranks first in tragic representation and effect; Sophocles first in dramatic symmetry and ornament; Æschylus first in poetic vigor and grandeur. Æschylus was the most sublime; Sophocles the most beautiful; Euripides the most pathetic. The first displays the lofty intellect; the second exercises the cultivated taste; the third indulges the feeling heart. Each, as it were, shows you a fine piece of sculpture. In Æschylus, it is a naked hero, with all the strength, boldness, and dignity of olden time. In Sophocles and Euripides, it may be perhaps the same hero; but with the former, he has put on the flowing robes, the elegant address, and the soft urbanity of a polished age; with the latter, he is yielding to some melancholy emotion, ever heedless of his posture or gait, and casting his unvalued drapery negligently about him. They have been compared by an illustration from another art: "The sublime and daring Æschylus resembles some strong and impregnable castle situated on a rock, whose martial grandeur awes the beholder—its battlements defended by heroes, and its gates proudly hung with trophies. Sophocles appears with splendid dignity, like some imperial palace of richest architecture, the symmetry of whose parts and the chaste magnificence of the whole delight the eye and command the approbation of the judgment. The pathetic and moral Euripides hath the solemnity of a Gothic temple, whose storied windows admit a dim religious light, enough to show its high embowed roof, and the monuments of the dead which rise in every part, impressing our minds with pity and terror at the uncertain and short duration of human greatness, and with an awful sense of our own mortality."—*Potter*.

² The best modern editions of Euripides are: that of Matthias, Leipsic, 1813–29, in nine volumes; the Glasgow edition of 1821, nine volumes 8vo.; and that of Dindorf, 1832–40, Oxford, four volumes, large 8vo. The chief translations into English, are Potter's, published in Valpey's Classical Library, and Woodhull's, which is said to be, by the Critical Review, "accurate and just, but inharmonious." A literal translation, by T. A. Buckley, may be found in Bohn's Classical Library, two volumes. T. W. C. Edwards, London, 1821–24, has published editions of *Medea*, *Hecuba*, *Phænissæ*, and *Alcestis*, with a literal prose translation. President Woolsey, of Yale College, has given us very valuable editions, with English notes, of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the *Antigone* and *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Prometheus Vinculus* of Æschylus.

³ Founded on the fable of Alcestis dying for her husband Admetus. Milton alludes to the story in his "Sonnet on his Deceased Wife"—

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.

Grecian drama. The descriptions given of the preparations made by the heroic wife for her approaching end—her apostrophe to the nuptial chamber—her own gentle departure and leave-taking of life, preceded by maternal anxieties and thoughts of love—form an instance of the pathetic of which all the works of ancient times can furnish no similar example. The scene of the tragedy is laid at Pheræ, one of the most ancient as well as beautiful cities of Thessaly, and of which Admetus, who married Alcestis, daughter of Pelias, so famed for her conjugal virtues, was king. In consequence of the kind treatment which Apollo, when banished from heaven, received from Admetus, the deity prevailed upon the fates to grant that, when the period set to the life of Admetus should arrive, it might be prolonged by one of his family dying in his stead. This was done by his wife Alcestis, whose fidelity and devotion in surrendering herself to death for her husband, but who was rescued from the grasp of the grim tyrant by the prowess of Hercules, are so exquisitely described in this play.

A SCENE FROM ALCESTIS.

When she knew
The destined day was come, in fountain water
She bathed her lily-tinctured limbs, then took
From her rich chests, of odorous cedar form'd,
A splendid robe, and her most radiant dress :
Thus gorgeously array'd, she stood before
The hallow'd flames, and thus address'd her prayer :
"O queen, I go to the infernal shades ;
Yet, ere I go, with reverence let me breathe
My last request : protect my orphan children ;
Make my son happy with the wife he loves,
And wed my daughter to a noble husband ;
Nor let them, like their mother, to the tomb
Untimely sink, but in their native land
Be bless'd through lengthen'd life to honor'd age."
Then to each altar in the royal house
She went, and crown'd it, and address'd her vows,
Plucking the myrtle bough : nor tear, nor sigh
Came from her, neither did the approaching ill
Change the fresh beauties of her vermeil cheek.
Her chamber then she visits, and her bed :
There her tears flow'd, and thus she spoke : "O bed,
To which my wedded lord, for whom I die,
Led me a virgin bride, farewell : to thee
No blame do I impute, for me alone
Hast thou destroy'd : disdaining to betray
Thee, and my lord, I die : to thee shall come
Some other woman, not more chaste, perchance

More happy." As she lay, she kiss'd the couch,
 And bathed it with a flood of tears; that pass'd,
 She left her chamber, then return'd, and oft
 She left it, oft return'd, and on the couch
 Fondly, each time she enter'd, cast herself.
 Her children, as they hung upon her robes
 Weeping, she raised, and clasp'd them to her breast
 Each after each, as now about to die.

Before she departs, she exacts from Admetus a solemn promise never to form another union—

In their mother's house
 Let them be lords: wed not again, to set
 A stepdame o'er my children, some base woman
 That wants my virtues; she, through jealousy,
 Will work against their lives, because to thee
 I bore them: do not this, I beg thee do not;
 For to the offspring of a former bed
 A stepdame comes sharp as a serpent's tooth.

The chorus soon announces the mournful fact—

She's gone; thy wife, Admetus, is no more.

The deep and inconsolable distress of the husband and children is then described by Euripides in that true pathos of which he and our own Shakspeare remain the unrivalled masters. But in a few days a stranger presents himself to the desolate mansion: it is no less than Hercules himself.

Adm. Hail, son of Jove, of Perseus' noble blood.

Her. Hail thou, Admetus, King of Thessaly.

The hero-guest soon learns the cause why the whole mansion is filled with grief, and resolves within himself to explore the dark regions below, to face its terrors, and to bring back the deplored Alcestitis. In a few days he reappears, leading a most beautiful female, and presents her to Admetus.

Her. Wilt thou still lead a lonely, widow'd life?

Adm. Never shall other woman share my bed.

Her. And think'st thou this will aught avail the dead?

Adm. This honor is her due, where'er she be.

Her. This hath my praise, though near allied to frenzy.

Adm. Praise me, or not, I ne'er will wed again.

Her. I praise thee that thou art faithful to thy wife.

Adm. Though dead, if I betray her, may I die!

Her. Well, take this noble lady to thy house.

Adm. No, by thy father Jove let me entreat thee.

Her. Not to do this would be the greatest wrong.

Adm. To do it would with anguish rend my heart.

Her. Let me prevail; this grace may find its meed.

Adm. O that thou never hadst received this prize!

Her. Yet in my victory thou art victor with me.

Adm. 'Tis nobly said: yet let this woman go.

Her. If she must go, she shall: but must she go?

Adm. She must, if I incur not thy displeasure.

Her. There is a cause that prompts my earnestness.

Adm. Thou hast prevail'd, but much against my will.

Her. The time will come when thou wilt thank me for it.

Adm. Well, if I must receive her, lead her in.

[*To his attendants.*]

Her. Charge servants with her! No, that must not be.

Adm. Lead her thyself, then, if thy will incline thee.

Her. No, to thy hand alone will I commit her.

Adm. I touch her not; but she hath leave to enter.

Her. I shall intrust her only to thy hand.

Adm. Thou dost constrain me, king, against my will.

Her. Venture to stretch thy hand, and touch the stranger's.

Adm. I touch her, as I would the headless Gorgon.

Her. Hast thou her hand?

Adm. I have.

Her. Then hold her safe:

Hereafter thou wilt say the son of Jove

Hath been a generous guest. View now her face;

[*He lifts her veil.*]

See if she bears resemblance to thy wife;

And thus made happy, bid farewell to grief.

Adm. O gods, what shall I say? 'Tis marvellous,

Exceeding hope. See I my wife indeed,

Or doth some god distract me with false joy?

Her. In very deed dost thou behold thy wife.

Adm. See that it be no phantom from beneath.

Her. Make not thy friend one that evokes the shades.

Adm. And do I see my wife, whom I entomb'd?

Her. I marvel not that thou art diffident.

Adm. I touch her: may I speak to her as living?

Her. Speak to her; thou hast all thy heart could wish.

Adm. Dearest of women, do I see again

That face, that person? This exceeds all hope:

I never thought that I should see thee more.

Her. Thou hast her; may no god be envious to thee!

Adm. O, be thou bless'd, thou generous son of Jove!

Thy father's might protect thee! Thou alone

Hast raised her to me: from the realms below

How hast thou brought her to the light of life?

FROM A CHORUS IN THE ALCESTIS.

We will not look on her burial sod,
 As the cell of sepulchral sleep :
 It shall be as the shrine of a radiant god,
 And the pilgrim shall visit that blest abode,
 To worship and not to weep.
 And as he turns his steps aside,
 Thus shall he breathe his vow—
 Here slept a self-devoted bride ;
 Of old, to save her lord she died,
 She is a spirit now.

FROM A CHORUS IN THE HECUBA.

The fatal hour was midnight's calm,
 When the feast was done, and sleep like balm
 Was shed on every eye.
 Hush'd was the chorus symphony,
 The sacrifice was o'er.
 My lord to rest his limbs had flung,
 His idle spear in its place was hung,
 He dreamed of foes no more.
 And I, while I lost my lifeless gaze,
 In the depth of the golden mirror's blaze,
 That my last light task was aiding,
 Was wreathing with fillets my tresses' maze,
 And with playful fingers braiding.
 Then came a shout ;
 Through the noiseless city the cry rang out,
 "Your homes are won, if ye scale the tower,
 Sons of the Greeks ! is it not the hour ?"

AN ENCHANTING VALE.

Dear is that valley to the murmuring bees ;
 And all, who know it, come and come again.
 The small birds build there ; and at summer noon,
 Oft have I heard a child, gay among flowers,
 As in the shining grass she sate concealed,
 Sing to herself * * * *

TRUE LIBERTY.

This is true liberty, when free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can and will, deserves high praise:
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace:
What can be juster in a state than this?

FIRST LOVE.

There is a streamlet issuing from a rock.
The village-girls singing wild madrigals,
Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
And hang them to the sun. There first I saw her.
Her dark and eloquent eyes, mild, full of fire,
'Twas heaven to look upon; and her sweet voice,
As tunable as harp of many strings,
At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul!

OPENING OF THE MEDEA.¹

THE NURSE OF MEDEA, ALONE.

O, that the gallant Argo had not wing'd
Her course to Colchis through the clashing rocks
Of the Black Euxine; that in Pelion's groves

¹ Medea, the daughter of Æetes, King of Colchis, becoming enamored of Jason, is enabled, by her acquaintance with the art of magic, to extricate her lover from all his dangers, and facilitate his acquisition of the celebrated golden fleece. After this conquest, Jason marries his preserver, with whom he elopes, and after some time settles at Corinth. Here, unmindful of his obligations, he is desirous of divorcing his wife, and of contracting a marriage with Glauce, the daughter of King Creon, who, fearing the cruelty and power of Medea, banishes her and her two sons from the country, in order to secure his daughter from her revenge. The unhappy woman, driven to despair by this insult, pretends to submit to the sentence; and having secured an asylum for herself at Athens, sends her sons with rich presents to the bride; and, by the interposition of Jason, succeeds in obtaining her good offices with the king, to permit the youths to remain at Corinth, under the protection of their father. The youths are now sent back to their mother, and Glauce hastens to array herself in the splendid robes presented by her rival; but soon finds that the enchantress has infused a deadly poison, which proves fatal both to herself and her father. Jason, apprehensive of the fate which may await his sons, hastens to their rescue; but finds, on his arrival, that Medea has already sacrificed them as an expiation of the infidelity of her husband, whose agony she derides; and, defying his resentment, flies through the air with her slaughtered children, in a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

The pine had ne'er been fell'd ; nor at the oars
The heroes' hands had labor'd when they sought
The golden fleece for Pelias : then my queen,
Medea, had not plough'd the watery way
To tower'd Iolcos, maddening with the love,
Of Jason ; nor, the daughters won to slay,
Their father Pelias, had she fix'd her seat,
At Corinth, with her husband and her sons :
A pleasing flight, indeed, to those whose land
She made her residence ; while every thought,
Studious to aid him, was on Jason fix'd.
This is the state of firmest happiness,
When from the husband no discordant will
The wife estranges :—but their dearest ties
Of love are loosened ; all is variance now
And hate : for Jason, to his children false,
False to my mistress, for a royal bride
Hath left her couch, and wedded Creon's daughter,
Lord of this land. Ill doth Medea brook
This base dishonor ; on his oath she calls,
Recalls their plighted hands, the firmest pledge
Of mutual faith, and calls the gods to witness
What a requital she from Jason finds.
Of food regardless, and in sorrow sunk
She lies, and melts in tears each tedious hour
Since first she knew her lord had injured her ;
Nor lifts her eye, nor lifts her face from the earth,
Deaf to her friends' entreaties as a rock,
Or billow of the sea ; save when she turns
Her snowy neck, and to herself bewails
Her father, and her country, and her house,
Which she betray'd to follow this base man,
Who treats her now with such indignity.
Affliction now hath taught her what it is
Not to forsake a parent and his house.
She hates her children, nor with pleasure sees them.
I fear her, lest she form some strange design ;
For violent her temper, and of wrongs
Impatient : well I know her, and I fear her,
Lest, in the dead of night, when all are laid
In deep repose, she steal into the house,
And plunge into their breast the piercing sword ;
Or murder ev'n the monarch of the land,
Or the new-married Jason, on herself
Drawing severer ills : for like a storm
Her passions swell : and he that dares enrage her
Will have small cause to boast his victory.
But see, her sons from the gymnastic ring
Returning, heedless of their mother's ills ;
For youth holds no society with grief.

Potter.

HERODOTUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 450 B. C.

SCARCELY anything more is known of the life of the "Father of History," than of the "Father of Epic Poetry." He was born in Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, B. C. 484, and when about twenty-five years old he entered upon that course of patient and observant travel which was to render his name illustrious as a philosophic tourist and historian. The shores of the Hellespont, Scythia, and the Euxine Sea; the Isles of the *Ægean*; Syria, Egypt, Palestine, Colchis, the northern parts of Africa, *Ecbatana*, and even Babylon were the objects of his unwearied research. On his return from his travels, after about twenty years, he settled for some time at Samos, as there were political disturbances in his native city. Where he composed the whole of his history is not known; but after some time he went to Olympia, during the celebration of the Olympic games, and there, amid the vehement applause of the assembled Greeks,¹ recited the nine books of his work, or a portion of them, which were honored by the title of the Nine Muses. After this, for twelve years continuously, he prosecuted his historical and geographical investigations, principally in the Grecian provinces; and when an Athenian colony was about to sail for *Magna Græcia*, in Italy, Herodotus went with them, and in the city which they founded, *Thurii*,² on the bay of Tarentum, he took up his final resting place, occupying himself in revising and correcting his great work. The exact period of his death is not known, but it took place about the year 406 B. C.

Herodotus' history is divided, as was before said, into nine books, named after the Nine Muses. Its main subject is the history of the struggles of the Greeks for their liberties, and their final triumphs over the Persian power, and to this end everything else is subordinate. A love of Greece and her free institutions was the prevailing feature of his mind; and yet he gives us, not only the history of Greece and the powers with which she came in conflict, but also of almost all of the then known world. His style is characterized by dignity and simplicity united, and presents a striking resemblance to

¹ It is said that the historian Thucydides, then a boy, stood by his side, and, touched by the noble ambition of future excellence, was affected even to tears by the recitations of Herodotus.

² Hence he is sometimes called the historian of Thurii.

the poetical drapery of Homer. From his being the first who attached to history the necessary aids of geography and chronology, without which, Strabo remarks, history is a blind guide; as well as the first to show that facts may be highly interesting without the aid of fiction, he has been called the "Father of History," and on account of this lively interest with which he invests his subject he has been called by Müller the "Homer of History."¹

As to the authority of Herodotus as an historian, no one who reads him can for a moment doubt. Not being what is termed a philosophical historian, he has no theory to defend, or particular views to support. He gives no coloring to the events which he relates by any critical or political reflections of his own. His innate truthfulness displays itself on all occasions, for he constantly distinguishes what he relates on the authority of others, from what he has become acquainted with as an eye-witness; and all modern researches and investigations have tended to establish on a firmer basis his character for impartiality, and his authority as an historian.²

¹ "The charm of Herodotus' writings consists in the earnestness of a man who describes countries as an eye-witness, and events as one accustomed to participate in them. The life, the raciness, the vigor of an adventurer and a wanderer, glow in every page. He has none of the refining disquisitions that are born of the closet. He paints history, rather than descants on it; he throws the colorings of a mind, unconsciously poetic, over all he describes. Now a soldier—now a priest—now a patriot—he is always a poet, if rarely a philosopher. He narrates like a witness, unlike Thucydides, who sums up like a judge. No writer ever made so beautiful an application of superstitions to truths. His very credulities have a philosophy of their own; and modern historians have acted unwisely in disdaining the occasional repetition even of his fables. For if his truths record the events—his fables paint the manners and the opinions of the time; and the last fill up the history, of which events are only the skeleton.

"To account for his frequent use of dialogue, and his dramatic effects of narrative, we must remember the tribunal to which the work of Herodotus was subjected. Every author, unconsciously to himself, consults the tastes of those he addresses. No small oateries of scholars, no scrupulous and critical inquirers, made the ordeal Herodotus underwent. His chronicles were not dissertations to be coldly pondered over, and sceptically conned: they were read aloud at solemn festivals to listening thousands; they were to arrest the curiosity—to amuse the impatience—to stir the wonder of a lively and motley crowd. Thus the historian imbibed naturally the spirit of the tale-teller. As he was driven to embellish his history with the romantic legend—the awful superstition—the gossip anecdote—which yet characterize the stories of the popular and oral fictionist in the bazaars of the Mussulman, or on the sea-sands of Sicily. Still it has been rightly said, that a judicious reader is not easily led astray by Herodotus in important particulars. His descriptions of localities, of manners and of customs, are singularly correct; and modern travellers can yet trace the vestiges of his fidelity."—*Bulwer's Athens*.

² "Few enlightened tourists are there, who can visit Egypt, Greece, and the regions of the East, without being struck by the accuracy, with the

The following are the main subjects of his nine books :—

Book I. *Clio*.—Transfer of the Lydian kingdom from Gyges to Cræsus—minority of Cyrus—his overthrow of the Lydian power—rising greatness of Athens and Lacedæmon.

Book II. *Euterpe*.—Dissertation on Egypt—Egyptian customs, and the regal succession of that empire.

Book III. *Thalia*.—Achievements of Cambyses—his total subjugation of Egypt—election of Darius Hystaspes to the Persian throne, then vacant by the assassination of Smerdis, the impostor.

Book IV. *Melpomene*.—Full narrative of the calamitous expeditions of the Persians against the Scythians in the reign of Darius Hystaspes.

Book V. *Terpsichore*.—The political progress of Lacedæmon, Athens, and Corinth—view of their relative resources during the time of Darius—expulsion of Hippias from Athens.

Book VI. *Erato*.—Origin of the kings of Lacedæmon—causes of Darius's hostility to Greece—first Persian invasion of Hellas—battle of Marathon.

Book VII. *Polyhymnia*.—Preparations and grand expedition of Xerxes into Greece—battle at Thermopylæ.

Book VIII. *Urania*.—Further progress of the Persian arms—Athens captured and burned—defeat of the Persians at the sea-fight of Salamis.

Book IX. *Calliope*.—Defeat of the Persians at Platæa—defeat at the promontory of Mycale, and their complete retreat within their own territories.¹

industry, with the patience of Herodotus. To record all the facts substantiated by travellers, illustrated by artists, and amplified by learned research, would be almost impossible; so abundant, so rich, has this golden mine been found, that the more its native treasures are explored, the more valuable do they appear. The oasis of Siwah, visited by Browne, Hornemann, Edmonstone, and Minutoli; the engravings of the latter, demonstrating the co-identity of the god Ammon and the god of Thebes; the Egyptian mode of weaving, confirmed by the drawings of Wilkinson and Minutoli; the fountain of the sun, visited by Belzoni; one of the stelæ or pillars of Senostria, seen by Herodotus in Syria, and recognized on the road to Beyrout with the hieroglyphic of Rhameses still legible; the kneading of dough, drawn from a sculpture in Thebes, by Wilkinson; the dresses of the lower classes, by the same author; the prodigies of Egyptian architecture at Edfou; Caillaud's discovery of Meroë in the depths of Æthiopia; these, and a host of brilliant evidences, centre their once divergent rays in one flood of light upon the temple of genius reared by Herodotus, and display the goddess of Truth enshrined within."—*Pococke's View of Herodotus*.

¹ The best editions of Herodotus are those of Schweighauser, with Latin version and notes, reprinted at Glasgow, in six volumes 8vo., 1818; Gaisford's, four volumes, Oxford, 1824; J. W. Blakesley, with a commentary, two volumes, London, 1854; Matthiæ, two volumes, Leipsic, 1825; Bährs,

THE CROCODILE.

The following are the peculiarities of the crocodile : During the four winter months they eat nothing ; they are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night-air and the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest : for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg ; yet when it is full grown, the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusk-like, of a size proportioned to its frame ; unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue ; it cannot move its under-jaw, and in this respect too it is singular, being the only animal in the world which moves the upper-jaw but not the under. It has strong claws and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches ; hence it happens that, while all the other birds

Leipsic, 1830, four volumes ; and Bekker's, Berlin, 1833—1837. The translation most in vogue the last century and the earlier part of this, was that by Rev. William Beloe ; since that, the following approved versions have appeared : " Herodotus literally translated into English Prose, with Notes from Rennel, Larcher, &c.," Oxford, 1824, two volumes ; " Herodotus literally translated by Peter Edmund Laurent, with Notes, Illustrative and Critical, a Geographical Index, an Introductory Essay, and a Summary of the History," Oxford, two volumes, and " A new English Version from the Text of Gaisford, with copious Notes, by the Rev. G. Rawlinson." This last leaves nothing more to be desired. The title in full will give an idea of what the work is. " The History of Herodotus : a new English version, edited with copious notes and appendices, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most recent sources of information ; and embodying the chief results, historical and ethnographical, which have been obtained in the progress of cuneiform and hieroglyphical discovery, by George Rawlinson, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F. R. S., in four volumes, with Maps and Illustrations ;" London, 1858. As aids in the study of Herodotus, the student may consult, " Notes, historical and critical, translated from the French of Larcher," London, two volumes. " Wm. Dawson Turner's Notes to Herodotus, for the use of College Students," London, 1848. Carey's Lexicon to Herodotus, Greek and English, Oxford, 1843. *Porti Dictionarium Ionicum, Græco-Latinum*, Oxon., 1810. Wheeler's Analysis and Summary of Herodotus, London, 1848. Maps and Plans illustrative of Herodotus, Oxford, 1825, and London, 1843. Niebuhr on the Geography of Herodotus.

and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird : for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes out upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze : at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus.

The crocodile is esteemed sacred by some of the Egyptians, by others he is treated as an enemy. Those who live near Thebes, and those who dwell around Lake Mœris, regard them with especial veneration. In each of these places they keep one crocodile in particular, who is taught to be tame and tractable. They adorn his ears with ear-rings of molten stone or gold, and put bracelets on his fore-paws, giving him daily a set portion of bread, with a certain number of victims ; and, after having thus treated him with the greatest possible attention while alive, they embalm him when he dies and bury him in a sacred repository. The people of Elephantiné, on the other hand, are so far from considering these animals as sacred that they even eat their flesh.

The modes of catching the crocodile are many and various. I shall only describe the one which seems to me most worthy of mention. They bait a hook with a chine of pork and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter upon the bank holds a living pig, which he belabors. The crocodile hears its cries and, making for the sound, encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is dispatched with ease, otherwise he gives great trouble.—*Rawlinson.*

EARLY CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF AFRICA.

I am much surprised at those who have divided and defined the limits of Libya, Asia, and Europe, betwixt which the difference is far from small. Europe, for instance, in length much exceeds the other two, but is of far inferior breadth : except in that particular part which is contiguous to Asia, the whole of Libya is surrounded by the sea. The first person who has proved this, was, as far as we are able to judge, Necho, King of Egypt. When he had desisted from his attempt to join by a canal the Nile with the Arabian Gulf, he dispatched some ves-

sels, under the conduct of Phœnicians, with directions to pass by the Columns of Hercules, and after penetrating the Northern Ocean to return to Egypt. These Phœnicians, taking their course from the Red Sea, entered into the Southern Ocean : on the approach of autumn they landed in Libya, and planted some corn in the place where they happened to find themselves ; when this was ripe, and they had cut it down, they again departed. Having thus consumed two years, they in the third doubled the Columns of Hercules, and returned to Egypt. Their relation may obtain attention from others, but to me it seems incredible ;¹ for they affirmed that, having sailed round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand.—Thus was Libya for the first time known.—*Beloe.*

ARTABANUS DISSUADES XERXES FROM HIS PROPOSED EXPEDITION
AGAINST GREECE.

The other Persians were silent, for all feared to raise their voice against the plan proposed to them. But Artabanus, the son of Hystaspes, and uncle of Xerxes, trusting to his relationship, was bold to speak : "O king," he said, "it is impossible, if no more than one opinion is uttered, to make choice of the best : a man is forced then to follow whatever advice may have been given him ; but if opposite speeches are delivered, then choice can be exercised. In like manner pure gold is not recognized by itself ; but when we test it along with baser ore, we perceive which is the better. I counselled thy father, Darius, who was my own brother, not to attack the Scyths, a race of people who had no town in their whole land. He thought, however, to subdue those wandering tribes, and would not listen to me, but marched an army against them, and ere he returned home lost many of his bravest warriors. Thou art about, O king, to attack a people far superior to the Scyths, a people distinguished above others both by land and sea. 'Tis fit, therefore, that I should tell thee what danger thou incurrst hereby. Thou sayest that thou wilt bridge the Hellespont,

¹ Herodotus does not doubt that the Phœnicians made the circuit of Africa, and returned to Egypt by the Straits of Gibraltar ; but he could not believe that in the course of the voyage they had the sun on their right hand. This however must necessarily have been the case after the Phœnicians had passed the Line ; and this curious circumstance, which never could have been imagined in an age when astronomy was yet in its infancy, is an evidence to the truth of a voyage, which without this might have been doubted.

and lead thy troops through Europe against Greece. Now suppose some disaster befall thee by land or sea, or by both. It may be even so, for the men are reputed valiant. Indeed one may measure their prowess from what they have already done; for when Datis and Artaphernes led their huge army against Attica, the Athenians singly defeated them. But grant they are not successful on both elements. Still, if they man their ships, and, defeating us by sea, sail to the Hellespont, and there destroy our bridge—that, sire, were a fearful hazard. And here 'tis not by my own mother wit alone that I conjecture what will happen, but I remember how narrowly we escaped disaster once, when thy father, after throwing bridges over the Thracian Bosphorus and the Ister, marched against the Scythians, and they tried every sort of prayer to induce the Ionians, who had charge of the bridge over the Ister, to break the passage. On that day, if Histæus, the King of Miletus, had sided with the other princes, and not set himself to oppose their views, the empire of the Persians would have come to naught. Surely a dreadful thing is this even to hear said, that the king's fortunes depended wholly on one man.

“Think then no more of incurring so great a danger when no need presses, but follow the advice I tender. Break up this meeting, and when thou hast well considered the matter with thyself, and settled what thou wilt do, declare to us thy resolve. I know not of aught in the world that so profits a man as taking good counsel with himself; for even if things fall out against one's hopes, still one has counselled well, though fortune has made the counsel of none effect: whereas if a man counsels ill and luck follows, he has gotten a windfall, but his counsel is none the less silly. Seest thou how God with his lightning smites alway the bigger animals, and will not suffer them to wax insolent, while those of a lesser bulk chafe him not? How likewise his bolts fall ever on the highest houses and the tallest trees? So plainly does He love to bring down everything that exalts itself. Thus oftentimes a mighty host is discomfited by a few men, when God in his jealousy sends fear or storm from heaven, and they perish in a way unworthy of them. For God allows no one to have high thoughts but Himself.¹ Again, hurry always brings about disasters, from which huge sufferings are wont to arise; but in delay lie many advantages, not apparent (it may be) at first sight, but such as

¹ Mr. Grote has some sound remarks on the religious temper of Herodotus in reference to the present passage.—*History of Greece*, vol. v. p. 8.

in course of time are seen of all. Such, then, is my counsel to thee, O king.

"And thou, Mardonius, son of Gobryas, forbear to speak foolishly concerning the Greeks, who are men that ought not to be lightly esteemed by us. For while thou revilest the Greeks, thou dost encourage the king to lead his own troops against them; and this, as it seems to me, is what thou art specially striving to accomplish. Heaven send thou succeed not to thy wish! For slander is of all evils the most terrible. In it two men do wrong, and one man has wrong done to him. The slanderer does wrong, forasmuch as he abuses a man behind his back; and the hearer, forasmuch as he believes what he has not searched into thoroughly. The man slandered in his absence suffers wrong at the hands of both; for one brings against him a false charge, and the other thinks him an evil-doer. If, however, it must needs be that we go to war with this people, at least allow the king to abide at home in Persia. Then let thee and me both stake our children on the issue, and do thou choose out thy men, and taking with thee whatever number of troops thou likest, lead forth our armies to battle. If things go well for the king, as thou sayest they will, let me and my children be put to death; but if they fall out as I prophesy, let thy children suffer, and thou too, if thou shalt come back alive. But shouldst thou refuse this wager, and still resolve to march an army against Greece, sure I am that some of those whom thou leavest behind thee here will one day receive the sad tidings that Mardonius has brought a great disaster upon the Persian people, and lies a prey to dogs and birds somewhere in the land of the Athenians, or else in that of the Lacedæmonians; unless, indeed, thou shalt have perished sooner by the way, experiencing in thy own person the might of those men on whom thou wouldst fain induce the king to make war."—*Rawlinson*.

XERXES REVIEWS HIS FORCES AT ABYDOS.

Arrived here, Xerxes wished to look upon all his host; so, as there was a throne of white marble upon a hill near the city, which they of Abydos had prepared beforehand, by the king's bidding, for his especial use, Xerxes took his seat on it, and, gazing thence upon the shore below, beheld at one view all his land forces and all his ships. While thus employed, he felt a desire to behold a sailing-match among his ships, which accord-

ingly took place, and was won by the Phœnicians of Sidon, much to the joy of Xerxes, who was delighted alike with the race and with his army.

And now, as he looked and saw the whole Hellespont covered with the vessels of his fleet, and all the shore and every plain about Abydos as full as could be of men, Xerxes congratulated himself on his good fortune; but after a little while, he wept.

Then Artabanus, the king's uncle (the same who at the first so freely spake his mind to the king, and advised him not to lead his army against Greece), when he heard that Xerxes was in tears, went to him, and said—

“How different, sire, is what thou art now doing, from what thou didst a little while ago! Then thou didst congratulate thyself, and now, behold! thou weepest.”

“There came upon me,” replied he, “a sudden pity, when I thought of the shortness of man's life, and considered that of all this host, so numerous as it is, not one will be alive when a hundred years are gone by.”

“And yet there are sadder things in life than that,” returned the other. “Short as our time is, there is no man, whether it be here among this multitude or elsewhere, who is so happy, as not to have felt the wish—I will not say once, but full many a time—that he were dead rather than alive. Calamities fall upon us, sicknesses vex and harass us, and make life, short though it be, to appear long. So death, through the wretchedness of our life, is a most sweet refuge to our race: and God, who gives us the tastes that we enjoy of pleasant times, is seen, in his very gift, to be envious.”

THUCYDIDES, 471—391.

THIS first of philosophic historians was born at Athens, about 471 B. C. His father took every pains with his early education, and in his fifteenth year took him to the Olympic games, where he heard Herodotus read his history to the admiring multitude collected from every part of Greece, and, as remarked in the life of the “Father of History,” burst into tears of admiration and joy. Of the manner in which he spent his early childhood, we know little or nothing; but in his forty-

seventh year he was appointed to the command of the Athenian fleet at the Island of Thasos, on the coast of Thrace, and while there was summoned to the relief of Amphipolis against the Spartan general, Brasidas. This was in the year 424 B. C., the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war. Unfortunately, owing to circumstances which it was impossible for him to control, he arrived too late; since Amphipolis had surrendered on the very day on the evening of which he arrived at the mouth of the Strymon. But because he could not do what was utterly impossible (having received the summons too late), the inconsistent and unreasonable Athenians, incited by the demagogue Cleon, passed sentence of banishment against him. He went, therefore, into exile, and retired to Scapte-syle in Thrace, where he had some property in gold mines, and there devoted all his time and energies to the composition of his great work, employing much of his income in procuring accurate information of transpiring events:—money, indeed, most wisely expended—a perishable material the partial means of producing an imperishable work.

How thankful the world has ever been that Thucydides was banished;¹ and how much do we owe to this little, retired place, Scapte-syle. Had Thucydides gone to any of the large Asiatic cities on the shores of the *Ægean* or the *Mediterranean*, his time might have been engrossed by its pleasures and its gayeties: but here, in this secluded spot, he enjoyed the most favorable opportunities for philosophic meditation; and through the loopholes of his retreat he looked out upon the busy and conflicting world, and painted its varied scenes in colors so rich and true to nature, that his great work has ever been considered as a model of correct and elegant historic composition.²

The sentence of Thucydides' banishment continued in force twenty years; but whether he availed himself of the liberty to return to Athens we have no means of deciding. He died in the year 391 before

¹ What would the world have lost had not John Bunyan been imprisoned twelve long years in Bedford jail? To how many has his great epic been the gate to the Celestial Paradise?

² I may here remark upon the influence the history of Thucydides has exerted over other minds. Sallust and Tacitus both took it as a model by which to form their own style. Demosthenes was such an ardent admirer of the speeches in Thucydides, that he is said to have copied them over ten times with his own hand that he might acquire their style. Lord Chatham was a constant reader of Thucydides, as we might infer from his nervous and compressed eloquence. Lucretius is indebted to Thucydides' description of the Plague at Athens, for one of the most graphic parts of his celebrated poem; and Boccaccio, in his *Decameron*, has given us in one of his stories almost a literal translation of the same. Let us then ever be grateful to the Athenians—though they intended no good—for the banishment of Thucydides.

Christ, at the age of eighty, and was probably interred at Scaptestyle, so long the scene of his literary toils, and where a monument was erected to his memory.

The history of Thucydides was designed to comprise a complete account of the Peloponnesian war—a war of twenty-seven years' duration; but it is only continued as far as the middle of the twenty-first year, B. C. 411. Its arrangement is chronological—the successive events being assigned to the summer or winter half-year in which they occurred. It is divided into eight books, and is characterized by an impartial love of truth, and a style concise, vigorous, and energetic; yet sometimes harsh and obscure from its very closeness and fulness of thought. Even Cicero found him difficult, and remarks that the speeches in his history contain so many obscure and impenetrable sentences as to be scarcely intelligible.

“In comparing together the two great historians, it is plain that the mind and talents of both were admirably suited to the work which they took in hand. The extensive field in which Herodotus labored, the abundance and variety of materials with which his habits of investigation furnished him, afforded an opportunity for embellishing and illustrating his history with the marvels of foreign lands; he collected such accounts as would please and delight the reader, and invested them with the peculiar charm of his simple and attractive style.

“The glorious exploits of a great and free people stemming a tide of barbarian invaders, who appeared by their very numbers likely to overwhelm them, and finally triumphing completely over them; the features of the earth which we inhabit, hitherto unknown, or misrepresented by fable, and enveloped in mystery; the customs and histories of the barbarians with whom they had been at war, and of all other nations whose names were connected with Persia, either by lineage or conquest, were subjects which required the talents of a simple narrator, who had such love of truth as not wilfully to exaggerate, and such judgment as to select what was best worthy of attention.

“Thucydides had a narrower field. The mind of Greece was the subject of his study, as displayed in a single war, which was in its rise, progress, and consequences the most important which Greece had ever seen. It did not in itself possess that heart-stirring interest which characterizes the Persian war. In it united Greece was not struggling for her liberties against a foreign foe, animated by one common patriotism, inspired by an enthusiastic love of liberty; but it presented the sad spectacle of Greece divided against herself, torn by the jealousies of race, and distracted by the animosities of faction.

The task of Thucydides was that of studying the warring passions and antagonistic workings of one mind. It was one, therefore, which, in order to become interesting and profitable, demanded that there should be brought to bear upon it the powers of a keen analytical intellect. To separate history from the traditions and falsehoods with which it had been overlaid, and to give the early history of Greece in its most truthful form; to trace Athenian supremacy from its rise to its ruin, the growing jealousy of other states, whether inferiors or rivals, to which that supremacy gave rise; to show its connection with the enmities of race, and the oppositions of politics; to point out what causes led to such wide results; how the insatiable ambition of Athens, gratifying itself in direct disobedience to the advice of their wise statesman, Pericles, led step by step to their ultimate ruin, required not a mere narrator of events, however brilliant, but a moral philosopher and a statesman. Such was Thucydides. Although his work shows an advance in the science of historical composition over that of Herodotus, and his mind is of a higher, because of a more thoughtful order, yet his fame by no means obscures the glory which belongs to the father of history. Their walks are different; they can never be considered as rivals, and therefore neither can claim superiority.

"Herodotus is almost as objective as Homer; there is little or nothing of self in his writings; all his thoughts are absorbed in telling his story. His narrative embodies the spirit of the times in which he lived. Thucydides is subjective; he values facts as illustrations of the principles which are deeply rooted in his own mind; he gives a complete delineation of his own sentiments; he is fitted to lead and direct public opinion, and his judgment on passing events and human conduct is far in advance of his age, and far more comprehensive and philosophical than that of his contemporaries."¹

The best editions of Thucydides are those of Bekker, Berlin, 1821, three volumes 8vo.; Poppo, Leipsic, ten volumes 8vo., 1821-1838; and of Dr. Arnold, three volumes, Oxford, 1830-1835. William Smith's English translation, London, 1753, has been most used: it is generally exact, but is inferior to that of S. T. Bloomfield, three volumes 8vo., London, which is full of valuable illustrative and historical notes. The *Lexicon Thucydidæum*, 8vo., London, 1824; and "Maps and Plans illustrative of Thucydides," Oxford, will be found of great service in reading this historian intelligently.

¹ Browne's Greek Literature.

THE NATURAL CONSEQUENCES OF WAR.

Many and calamitous are the events which befall states through war!—things which have been, and ever will be, while human nature continues what it is, but extreme or milder, and varied in their forms, as the changes of events fall out: for in seasons of peace and prosperity, both states and private persons are better disposed, by reason of their having not fallen into those necessities which hurry men into what they otherwise would not do. But war, by withdrawing the means for the supply of men's daily wants, is an imperious dictator, and assimilates their dispositions to their present situation and circumstances. Thus, then, the Grecian states were agitated with factions, wherein those who had been behindhand in hearing of what had been before done, introduced a decided superiority, by contriving new devices, both in respect of artful stratagems of attack and in novel atrocity of punishments. Nay, the accustomed acceptation of names in respect of things, they interchanged at their own pleasure. Thus a rash headlong daring was accounted a faithfully devoted courage; a provident delay, specious cowardice; prudence, a cloak for pusillanimity; and the use of wisdom in anything, was being sluggish in everything. An uncontrollably passionate spirit was thought to form the part of manliness; and caution in projecting was accounted a specious excuse for declining a project. The furiously violent was ever esteemed trusty, while he that withstood him was suspected. He who plotted any knavery was, if successful, thought clever, and he that suspected and anticipated him was thought yet more knowing; but he who used prudent forethought, so as to need neither the one nor the other, was esteemed a dissolver of good fellowship, and a craven before his foes. In a word, he that would be beforehand with another, who was about to do him wrong, was commended, as was also he who set another on doing so, that thought not of it; and, indeed, relationship was esteemed not so close a tie as factious association, because it was more disposed to unhesitatingly dare: for such sort of combinations were not made for men's good, according to the existing laws, but for unjust gain, contrary to them; and pledges of faith towards each other were confirmed, not so much by sacred pledges, as by community of crime. Any equitable overtures from an enemy they admitted, if they were superior in power, but so as to keep

a guard over their actions, and not with generous confidence. To retaliate on another was held preferable to one's self not first suffering; and oaths, if they were for reconciliation, being interposed for the present on some difficulty, continued in force so long only as the parties had no power from any other quarter. But when occasion served, he who first dared an attack, if he saw his enemy off his guard, thought his revenge the sweeter, as taken on one lulled in security, than if he had gained it in the open way; partly because he thought it the safe course, and because by overreaching his foe he also gained the glory of dexterity. Thus it is that the greater part of men are more willing to be called *clever rogues* than *honest fools*; of the latter they are ashamed, in the former they exult.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.¹

"Such, then, Athenians, were these persons, and thus worthily have they approved themselves to their country. As for you who survive them, a safer career you may pray for, but a less courageous spirit in encountering your foes you need not desire. Yours it will be to keep in view the beneficial tendency of such a spirit; not so far only as *words* extend (for any one might enlarge thereon, telling you, what you would know as well as he, the benefits which are contained in resisting our foes), but rather approving it in deeds, by keeping in your daily contemplation the increase of its power, and becoming attached to, and, as it were, *enamored* of it. When, too, its greatness strikes you, consider that it has been acquired by adventurous men, who both knew what ought to be done, and, in action, were keenly alive to shame; who, when even failing in their attempts, were yet unwilling that their country should thereby lose the advantage of their valor, but contributed to it the noblest offering—for they bestowed their persons and their lives upon the public; and therefore, as their private recompense, they receive a deathless renown and the noblest of sepulchres—not so much that wherein their bones are entombed, as in which their glory is preserved, to be had in everlasting remembrance on all occasions, whether of speech or action. For to the illustrious, the whole earth is a sepulchre; nor do monumental inscriptions in their own country alone point it

¹ This is from the speech of Pericles, delivered at the funeral solemnities of those who fell first in the Peloponnesian war.

out, but an unwritten and mental memorial even in foreign lands, which, more durable than any *monument*, is deeply seated in the breast of every one. Imitating, then, these illustrious models—accounting that happiness is liberty, and that liberty is valor—be not backward to encounter the perils of war; for the unfortunate and hopeless are not those who have most reason to be lavish of their lives, but rather such as, while they live, have to hazard a change to the opposite, and who have most at stake; since great would be the reverse should they fall into adversity. For to the high-minded, at least, more grievous is misfortune overwhelming them amidst the blandishments of prosperity, than the stroke of death overtaking them in the full pulse of vigor and common hope, and, moreover, almost unfelt.

“Wherefore, I will not so much condole with the parents of the departed, as offer them comfort. Well they know that they were born and trained to diversified calamities, and scarcely need be told that fortunate are those who, like our lamented heroes, are fated to the noblest death (or, like *them*, to the noblest sorrow), and to whom life has been measured out both to be *fortunate in*, and to *die in*! Yet difficult, I know, it is to impart to you motives of comfort respecting those of whom you will often have memorials in that good fortune of others in which you also yourselves once rejoiced. For sorrow rises not so much for the loss of a good of which we are bereft untried, as for what may be snatched from us after experiencing its value.

“To you (let me add), the sons and brothers of the deceased, I foresee a wide field laid open for contest and emulation; since to *departed* merit no one refuses the tribute of admiration; but *you*, even with deserts *surpassing* theirs, will with difficulty be thought, not equal, but somewhat inferior to them. For the envy of competition ceases only with the death of its object; whereas the merit which obstructs no one is honored with a zeal unmixed with jealous rivalry.. If, too, with reference to the *widowed* among you, I may be expected to advert to the subject of *female virtue*, I would express the whole in one brief admonition—It will be *your* greatest glory not to be found deficient in *the virtue of your sex*, and to let your behavior be as little as possible the theme of conversation among the other sex, whether for good or for evil.

“And now I have, conformably to legal prescription, *spoken* what I judged most suitable to the occasion; and by *deeds* also have the interred been thus honored. For the rest, their child-

ren will henceforward be maintained, and educated to manhood by the state; thereby holding out a reward for eminent valor, neither unprofitable, nor without its effect, both on them and their posterity; for where the rewards of virtue are the most liberal, *there* will ever be found the best citizens. And now let each of you, having thus indulged his sorrow for his relatives, depart."

THE PLAGUE AT ATHENS.

The contagion is said to have had its origin in that part of *Æthiopia* which is situated beyond Egypt, and from thence to have passed into Egypt and Libya. After spreading over a considerable part of the King of Persia's dominions, it at length broke out suddenly at Athens, and made its first attack in the Piræus, where it was reported that the Peloponnesians had thrown poison into the wells; for as yet there were no fountains there. Afterwards it extended itself to the upper city, and then the mortality rapidly increased. And now I leave every one (whether physician or other) to pass his own opinion concerning it, pointing out from whence it was likely to arise, and what causes he thinks sufficient to produce so entire a change of the constitution of the human body. For my own part, I shall merely relate the *manner* of it; and, having been myself sick of it, and seen others afflicted, I shall point out those symptoms of the malady, from a consideration of which any one may have some previous knowledge of it, and not be altogether ignorant of its nature, should it ever again make its appearance.

The season of the year I speak of is admitted to have been singularly healthy, as far as regarded other disorders; nay, if any one previously labored under any malady, it merged and terminated in this. Others, without any apparent cause, on a sudden, and when in perfect health, were attacked first with violent heats about the head, accompanied with redness and inflammation of the eyes. Then the internal parts, both the gullet and the tongue, immediately assumed a sanguineous hue, and emitted a noisome and fetid odor. Sneezing and hoarseness then supervened, and not long after the malady descended to the breast, bringing with it a violent cough; and when once it had fixed itself on the stomach, it excited vomiting, inducing what physicians call *discharges of bile*, and those attended with excessive torment. This was, in most cases,

succeeded by a dry, empty hiccough, accompanied with strong colicky convulsions and spasms; in some cases immediately ceasing, in others of longer duration. The body did not externally feel very hot to the touch, nor was the skin pallid, but reddish, livid, and bespeckled with minute pimples and running sores. But so burnt up were the internal parts, that the patients could not bear the lightest clothing or the finest sheets to be thrown over them, nor endure to be otherwise than stark naked; nay, they would most gladly have plunged into cold water. Indeed, many of those who were not attended to, *did* so; precipitating themselves into wells, urged by thirst insatiable; and whether they drank much or little it was the same. A restlessness and wakefulness likewise perpetually oppressed them; and so long as the disorder was at its height, the body did not fall away, but resisted the malady beyond all expectation; so that either they died (most of them on the ninth or the seventh day of the inward fever) while yet in possession of some strength, or, if they escaped [that crisis], then the disorder, descending into the bowels, affected them with violent ulceration and excessive diarrhœa, by which they afterwards were carried off through mere weakness. For the malady commencing at the head, where it first took its post, and from thence descending, pervaded the whole body. And if any survived those greatest dangers, yet the disorder seized on the extremities, and there left its mark; making its attacks, for instance, on the fingers, or the toes; and many with the deprivation of these, and some even with that of their eyes, escaped with their lives. Nor were there wanting those who, on recovering, labored under an utter forgetfulness of everything, and knew neither their friends, nor indeed themselves.

For as this was a kind of disorder which baffled all description, nay, even exceeded human nature, in the virulence which it exercised on the sufferers, so in the *following* respect it plainly evinced itself to be something wholly different from any of the ordinary distempers. For though there were many unburied corpses, those birds and beasts which prey on human flesh either approached them not, or, if they tasted, perished. A proof of which was seen in the total disappearance of all birds of prey, which were found neither about the carcasses nor elsewhere. But the *dogs*, from their domestic habits and familiar intercourse with men, afforded a more manifest evidence of the thing.

Such, then (to omit many other cases of peculiar virulence, each having some symptoms differing from those of others),

was the general nature of the disorder. And none of the usual or endemic maladies made their attacks during its continuance; or, if they did, soon terminated in this. The sufferers, moreover, died, some under neglect, others with all the care and attention possible; nor could any one remedy be devised, whose application would be certain to do good; for what benefited one, was prejudicial to another. Moreover, no constitution, whether in respect of strength or weakness, was found able to cope with it; nay, it swept away all alike, even those attended to with the most careful management. But the most dreadful part of the calamity was the total dejection of mind which overwhelmed those who felt themselves attacked (for, falling at once into despair, they the more readily gave themselves up, and sunk without a struggle), and that they dropped, filled, like diseased sheep, with infection communicated by their attendance on each other. That circumstance, too, occasioned most of the mortality; for if men forbore, through fear, to visit the sick, they died, forlorn and destitute for want of attendance, and thus whole families became utterly extinct; and if they ventured to approach, they met their death; and this was especially the fate of those who aimed at anything like virtue; since *they*, ashamed of selfish caution, were unsparing of their own lives in attending on their friends; for at last even their servants, overcome by the excess of the calamity, were wearied out with the groaning and lamentation of the sick and dying. Those, however, who had survived the disorder, were the more compassionate to the dying and the afflicted; both as knowing by experience what the disorder was, and being now themselves in safety. For it never attacked the same person twice; so, at least, as to be mortal. And such persons were felicitated on their escape by others; and they themselves, amidst their present joy, nourished a sort of light hope for the future—that they should never hereafter be destroyed by any *disease*.

Besides the present calamity, the reception of the country people into the city had occasioned much annoyance, and especially to the new comers. For as they had no *houses*, but were compelled to lodge, during the height of summer, in stifling *huts*, a horribly confused mortality occurred, insomuch that corpses lay stretched out one upon another, as they had died; and half-dead corpses were seen tumbling over each other, both in the streets and about every fountain, whither their rage for water had hurried them. The very temples, too, in which they had huddled, were full of the corpses of those who had expired there. For as the violence of the calamity exceeded all bounds,

and men knew not what to have recourse to, they fell into a neglect alike of sacred and social duties. All laws, too, and customs which had been in force respecting sepulture, were confounded and violated; men burying just where and how they could; and many for want of funeral necessities (so many deaths having before occurred in their families), had recourse to very indecorous means for the interment of their friends. For some, resorting to funeral piles which were raising for others, would, before they were completed, lay their own corpses thereon, and set them on fire. Others, when a corpse was burning, would toss upon the pyre another, which they had brought with them, and go their way.

This pestilence, too, in other respects, gave rise to that unbridled licentiousness which then first began to be prevalent in the city; for now every one was readier to venture openly upon those gratifications which he had before dissembled, or indulged in secret, when he saw such sudden changes—the rich hurried away, and those who before were worth nothing, coming into immediate possession of their property; insomuch that men were willing to snatch the enjoyment of such fugitive delights as offered themselves, and to live solely for pleasure, regarding their lives and their possessions as only held by the tenure of a day. As to bestowing labor or pains on any pursuit which seemed honorable or noble, no one cared about the matter, it being uncertain whether or not he might be snatched away previously to the attainment of his object. In short, whatever any person thought pleasurable, or such as might in any way contribute thereto, *that* became with him both the *honorable* and *useful*. No fear of the gods, nor respect for human laws, operated as any check; for as to the *former*, they accounted it the same to worship or not to worship them, since they saw all alike perish; and as to the latter, no one expected that his existence would be prolonged till judgment should take effect, and he receive the punishment of his offences; nay, they supposed that a far heavier judgment, already denounced against them, hung over their heads; and before it fell upon them, they thought it right to snatch *some* enjoyment of life.

XENOPHON.

B. C. 447-360.

XENOPHON, the son of Gryllus of Athens, was born in that city 447 B. C. While yet a youth he became very much attached to Socrates; and when in the disastrous battle of Delium, in the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war, he fell from his horse, he owed his safety to the broad shoulders of the great philosopher, who carried him from the field; and henceforth he became his faithful and devoted disciple. He was the first who committed to writing the sayings and doings of his great master; and his account of him, styled the "Memorabilia," is among the most pleasing, instructive, and valuable writings that have been left us by antiquity.

Nothing more is known of him till the year 401, when he entered the service of the younger Cyrus in his expedition to dethrone his brother, not as an officer but as a private soldier, and at once secured the confidence and admiration of the Persian prince. After the battle of Cunaxa, near Babylon, in which Cyrus fell, the Greeks, who remained masters of the field, commenced their memorable retreat, crossing the Tigris, and proceeding up the eastern bank of that river, the Persian army, with Tissaphernes at their head, following. When they reached the greater Zab, Tissaphernes treacherously decoyed the best of the Grecian generals into his camp, under pretence of wishing a conference with them, and there suddenly surrounded them by bands of soldiers and put them to death. It was at this desperate crisis that the qualifications of Xenophon pointed him out as the one to save the army. He harangues the soldiers, directs them as to the course they should pursue, and by his wisdom, energy, bravery, and fitness to meet every difficulty, conducts the ten thousand safely to the shores of the Euxine. His account of this expedition, entitled *The Anabasis*, is one of the most delightful and instructive books of military history and of travels.

But Xenophon had not the good fortune to return to his native land; for the jealous Athenians passed sentence of banishment against him, during his absence; probably because he was known to have the same views and principles as his master Socrates. In 394 B. C. he fought on the side of the Lacedæmonians against the Athenians at Coronæa. The grateful Spartans granted him an estate at Scillus near Olympia in Elis, where he was joined by his wife and children.

Here he passed more than twenty years in literary leisure, in horticulture, in the management of his household property, in social enjoyments, and active field-sports. His employments, says Diogenes Laërtius, were hunting, entertaining his friends, and writing his histories. But he was at last expelled from this retreat by the Eleans, for what reason is not known, and he is said to have retired to Corinth, where he died about 360 B. C., at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

The manners and personal appearance of Xenophon are described by Laërtius in one short but comprehensive sentence, αἰδέμενον δὲ καὶ εὐειδέτατος εἰς ὑπερβολὴν, "modest in deportment and beautiful in person to a remarkable degree." As a philosopher he was strictly of the Socratic sect. Endeavoring to follow in practice the precepts which he had learned from the lips of his illustrious master, he disdained to waste his time upon mere verbal quibbles and useless disputes, and strove to be practical, to do good to his fellow men, and to inculcate the purest principles of morality.

As a writer, he has been universally held up as a model of purity, elegance, and ease. By some of his contemporaries he was styled "The Attic Muse," by others, "The Athenian Bee." He has the happy faculty of varying his style according to the subjects he is discussing, so that in philosophy, history, politics, and personal narrative, he appears equally at home.

As a man, Xenophon excites our fondest admiration, our warmest esteem. By his unaffected modesty and urbanity he gains the one; by his firm principles, moral and religious, he gains the other. His intimacy with Socrates, the testimony of his contemporaries, and the sentiments that pervade all his writings, attest his great moral worth.

The following fine remarks on Xenophon are taken from Mitchell's "Preliminary Discourse" to the Plays of Aristophanes:—

"Early in life, Xenophon had been thrown into those situations which make a man think and act for himself; which teach him practically how much more important it is, that there should be fixed principles of right and wrong in the minds of men in general; than that there should be a knowledge of letters or a feeling of their elegance in the minds of a few. The writer who has thrown equal interest into the account of a retreating army, and the description of a scene of coursing; who has described with the same fidelity a common groom, and a perfect pattern of conjugal fidelity, such a man had seen life under aspects which taught him to know that there were things of infinitely more importance than the turn of a phrase, the music of a cadence, and the other niceties, which are wanted by a luxurious and opulent metropolis.

"Estranged from his own country, at first by choice, and very soon afterwards by necessity, Xenophon became, almost before the age of manhood, a citizen of the world; and the virtuous feelings, which were necessary in a mind constituted as his was, let loose from the channels of mere patriotism, took into their comprehensive bosom the welfare of the world. Life, which had commenced with him in a manner singularly active and romantically perilous, was very soon exchanged for that quiet solitude, which either finds men good or makes them such. In his delightful retirement at Scillus,¹ amid those enchanting rural scenes, where a bad man finds himself an anomaly in the beautiful and harmonious works of nature around him, Xenophon had ample leisure to meditate on all that he had seen or heard. His own high talents, aided by such experience and such connections, would teach him what to omit, and what to press in a work, not intended merely for the wits and savans of Athens, but meant to be one of those eternal possessions, which great minds generate and perfect in solitude and retirement. It is the *Ethics*, therefore, of Socrates that are chiefly unfolded in the admirable *Memorabilia* of Xenophon; and after admitting that many of the higher doctrines of antiquity are but negatives² of the Christian precepts, he must be dead to the moral sense, who does not feel a burst of exultation within him, at seeing how much even unassisted nature is able to produce."

The chief works which Xenophon has left are as follows:—

I. *THE ANABASIS*, giving an account of the enlistment of the ten thousand Greeks, under Clearchus, in the service of the younger Cyrus; their march through Asia Minor and Syria to the battle-ground of Cunaxa; their achievements in the battle—their admirable retreat across the Tigris, up the eastern bank of that river, over the Carduchian Mountains, and through Armenia to the shores of the Hellespont. Had he written nothing else, this, by its charming narrative, its delineation of character, and its high-toned morality, would have immortalized his name.

II. *THE HELLENICÆ*.—This is an historical treatise divided into seven books, extending over a period of forty-eight years, taking up the

¹ It is difficult to imagine a more rational or more delightful life, than a few words of Diogenes Laërtius describe Xenophon as leading in that "loop-hole of retreat." Books, study, composition; the healthy sports of the field, and the enjoyments of social recreation; nothing seems wanting to the picture, which our imaginations are accustomed to draw of an accomplished heathen philosopher.

² How much this is the case in the great Christian precept of "doing as we would be done by," and the maxim of antiquity, which approaches nearest to it, has been well shown by Mitford in his *History of Greece*.

history of Greece from the time of Thucydides, and carrying it forward to the battle of Mantinea, 362 B. C.

III. *THE CYROPÆDIA*.—This is a sort of political romance, in eight books, the basis of which is the history of Cyrus the Great, the founder of the Persian empire. It is one of the most graceful and pleasing of Xenophon's works, portraying the course of rigid early training, in the paths of virtue and hardihood, submitted to by Cyrus and the younger Persian nobility.

IV. *THE ŒCONOMICUS*—an excellent treatise, written in the form of a dialogue between Socrates and Critobulus, showing forth the art which relates to the administration of one's household and property.

V. *THE AGESILAÛS*—which is a panegyric upon Agesilaus II., King of Sparta, the friend of Xenophon.

VI. *THE HIPPARCHICUS*—a treatise on the horse, and on the duties of a commander of cavalry, which is evidently the production of one thoroughly acquainted with the subject.

VII. *THE CYNÆGETICUS*—a treatise on hunting, an amusement of which Xenophon was very fond; on the breeding and training of dogs; and on the various kinds of game and the mode of taking them.

VIII. *THE MEMORABILIA OF SOCRATES*.—This consists of four books, in which Xenophon defends the memory of the Athenian sage against the charges of corrupting the youths of Athens, and of irreligion. He enters into specific examination of these two charges, and then demonstrates the actual life of his great master, of whom it is a genuine and beautiful picture. The ancients have left us no more pleasing and instructive book than this.

IX. *THE SYMPOSIUM, or BANQUET OF THE PHILOSOPHERS*.—The speakers are supposed to meet at the house of Callias, a rich Athenian, at the celebration of the great Panathenæa. Socrates, Critobulus, Antisthenes, Charmides, and others are the speakers, and the discussion turns on love and friendship. It is a picture of an Athenian party, and of the amusement and conversation with which it was diversified.

X. *THE HIERO* is a dialogue between King Hiero and Simonides, in which the king speaks of the dangers and difficulties incident to an exalted station, and the superior happiness of private men.

CYRUS TAKING BABYLON.

When Cyrus got to Babylon he posted his whole army round the city, then rode round the city himself, together with his

friends, and with such of his allies as he thought proper. When they were encamped Cyrus summoned to him the proper persons, and said : " Friends and allies ! we have taken a view of the city round, and I do not find that I can discover it is possible for one, by any attack, to make one's self master of walls that are so strong and so high. But the greater the numbers of men in the city are, since they venture not out to fight, so much the sooner, in my opinion, they may be taken by famine. Therefore, unless you have some other method to propose, I say that these men must be besieged and taken in that manner." Then Chrysantas said : " Does not this river, that is above two stadia over, run through the midst of the city ? " " Yes, by Jove ! " said Gobryas, " and it is of so great a depth, that two men, one standing on the other, would not reach above the water ; so that the city is yet stronger by the river than by its walls." Then Cyrus said : " Chrysantas, let us lay aside these things that are above our force ; it is our business, as soon as possible, to dig as broad and as deep a ditch as we can, each of us measuring out his proportion, that by this means we may want the fewer men to keep watch." So measuring out the ground around the wall, and from the side of the river, leaving a space sufficient for large turrets, he dug round the wall on every side a very great ditch ; and they threw up the earth towards themselves.

The ditches being now finished, Cyrus, when he heard that they were celebrating a festival in Babylon, in which all the Babylonians drank and revelled the whole night ; on that occasion, as soon as it grew dark, took a number of men with him, and opened the ditches into the river. When this was done the water ran off in the night by the ditches, and the passage of the river through the city became passable. When the affair of the river was thus managed, Cyrus gave orders to the Persian commanders of thousands, both foot and horse, to attend him, each with his thousand drawn up two in front, and the rest of the allies to follow in the rear, ranged as they used to be before. They came accordingly. Then making those that attended his person, both foot and horse, to go down into the dry part of the river, ordered them to try whether the channel of the river was passable. And when they brought him word that it was passable, he then called together the commanders both of foot and horse, and spoke to them in this manner :—

" The river, my friends, has yielded us a passage into the city ; let us boldly enter, and not fear anything within, considering that these people that we are now to march against

are the same that we defeated while they had their allies attending them, while they were awake, sober, armed, and in order. But now we march to them at a time that many of them are asleep, many drunk, and all of them in confusion; and when they discover that we are got in, they will then, by means of their consternation, be yet more unfit for service than they are now. Come on, then; take to your arms, and, with the help of the gods, I will lead you on. We must not be remiss, but march, that we take them as much unprepared as is possible."

When this was said they marched; and, of those that they met with, some they fell on and killed, some fled, and some set up a clamor. They that were with Gobryas joined in the clamor with them, as if they were revellers themselves, and marching on the shortest way that they could, they got round about the palace. Then they that attended Gadatas and Gobryas in military order, found the doors of the palace shut; and they that were posted opposite to the guards fell on them, as they were drinking, with a great deal of light around them, and used them immediately in a hostile manner. As soon as the noise and clamor began, they that were within perceiving the disturbance, and the king commanding them to examine what the matter was, ran out, throwing open the gates. They that were with Gadatas, as soon as they saw the gates loose, broke in, pressing forward on the runaways, and dealing their blows amongst them; they then came up to the king, and found him in a standing posture, with his sword drawn. They that were with Gadatas and Gobryas, being many in number, mastered him; they likewise that were with him were killed; one holding up something before him, another flying, and another defending himself with anything that he could meet with. Cyrus sent a body of horse up and down through the streets, bidding them kill those that they found abroad, and ordering some who understood the Syrian language to proclaim it to those that were in the houses to remain within, and that if any were found abroad they should be killed.

When day came, and they that guarded the castles perceived that the city was taken and the king dead, they gave up the castles. Cyrus immediately took possession of the castles, and sent commanders with garrisons into them. He gave up the dead to be buried by their relations, and ordered heralds to make proclamation that the Babylonians should bring out their arms, and made it be declared that in whatever house any arms should be found, all the people in it should suffer death. They accordingly brought out their arms, and Cyrus had them de-

posited in the castles, that they might be ready in case he should want them on any future occasion.

THE DEATH OF CYRUS.

“Children, and all you, my friends, here present! the conclusion of my life is now at hand, which I certainly know from many symptoms. * * Now, if I die, I leave you, children, behind me (whom the gods have given me), and I leave my country and my friends happy. Ought not I, therefore, in justice, to be always remembered, and mentioned as fortunate and happy? I must likewise declare to whom I leave my kingdom, lest that, being doubtful, should hereafter raise dissensions among you. Now, children, I bear an equal affection to you both; but I direct that the elder should have the advising and conducting of affairs, as his age requires it, and it is probable he has more experience. * * Do you, therefore, Cambyeses, hold the kingdom, as allotted you by the gods and by me, so far as it is in my power. To you, Tanoaxares, I bequeath the satrapy of the Medes, Armenians, and Cadusians; which when I allot you, I think I leave your elder brother a larger empire, and the title of a kingdom, but to you a happiness freer from care and vexation: for I do not see what human satisfaction you can need: but you will enjoy whatever appears agreeable and pleasing to men. * * *

“Know, therefore, Cambyeses, that it is not the golden sceptre which can preserve your kingdom; but faithful friends are a prince's truest and securest sceptre. But do not imagine that men are naturally faithful (for then they would appear so to all, as other natural endowments do); but every one must render others faithful to himself: and they are not to be procured by violence, but rather by kindness and beneficence. If, therefore, you would constitute other joint guardians with you of your kingdom, whom can you better begin with than him who is of the same blood with yourself? * * The taking care of a brother is providing for one's self. To whom can the advancement of a brother be equally honorable, as to a brother? Who can show a regard to a great and powerful man equal to his brother? Who will fear to injure another, so much as him whose brother is in an exalted station? Be, therefore, second to none in submission and good-will to your brother, since no one can be so particularly serviceable or injurious to you. And I would have you consider how you can hope for greater

advantages by obliging any one so much as him? Or whom can you assist that will be so powerful an ally in war? Or what is more infamous than want of friendship between brothers? Whom, of all men, can we so handsomely pay regard to as to a brother? In a word, Cambyzes, your brother is the only one you can advance next to your person without the envy of others. Therefore, in the name of the gods, children, have regard for one another, if you are careful to do what is acceptable to me. For you ought not to imagine, you certainly know, that after I have closed this period of human life I shall no longer exist: for neither do you now see my soul, but you conclude, from its operations, that it does exist. And have you not observed what terrors and apprehensions murderers are inspired with by those who have suffered violence from them? What racks and torture do they convey to the guilty? Or how do you think honors should have continued to be paid to the deceased, if their souls were destitute of all power and virtue? No, children, I can never be persuaded that the soul lives no longer than it dwells in this mortal body, and that it dies on its separation; for I see that the soul communicates vigor and motion to mortal bodies during its continuance in them. Neither can I be persuaded that the soul is divested of intelligence, on its separation from this gross, senseless body; but it is probable, that when the soul is separated, it becomes pure and entire, and is then more intelligent. It is evident that, on man's dissolution, every part of him returns to what is of the same nature with itself, except the soul; that alone is invisible, both during its presence here, and its departure. And you may have observed that nothing resembles death so much as sleep; but then it is that the human soul appears most divine, and has a prospect of futurity; for then it is probable the soul is most free and independent. If, therefore, things are as I think, and that the soul leaves the body, having regard to my soul, comply with my request. But if it be otherwise, and that the soul continuing in the body perishes with it, let nothing appear in your thoughts or actions criminal or impious, for fear of the gods, who are eternal, whose power and inspection extend over all things, and who preserve the harmony and order of the universe free from decay or defect, whose greatness and beauty is inexplicable! Next to the gods, have regard to the whole race of mankind, in perpetual succession; for the gods have not concealed you in obscurity; but there is a necessity that your actions should be conspicuous to the world. If they are virtuous, and free from injustice, they will give you power and

interest in all men; but if you project what is unjust against each other, no man will trust you; for no one can place a confidence in you, though his inclination to do it be ever so great, when he sees you unjust, where it most becomes you to be a friend. * * *

"When I am dead, children, do not inshrine my body in gold, nor in silver, nor anything else; but lay it in the earth as soon as possible; for what can be more happy than to mix with the earth, which gives birth and nourishment to all things excellent and good? And as I have always hitherto borne an affection to men, so it is now most pleasing to me to incorporate with that which is beneficial to men. Now," said he, "it seems to me that my soul is beginning to leave me, in the same manner as it is probable it begins its departure with others. If, therefore, any of you are desirous of touching my right hand, or willing to see my face while it has life, come near to me; for, when I shall have covered it, I request of you, children, that neither yourselves, nor any others, would look on my body. Summon all the Persians and their allies before my tomb, to rejoice for me; that I shall be then out of danger of suffering any evil, whether I shall be with the gods, or shall be reduced to nothing. As many as come, do you dismiss with all those favors that are thought proper for a happy man. And," said he, "remember this as my last and dying words. If you do kindnesses to your friends, you will be able to injure your enemies. Farewell, dear children, and tell this to your mother as from me. And all you, my friends, both such of you as are here present, and the rest who are absent—farewell!" Having said this, and taken every one by the right hand, he covered himself, and thus expired.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

Prodicus tells us, to the best of my remembrance, that Hercules having attained to that stage of life when man, being left to the government of himself, seldom fails to give certain indications whether he will walk in the paths of virtue or wander through all the intricacies of vice, perplexed and undetermined what course to pursue, retired into a place where silence and solitude might bestow on him that tranquillity and leisure so necessary for deliberation, when two women, of more than ordinary stature, came on towards him. The countenance of the one, open and amiable, and elevated with an air of con-

scious dignity. Her person was adorned with native elegance, her look with modesty, every gesture with decency, and her garments were altogether of the purest white. The other was comely, but bloated, as from too high living. Affecting softness and delicacy, every look, every action, was studied and constrained; while *art* contributed all its powers to give those charms to her complexion and shape which nature had denied her. Her look was bold, the blush of modesty she was a stranger to, and her dress was contrived, not to *conceal*, but to *display* those beauties she supposed herself possessed of. She would look round to see if any observed her; and not only so, but she would frequently stand still to admire her own shadow. Drawing near to the place where the hero sat musing, eager and anxious for the advantage of first accosting him, she hastily ran forward; while the person who accompanied her moved on with her usual pace, equal and majestic. Joining him, she said, "I know, my Hercules! you have long been deliberating on the course of life you should pursue; engage with me in friendship, and I will lead you through those paths which are smooth and flowery, where every delight shall court your enjoyment, and pain and sorrow shall not once appear. Absolved from all the fatigue of business and the hardships of war, your employment shall be to share in the social pleasures of the table, or repose on beds of down; no sense shall remain without its gratification; beauty shall delight the eye and melody the ear, and perfumes shall breathe their odors around you. Nor shall your care be once wanted for the procuring of these things: neither be afraid lest time should exhaust your stock of joys, and reduce you to the necessity of purchasing new, either by the labor of body or mind: it is to the toil of *others* that you alone shall owe them! Scruple not, therefore, to seize whatever seemeth most desirable; for this privilege I bestow on *all* who are my votaries."

Hercules having heard so flattering an invitation, demanded her name. "My friends," said she, "call me *Happiness*; but they who do not love me endeavor to make me odious, and therefore brand me with the name of *Sensuality*."

By this time the other person being arrived, thus addressed him in her turn:—

"I also, O Hercules! am come to offer you my friendship, for I am no stranger to your high descent; neither was I wanting to remark the goodness of your disposition in all the exercises of your childhood; from whence I gather hopes, if you choose to follow where I lead the way, it will not be long ere

you have an opportunity of performing many actions glorious to *yourself* and honorable to *me*. But I mean not to allure you with specious promises of pleasure, I will *plainly* set before you things as they *really* are, and show you in what manner the gods think proper to dispose of them. Know, therefore, young man! these wise governors of the universe have decreed, that nothing great, nothing excellent, shall be obtained without care and labor. They give no *real* good, no *true* happiness, on *other* terms. If, therefore, you would secure the favor of these gods, adore them. If you would conciliate to yourself the affection of your friends, be of *use* to them. If to be honored and respected of the republic be your aim, show your fellow-citizens how effectually you can serve them. But if it is your ambition that all Greece shall esteem you, let all Greece share the benefits arising from your labors. If you wish for the fruits of the earth, cultivate it. If for the increase of your flocks or your herds, let your flocks and your herds have your attendance and your care. And if your design is to advance yourself by arms, if you wish for the power of defending your friends, and subduing your enemies, learn the art of war under those who are well acquainted with it; and, when learnt, employ it to the best advantage. And if to have a body ready and well able to perform what you wish from it, be your desire, subject yours to your reason, and let exercise and hard labor give to it strength and agility."

At these words, as Prodicus informs us, the other interrupted her: "You see," said she, "my Hercules, the long, the *laborious* road she means to lead you; but *I* can conduct you to happiness by a path more short and easy."

"Miserable wretch!" replied Virtue, "what happiness canst thou boast of? *Thou*, who wilt not take the least pains to procure it! Doth not satiety always anticipate desire? Wilt thou wait till hunger invites thee to eat, or stay till thou art thirsty before thou drinkest? Or, rather, to give some relish to thy repast, must not art be called in to supply the want of appetite? while thy wines, though costly, can yield no delight, but the ice in summer is sought for to cool and make them grateful to thy palate! Beds of down, or the softest couch, can procure no sleep for *thee*, whom *idleness* inclines to seek for repose; not *labor* and *fatigue*, which *alone* prepare for it. Nor dost thou leave it to nature to direct thee in thy pleasures, but *all* is art and shameless impurity. The night is polluted with riot and crimes, while the day is given up to sloth and inactivity: and, though immortal, thou art become an *outcast*

from the gods, and the contempt and scorn of all good men. Thou boastest of *happiness*; but what *happiness* canst thou boast of? Where was it that the sweetest of all sounds, the music of just self-praise, ever reached thine ear? Or when couldst thou view, with complacency and satisfaction, *one* worthy deed of thy own performing? Is there any who will trust thy word, or depend upon thy promise; or, if sound in judgment, be of thy society? For, among thy followers, which of them, in youth, are not altogether effeminate and infirm of body? Which of them, in age, not stupid and debilitated in every faculty of the mind? While wasting their prime in thoughtless indulgence, they prepare for themselves all that pain and remorse so sure to attend the close of such a life! Ashamed of the past, afflicted with the present, they weary themselves in bewailing that folly which lavished on youth all the joys of life, and left nothing to old age but pain and imbecility!

"As for *me*, my dwelling is alone with the gods and good men; and, without *me*, nothing great, nothing excellent, can be performed, whether on earth or in the heavens; so that my praise, my esteem, is with *all* who know me! I make the labor of the artist pleasant, and bring to the father of his family security and joy; while the slave, as his lord, is alike my care. In peace I direct to the most useful councils, in war approve myself a faithful ally; and *I* only can tie the bond of indissoluble friendship. Nor do my votaries even fail to find *pleasure* in their repasts, though small cost is wanted to furnish out their table; for hunger, not art, prepares it for them; while their sleep, which follows the labor of the day, is far more sweet than whatever expense can procure for idleness: yet, sweet as it is, they quit it unreluctant when called by their duty, whether to the gods or men. The young enjoy the applause of the aged, the aged are revered and respected by the young. Equally delighted with reflecting on the past, or contemplating the present, their attachment to me renders them favored of the gods, dear to their friends, and honored by their country. And when the fatal hour is arrived, they sink not, like others, into an inglorious oblivion, but, immortalized by fame, flourish forever in the grateful remembrance of admiring posterity! Thus, O Hercules! thou great descendant of a glorious race of heroes! thus mayst thou attain that supreme felicity wherewith I have been empowered to reward all those who willingly yield themselves up to my direction."

"See here, my Aristippus," continued Socrates; "see here

the advice which, Prodicus tells us, Virtue gave the young hero. He clothes it, as you may suppose, in more exalted language than I have attempted; but it will be your wisdom if you endeavor to profit from what he hath said, and consider at present what may befall you hereafter."

ARISTOPHANES.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 425 B. C.

The Muses seeking for a shrine,
Whose glories ne'er should cease;
Found, as they stray'd, the soul divine
Of Aristophanes.

Merivale's Version of Plato.

THIS great Athenian comic poet was born about 444 B. C. Of his private history we know nothing, except that he indulged himself in convivial entertainments, and would at times spend whole nights in drinking and witty conversation. His society and conversation were so fascinating, however, that many of his distinguished contemporaries were often found in his company, and even Plato gives him a distinguished place in his banquet. His first comedy was exhibited about 425, and his last 388 B. C., and he died at the advanced age of seventy years, having been the author of fifty four plays, of which eleven are extant.

The comedies of Aristophanes are of the highest historical interest, as they contain an admirable series of caricatures on the leading men of the day, and a contemporary commentary on the evils existing at Athens. The first evil of his own time against which he inveighs, is the Peloponnesian war, which he regards as the work of Pericles. Another object of his satire was the system of education introduced by the sophists, who made persuasion and not truth the object of man in his intercourse with his fellows; and for effect he extended these true objects of satire to the virtuous and gifted Socrates, whom in the "Clouds" he held up to the derision of the Athenian people. Another feature of the times which came in for its share of his ridicule was the litigious spirit of the Athenians, the consequent importance of the "dicasts," or jurymen, and the disgraceful abuse of their power, all of which enormities, with many others of his day, were made by Aristophanes the objects of continual attack.

The following are the names of the eleven comedies of Aristophanes, that are extant, and probably in the chronological order in which they were exhibited: "Acharnians," 425; "Knights," 424; "Clouds," 422; "Wasps," 422; "Peace," 421; "Birds," 414; "Sysistrata," 411; "Thesmophoriazussæ," 411; "Frogs," 405; "Ecclesiazussæ," 392; and "Plutus," 388 B. C. In the "Acharnians," Aristophanes paints the sad evils of the Peloponnesian war. In the "Knights," personifying the Athenian people as *Demus* (as Americans would be represented by *Brother Jonathan*), he represents the vices and follies of his countrymen. In the "Clouds," feeling a contempt for the sophists, he seizes upon Socrates, most unjustly, as their representative, and holds him up to ridicule. In the "Wasps" he satirizes the well-known litigiousness of the Athenian people. The "Thesmophoriazussæ" is a bitter attack upon the vices prevalent among the female sex. Its name is taken from the *Thesmophoria*, or feast of Ceres and Bacchus, at which women alone were present. The comedy called "Peace" is in praise and recommendation of that first of private and public blessings. The "Birds" exposes the ambitious schemes of Alcibiades, and parodies and ridicules some of the plays of Euripides. In the "Plutus" he vindicates the conduct of Providence in the ordinary distribution of wealth, and at the same time shows the tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possess them.

The comedies of Aristophanes are universally regarded as the standard of Attic writing in its greatest purity.¹ His genius was vast, ver-

¹ Men smile when they hear the anecdote of one of the most venerable fathers of the church,* who never went to bed without Aristophanes under his pillow. But the noble tone of morals, the elevated taste, the sound political wisdom, the boldness and acuteness of the satire, the grand object, which is seen throughout, of correcting the follies of the day, and improving the condition of his country—all these are features in Aristophanes, which, however disguised, as they intentionally are, by coarseness and buffoonery, entitle him to the highest respect from every reader of antiquity. He condescended, indeed, to play the part of jester to the Athenian tyrant. But his jests were the vehicles for telling to them the soundest truths. They were never without a far higher aim than to raise a momentary laugh. He was no farce writer, but a deep philosophical politician; grieved and ashamed at the condition of his country, and through the stage, the favorite amusement of Athenians, aiding to carry on the one great common work, which Plato proposed in his dialogues, and in which all the better and nobler spirits of the time seem to have concurred as by a confederacy—the reformation of an atrocious democracy. There is as much system in the comedies of Aristophanes as in the dialogues of Plato. Every part of a vitiated public mind is exposed in its turn. Its demagogues in the *Knights*, its courts of justice in the *Wasps*, its foreign policy in the *Acharnians*, its tyranny over the allies in the *Birds*, the state of female society in the *Sysistrata* and the *Ecclesiazussæ*, and its corrupt poetical taste in the *Frogs*. No one play is

* Chrysostom.

satire, and original, and his knowledge of human nature surpassed by Homer and Shakspeare alone. He uniformly varies and accommodates his style to his subject, and to the speakers in the scene. On some occasions it is elevated, grave, sublime, and polished to a wonderful degree of brilliancy and beauty; while in others it sinks and descends into humble dialogue, provincial rusticity, coarse obscenity, and even to puns and quibbles. The versatility, too, of his genius is admirable; for in his varied scenes he gives us every rank and condition of men, and in every one he is strictly characteristic. In some passages, and frequently in his choruses, he soars beyond the ordinary province of comedy, into the loftiest flights of poetry; and in these he is scarcely surpassed by either Æschylus or Pindar. In sentiment and good sense he is not inferior to Euripides; and in the acuteness of his criticisms no poet of antiquity equalled him.

SCENES FROM THE CLOUDS.¹

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

STREPSIADES, *the Father.*PHEIDIPPIDES, *the Spendthrift Son.*SERVANT *to Strepsiades.*DISCIPLES *of Socrates.*

SOCRATES.

CHORUS *of Clouds.*

SCENE I.

[Strepsiades is discovered in his chamber, Pheidippides sleeping in his bed. Time, before break of day.]

Strepsiades. (Stretching and yawning.)

O dear! O dear!

O Lord! O Zeus! these nights, how long they are.

without its definite object: and the state of national education, as the greatest cause of all, is laid open in the Clouds. Whatever light is thrown, by that admirable play, upon the character of Socrates, and the position which he occupies in the Platonic Dialogues—a point, it may be remarked, on which the greatest mistakes are daily made—it is chiefly valuable as exhibiting, in a short but very complete analysis, and by a number of fine Rembrandt-like strokes, not any of which must be overlooked, all the features of that frightful school of sophistry, which at that time was engaged systematically in corrupting the Athenian youth, and against which the whole battery of Plato was pointedly directed.—*Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato*, by W. SEWALL, B. D.

¹ The Clouds was intended as an exhibition of the corrupt state of education at Athens, and as an exposure of Socrates, whom the poet chose to consider as the principal author of that corruption. The story is of a young spendthrift, who has involved his father in debt by his passion for horses, and who, being placed under the care of Socrates, soon learns to defraud his creditors, to contemn his father, and to regard honor amongst men, and piety towards the gods, as the by-gone dreams and vulgar prejudices of a barbarous age. The metaphysics of the Sophists are embodied in the person of

Will they ne'er pass? will the day never come?
 Surely I heard the cock crow, hours ago.
 Yet still my servants snore. These are new customs.
 O 'ware of war for many various reasons;
 One fears in war even to flog his servants.
 And here's this hopeful son of mine wrapped up
 Snoring and sweating under five thick blankets.
 Come, we'll wrap up and snore in opposition. (*Tries to sleep.*)
 But I can't sleep a wink, devoured and bitten
 By ticks, and bug-bears, duns, and race-horses,
 All through this son of mine. *He curls his hair,*
And sports his thorough-breds, and drives his tandem;
 Even in dreams he rides: while I—I'm ruined
 Now that the Moon has reached her twentieths,
 And paying time comes on. [*Boy enters with a light and tablets.*]

Boy! light a candle,
 And fetch my ledger: now I'll reckon up
 Who are my creditors, and what I owe them.
 Come, let me see then. Fifty pounds to Pasiás!
 Why fifty pounds to Pasiás? what were they for?
 O, for the hack from Corinth. O dear! O dear!
 I wish my eye had been hacked out before—
Pheidippides. (In his sleep.) You are cheating, Philon; keep to your
 own side.

Streps. Ah! there it is! that's what has ruined me!

Why, in his very sleep he thinks of horses.

Pheid. (In his sleep.) How many heats do the war-chariots run?

Streps. A pretty many heats you have run your father.

Now, then, what debt assails me after Pasiás?

A currie and wheels. Twelve pounds. Amynias.

Pheid. (In his sleep.) Here, give the horse a roll, and take him home.

Streps. You have rolled me out of house and home, my boy,

Cast in some suits already, while some swear

They will distrain for payment.

Pheid. (Wakes.) Good, my father,

What makes you toss so restless all night long?

Streps. There's a bumbailiff from the mattress bites me.

Pheid. Come, now, I prithee, let me sleep in peace.

Streps. Well, then, you sleep: only be sure of this,

These debts will fall on your own head at last.

Alas, alas! Forever cursed be that same matchmaker,

Who stirred me up to marry your poor mother.

Socrates. How foul a wrong this was to that great and good man (himself a most decided antagonist of the Sophists), every one at all read in Grecian history well knows; nor is it an excuse for the traducer to say that he erred through ignorance, or foresaw not the destruction which his calumnies were assistant in bringing down on the head of his guiltless victim. But time has set all even, and "poor Socrates"—as a far loftier bard has sung—

"Poor Socrates,
 By what he taught, and suffered for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now,
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors."—*Par. Reg.*, b. iii. v. 96.

Mine in the country was the pleasantest life ;
 I was so rough, unpolished, independent ;
 Full of my sheep, and honey-bees, and raisins.
 Ah ! then I married—I a rustic—her,
 A fine town-lady, niece of Megacles.
 A regular, proud, luxurious, Cæsyra.
 This wife I married, and we came together,
 I rank with cheese-racks, wine-lees, dripping wool ;
 She all with scents, and saffron, and tongue-kissings,
 Feasting, expense, and lordly modes of loving.
 She was not idle, though—she was too fast.
 I told her once, showing my only cloak,
 Threadbare and worn : Wife, you're too fast by half.

[*Boy re-enters.*]

Servant-boy. Here's no more oil remaining in the lamp.

Streps. O me ! what made you light the tipling lamp ?
 Come and be whipp'd.

Serv. Why, what would you whip me for ?

Streps. Why did you put one of those thick wicks in ?

Well, when at last to me and my good woman

This hopeful son was born, our son and heir,

Why then we took to wrangle on the name.

She was for giving him some knightly name,

Callippides, Xanthippus, or Charippus :

I wished, Phidonides, his grandsire's name.

Thus for some time we argued : till at last

We compromised it on Phidippides.

This boy she took, and used to spoil him, saying,

Some day you'll drive in purple to the Rock,

Like Megacles, your uncle : whilst I said,

Some day you'll drive our goats from yonder hills,

In rough inverted hides, like me your father.

Well, he cared naught for my advice, but soon

A galloping consumption caught my fortunes.

Now cogitating all night long, I've found

One way, one marvellous transcendent way,

Which, if he'll follow, we may yet be saved.

So—but, however, I must rouse him first ;

But how to rouse him kindest ? that's the rub.

Phidippides, my sweet one.

[*Speaking in a soft tone.*]

Pheid. Well, my father.

Streps. Shake hands, Phidippides, shake hands and kiss me.

Pheid. There ; what's the matter ?

Streps. Dost thou love me, boy ?

Pheid. Ay ! by Poseidon there, the God of horses.

Streps. No, no, not that : miss out the God of horses,

That God's the origin of all my evils.

But if you love me from your heart and soul,

My son, obey me.

Pheid. Well, and what's your will ?

Streps. Strip with all speed, strip off your present habits,
 And go and learn what I'll advise you to.

Pheid. Name your commands.

Streps. Will you obey?

Pheid. I will,
By Dionysus!

Streps. Well, then, look this way.
See you that wicket and the lodge beyond?

Pheid. I see: and prithee what is that, my father?

Streps. That is the thinking-house of sapient souls.
There dwell the men who teach—ay, who persuade us,
That Heaven is one vast fire-extinguisher
Placed round about us, and that we're the cinders.
Ay, and they'll teach (only they'll want some money)
How one may speak and conquer, right or wrong.

Pheid. Come, tell their names.

Streps. Well, I can't quite remember,
But they're deep thinkers, and true gentlemen.

Pheid. Out on the rogues! I know them. Those rank pedants,
Those mealy, barefoot vagabonds you mean:

That Chærephon, and Socrates, poor devil.

Streps. Oh! Oh! hush! hush! don't use those foolish words;
But if the sorrows of my barley touch you,
Enter their Schools and out the Turf for ever.

Pheid. I wouldn't go, so help me Dionysus,
For all Leogoras's breed of racers!

Streps. Go, I beseech you, dearest, dearest son,
Go and be taught.

Pheid. And what would you have me learn!

Streps. 'Tis known that in their Schools they keep two Logics,
The Worse (Zeus save the mark), the Worse and Better.

This Second Logic, then, I mean the Worse one,
They teach to talk unjustly and—prevail.
Think, then, you only learn that Unjust Logic,
And all the debts, which I have incurred through you—
I'll never pay, no, not one farthing of them.

Pheid. I will not go. It were a burning shame.

How could I speak to knights, a yellow pedant!

Streps. O! then, by Zeus, you've ate your last of mine,
You, and your coach-horse, and your out-rider:
Out with you! Go to pot,¹ for all I care.

Pheid. But Uncle Megacles won't leave me long
Without a horse: I'll go to him: good-by.

Streps. I'm thrown, by Zeus, but I won't long lie prostrate.
I'll pray the Gods and send myself to school:

I'll go at once and try their thinking-house.

Stay: how can I, forgetful, slow, old fool,
Learn the nice hair-splittings of subtle Logic.

Well, go I must. 'Twon't do to linger here.

Come on, I'll knock the door. Boy. Ho, there. Boy.

Student. (*Within.*) Ugh! Go to pot! who's knocking at the door?

¹ The literal Greek phrase is *εἰς κοῦρας*, "to the crows," happily here translated by our familiar phrase, "go to pot."

Streps. I! Phidon's son: Strepsiades of Cicynna.

Stud. Why, what a clown you are! so viciously,
Rudely, and carelessly, to kick out door!
You've made my cogitation to miscarry.

Streps. Forgive me: I'm an awkward country fool.
But tell me, what was that I made miscarry?

Stud. 'Tis not allowed: Students alone may hear.

Streps. O that's all right: you may tell me: I'm come
To be a student in your thinking-house.

Stud. Come, then. But they're high mysteries, remember.

'Twas Socrates was asking Chærephon,
How many feet of its own a flea could jump.
For one had just bit Chærephon's huge eyebrow,
Then off it hopped, and pitched on Socrates.

Streps. How did he measure this?

Stud. Most cleverly.

He warmed some wax, and then he caught the flea,
And dipped its feet into the wax he'd melted:
Then let it cool, and there were Persian slippers!
These he took off, and so he found the distance.

Streps. O Zeus and king, what subtle intellects!

Stud. What would you say then if you heard another,
Our Master's own?

Streps. O come, do tell me that.

Stud. Why, Chærephon was asking him in turn,
Which theory did he sanction; that the gnats
Hummed through their mouth, or backwards, through the tail?

Streps. Ay, and what said your Master of the gnat?

Stud. He answered thus: the entrail of the gnat
Is small: and through this narrow pipe the wind
Rushes with violence straight towards the tail;
There, close against this pipe, the hollow end
Receives the wind, and whistles to the blast.

Streps. Then the hind end is trumpet to the gnats!

O happy, happy in your entrail-learning:
Full surely need he fear nor debts, nor duns,
Who knows about the entrails of the gnats.

After a little further conversation between the "Student" and
"Strepsiades," the latter looks up and sees Socrates suspended in the
air, in a basket, and exclaims:—

Hollo! who's that? that fellow in the basket?

Stud. That's HE.

Streps. Who's HE?

Stud. 'Tis Socrates.

Streps. Socrates!¹

You, sir, call out to him as loud as you can.

¹ Strepsiades roars out; Socrates, wrapt in contemplation, does not hear him. The student, afraid to interrupt his meditations, excuses himself by suddenly recollecting a press of business, and retires.

Stud. Call him yourself: I have not leisure now.

Streps. Socrates! Socrates!

Sweet Socrates!

Socr. Mortal! why call'st thou me?

Streps. O, first of all, please tell me what you are doing.

Socr. I walk on air, and contem-plate the Sun.

Streps. O then from a basket you condemn the Gods,

And not from the earth, at any rate?

Socr. Most true.

I could not have searched out celestial matters

Without suspending judgment, and infusing

My subtle spirit with the kindred air.

If from the ground I were to seek these things,

I could not find: so surely doth the earth

Draw to herself the essence of our thought.

The same too is the case with water-cress.¹

Streps. Hillo! what's that?

Thought draws the essence into water-cress?

Come, down, sweet Socrates, more near my level,

And teach the lessons which I come to learn.

Socr. And wherefore art thou come?

Streps. To learn to speak.

For owing to my horrid debts and duns,

My goods are seized, I'm robbed, and mobbed, and plundered.

Socr. How did you get involved with your eyes open?

Streps. A galloping consumption seized my money.

Come, now: do let me learn the unjust Logic

That can shirk debts: now do just let me learn it.

Name your own price, by all the Gods I'll pay it.

Socr. Old man, sit you still, and attend to my will, and hearken in peace to my prayer.

O Master and King, holding earth in your swing, O measureless infinite Air;

And thou, glowing Ether, and Clouds who enwreathe her with thunder, and lightning, and storms,

Arise ye and shine, bright Ladies Divine, to your student in bodily forms.

Streps. No, but stay, no, but stay, just one moment I pray, while my cloak round my temples I wrap.

To think that I've come, stupid fool, from my home, without either beaver or cap!

¹ In Greek *κάρδαμα* (*cardama*), translated "water-cress." "To hear Socrates talk," says Alcibiades in the Symposium of Plato, "appears to a superficial observer very ridiculous, for his conversation is all about donkeys, and coppersmiths, and cobblers, and tanners: but look deeper, and you will find that there is a hidden meaning in all this, a meaning full of virtue, piety, and divinity: like the sculptured figures of Silenus, which, without, are coarse, and rude, and repulsive, but within, are the images of the gods." In what follows, Strepsiades catches at the word *κάρδαμα*, probably the first word he has thoroughly understood, and after displaying his utter inability to comprehend such philosophical language, beseeches his new master to descend to his level, both in a physical and in an intellectual sense.

Socr. Come forth, come forth, dread Clouds, and to earth your glorious majesty show;
 Whether lightly ye rest on the time-honored crest of Olympus environed in snow,
 Or tread the soft dance 'mid the stately expanse of old Ocean, the nymphs to beguile,
 Or stoop to enfold with your pitchers of gold, the mystical waves of the Nile,
 Or around the white foam of Mæotis ye roam, or Mimas all wintry and bare,
 O! hear while we pray, and turn not away from the rites which your servants prepare.

Chorus. Clouds of all hue,
 Rise we aloft with our garments of dew.
 Come from old Ocean's unchangeable bed,
 Come, till the mountain's green summits we tread,
 Come to the peaks with their landscapes untold,
 Gaze on the Earth with her harvests of gold,
 Gaze on the rivers in majesty streaming,
 Gaze on the lordly, invincible Sea,
 Come, for the Eye of the Ether is beaming,
 Come, for all Nature is flashing and free.
 Let us shake off this close-clinging dew
 From our members eternally new,
 And sail upwards the wide world to view.
 Come away! Come away!

Socr. O Goddesses mine, great Clouds and divine, ye have heeded and answered my prayer.

Heard ye their sound, and the thunder around, as it thrilled through the petrified air?

Streps. Yes, by Zeus, and I shake, and I'm all of a quake, and I fear I must sound a reply,
 Their thunders have made my soul so afraid, and those terrible voices so nigh:

Socr. Don't act in our schools like those Comedy-fools with their scurrilous scandalous ways.

Deep silence be thine: while this Cluster divine their soul-stirring melody raise.

Chorus. Come, then, with me,
 Daughters of Mist, to the land of the free.
 Come to the people whom Pallas hath blest,
 Come to the soil where the Mysteries rest;
 Come, where the glorified Temple invites
 The pure to partake of its mystical rites:
 Holy the gifts that are brought to the Gods,
 Shrines with festoons and with garlands are crowned,
 Pilgrims resort to the sacred abodes,
 Gorgeous the festivals all the year round.
 And the Bromian rejoicings in Spring,
 When the flutes with their deep music ring,
 And the sweetly-toned Choruses sing
 Come away! Come away!

Streps. O Socrates, pray, by all the Gods, say, for I earnestly long to be told,

Who are these that recite with such grandeur and might? are they glorified mortals of old?

Socr. No mortals are there, but Clouds of the air, great Gods who the indolent fill:

These grant us discourse, and logical force, and the art of persuasion instil,

And periphrasis strange, and a power to arrange, and a marvellous judgment and skill.

Streps. So then when I heard their omnipotent word, my spirit felt all of a flutter,

And it yearns to begin subtle cobwebs to spin, and about metaphysics to stutter,

And together to glue an "idea" or two, and battle away in replies:

So, if it's not wrong, I earnestly long to behold them myself with my eyes.

Socr. Look up in the air, towards Parnes,¹ out there, for I see they will pitch before long

These regions about.

Streps. Where, point me them out.

Socr. They are drifting, an infinite throng,

And their long shadows quake over valley and brake.²

Streps. Why, whatever's the matter to-day?

I can't see them a bit.

Socr. There, they're close by the pit.

Streps. Ah, I just got a glimpse, by the way.

Socr. There, now you must see how glorious they be, or your eyes must be pumpkins, I vow.

Streps. Ah! I see them proceed; I should think so, indeed: great powers! they fill everything now.

Socr. So, then, till this day that celestials were they, you never imagined nor knew?

Streps. Why, no, on my word, for I always had heard they were nothing but vapor and dew.

¹ The clouds are represented as irritated by their discourteous reception, and threatening to fly off to the heights of Mount Parnes, the high mountain ridge on the north of Attica, from which they had come.

² "Aristophanes," says Mr. Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, "knew and felt more of the noble landscape character of his country than any whose works have come down to us, except Homer. The individuality and distinctness of conception," he goes on to say, "the visible cloud character which every line of this passage brings out into more dewy and bright existence, is to me as refreshing as the real breathing of mountain winds. The line *δὴ τῶν κούλων καὶ τῶν θασίων, αἵ ται πλάγριαί*, could have been written by none but an ardent lover of the hill scenery, one who had watched hour after hour the peculiar oblique, sidelong action of descending clouds, as they form along the hollows and ravines of the hills. There are no lumpish solidities, no billowy protuberances here. All is melting, drifting, evanescent, full of air, and light as dew."

Socr. O, then I declare, you can't be aware that 'tis these who the sophists protect,
 Prophets sent beyond sea, quacks of every degree, fops signet-and-jewel-bedecked,
 Astrological knaves, and fools who their staves of dithyrambs proudly rehearse—
 'Tis the Clouds who all these support at their ease, because they exalt them in verse.¹

A PARABASIS FROM "THE BIRDS."

Ye children of man, whose life is a span,
 Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
 Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
 Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!
 Attend to the words of the sovereign birds
 (Immortal, illustrious lords of the air),
 Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
 Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
 Whence you may learn, and clearly discern
 Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
 Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
 A profound speculation about the creation,
 And organical life, and chaotical strife,
 With various notions of heavenly motions,
 And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
 And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
 And stars in the sky. We propose, by and by
 (If you'll listen and hear), to make it all clear,
 And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
 When his doubts are explained and expounded at once.

Before the creation of *Æther* and *Light*,
 Chaos and Night together were plight,
 In the dungeon of *Erebus* foully bedight;
 Nor Ocean, or Air, or Substance was there,
 Or Solid or Rare, or Figure or Form,
 But horrible *Tartarus* ruled in the storm.
 At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
 Of *Erebus* old, was a privy deposit,
 By Night the primeval in secrecy laid;
 A mystical egg, that in silence and shade
 Was brooded and hatch'd; till time came about:

¹ This extract is taken from an anonymous translation published in Oxford, 1852—a most spirited and faithful version in corresponding metres, and conveying the best idea of the original of any I have ever met with. The Greek motto on the title page is as appropriate as it is beautiful—*παντα καθαρά καθαίρει*—"to the pure all things are pure."

² The Parabasis (*παράβασις*, literally "a walking beside," "a digression," from the plot) was a part of the old comedy in which the Chorus came forward and addressed the audience in the poet's name, and was in no way connected with the main action, as its name imports.

And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
 In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
 Sparkling and florid, with stars on his forehead,
 His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
 As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd,
 To range his dominions, on glittering pinions,
 And golden and azure, and blooming and burnish'd.

He soon in the murky Tartarean recesses,
 With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses,
 Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatch'd
 To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
 The primitive Birds: But the Deities all,
 The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
 Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth,
 More tamely combin'd, of a temperate kind,
 When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fixture.

Our antiquity prov'd, it remains to be shown,
 That Love is our author and master alone;
 Like him we can ramble, and gambol, and fly
 O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky:
 And all the world over we're friends to the lover,
 And when other means fail, we are found to prevail,
 When a peacock or pheasant is sent for a present.

Frere.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

TETRAEUS—CHORUS.

Try. Ever lovely, ever dear,
 How may I salute thine ear!
 O what size of words may tell
 Half the charms that in thee dwell!
 In thy sight are joy and pleasure,
 Without stint and without measure.
 In thy breath is all that flings
 Sense and thought of choicest things;
 Dropping odors—rosy wine—
 Fragrant spike and nard divine.

Ch. Pipe and lute and dance are there,
 Tragic pomp and stately air:
 With the Sophoclean strain,
 When he's in his noblest vein,
 And the daintier lays that please,
 Falling from Euripides.

Try. (*Interrupting.*) Out upon thee! Fie! for shame!
 Vex me not with such a name!
 Half a pleader—half a bard—
 How may such win her regard?

Ch. O she's joy and recreation,
 Vintage in full operation,
 Vat and cask in requisition,

Strainer making inquisition
 For the new-press'd grape and wine,
 What is foul and what is fine!
 Round, meantime, the fleecy brood
 Clamor for their fragrant food;
 Which by village dame or maid—
 Bosom-laden—is conveyed.
 Thus without; while all within
 Marks the harvest's jovial din;
 Hand to hand the goblets flying,
 Or in sweet disorder lying;
 Serf and master, slave and free
 Joining in the glad some glee
 Of a general jollity. }
 These and thousand blessings more
 Peace hath ever yet in store.

PLATO.

429—347 B. C.

THIS illustrious philosopher—the brightest name that has come down to us from antiquity—was born at Athens in the year 429 B. C. By nature he seemed endowed with a genius equally distinguished for poetry or philosophy, but by the advice of Socrates he devoted his life to the pursuit of the latter. By the rare union of a brilliant imagination with a fondness for severe mathematical studies and profound metaphysical investigations; by extensive foreign travel; by familiar intercourse with the most enlightened men of his time, particularly Socrates, whose instructive conversations he attended for eight years; as well as by the correspondence which he maintained with the Pythagoreans of Magna Grecia, this great philosopher came to surpass all others in the vastness and profoundness of his views, and in the correctness and eloquence with which he expressed them; while his pure moral character entitled him to take his place by the side of Socrates himself. He founded in the Academia¹ a school of philosophy, which for a long period was a nursery of virtuous men and profound thinkers.

¹ An exquisitely beautiful spot in the outer Ceramicus—the suburbs—of Athens, adorned with groves, walks, and fountains, and which the name of Plato has immortalized.

"See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long"
Par. Reg., iv. 244.

Besides the numbers who crowded to his public instructions, he was daily in the society of a chosen few, who sat at his frugal board, and listened with enthusiasm to the words of wisdom which flowed so eloquently from his lips. He died on his birthday, B. C. 347, at the age of eighty-two, his mental powers unimpaired, and whilst employed in the very act of writing.

Plato's works are principally in the form of dialogues, universally considered as models of excellence for the rare union of eloquence, poetic beauty, and profound philosophic thought. His philosophy may be divided into three branches, as he himself suggests and his interpreters allow: The first treats of the art of reasoning, or *Dialectics*; the second, of theoretical questions concerning nature, or *Physics*; the third, of practical subjects respecting life and manners, or *Ethics*, which includes *Politics*. He distinguished what is corporeal from the soul, which he considered to be an eternal, self-acting agency; and to him we owe the first formal development of the doctrine of its spirituality, and the first attempt towards demonstrating its immortality.¹

Plato defined virtue to be the imitation of God, or the free effort of man to attain to a resemblance to his original, or, in other terms, a unison and harmony of all our principles and actions according to reason, whence results the highest degree of happiness. Evil is opposed to this harmony as a disease of the soul. Virtue is *one*, indeed, but compounded of four elements—wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice. In his practical philosophy he blended a rigid principle of moral obligation with a spirit of gentleness and humanity;

¹ The object of Plato was evidently the noble one of placing before man a high intellectual, and consequently, by implication, a high moral standard as the end and object of his aspirations: to encourage his efforts after the true, the pure, the beautiful, and the virtuous, knowing that the character would be purified in the endeavor, and that the consciousness of the progress made, step by step, would be of itself a reward. The object of science was, as he taught, the true, the eternal, the immutable, that which is: in one alone could these attributes be found united—that is God. Man's duty, then, according to the Platonic system, is to know God and his attributes, and to aim at being under the practical influence of this knowledge. This the Christian is taught, but much more simply and plainly, to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, and to propose to himself a perfect standard, to be perfect even as his Father in heaven is perfect, and to look forward, by that help which Plato had no warrant to look for, to attain the perfect measure of the fulness of Christ. Although Plato believed and taught that man ought to strive after and devote himself to the contemplation of the One, the Eternal, the Infinite, he was humbly conscious that no one could attain to the perfection of such knowledge; that it is too wonderful and excellent for human powers. Man's incapacity for apprehending this knowledge he attributed to the soul, during his present state of existence, being cramped and confined by its earthly tabernacle.—*Brown's Greek Literature*.

and education he described as a liberal cultivation and moral discipline of the mind. Politics he defined to be the application, on a great scale, of the laws of morality; for a society, being composed of individuals, is under similar moral obligations; and the end of politics to be liberty and concord.¹ Beauty he considered to be the sensible representation of moral and physical perfection; consequently it is one with truth and goodness, and inspires love, which leads to virtue.²

Plato's critical acquaintance with all preceding systems, enabled him to form more adequate notions of the proper end, extent, and character of philosophy, which he defined to be science, properly so called, comprehending a knowledge of the universal, the necessary, the absolute, as well as of the relations and universal properties of all things. The source of knowledge he pronounced to be not the evidence of our senses, which are occupied with *contingent* matter, nor yet the *understanding*, but reason, whose object is that which is *invariable* and absolute. He maintained the existence in the reason of certain *innate notions* (νοήματα) which form the basis of our conceptions. These notions have for their object the *ideas* (ἰδέαι), the eternal archetypes (παράδειγματα) or unities (μοναδες), which are the essence of infinite things, and the principles to which we refer the endless multiplicity of things by means of thought, and which consequently cannot have originated from experience, but have been only developed by it.

Plato distinguished what is corporeal from the soul, which he considered to be an eternal, self-acting energy;³ and to him we owe the

¹ Would that many so-called Christian legislators and Christian people would go to this "heathen" philosopher and learn of him—learn that to do right is always and ever the highest safety, the highest expediency, the highest "conservatism," the highest good!

² How beautifully Akenside expresses this:—

"Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely mistress of truth and good,
In this dark world: for TRUTH AND GOOD ARE ONE,
AND BEAUTY DWELLS IN THEM, AND THEY IN HER,
WITH LIKE PARTICIPATION. Wherefore, then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash, impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene
Where beauty *seems* to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeciful good,
To save your search from folly! wanting these,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows."

Pleasures of Imagination, Book 1.

³ Αὐτοῖαυτο κινῶν, literally "itself moving itself."

first formal development of the doctrine of its spirituality, and the first attempt towards demonstrating its immortality.¹ He taught that a future state would be one of reward and punishment, of communion or even union with God, and with the spirits of the illustrious dead, to him who is really a philosopher, and who has emancipated himself from the fetters of the body. The scene of this happiness he poetically lays in the regions of some distant star. To attain this end he believed to be in the power of all. Man is free to choose the good and the evil. God is the author of nothing but good; and if man chooses the evil instead of the good, he is alone to blame: God is not responsible.² Such is a most meagre sketch of Plato's chief views, to understand which fully one must devote years of patient study, united to a deep love for acute and subtle investigation.³

THE PERFECT BEAUTY.

"He who aspires to love rightly, ought from his earliest youth to seek an intercourse with beautiful forms, and first to make a single form the object of his love, and therein to generate intellectual excellencies. He ought, then, to consider that beauty in whatever form it resides is the brother of that beauty which subsists in another form; and if he ought to pursue that which is beautiful in form, it would be absurd to imagine that beauty is not one and the same thing in all forms, and would therefore remit much of his ardent preference towards one,

¹ Read in the author's "English Literature of the Nineteenth Century," some very beautiful and eloquent remarks on Plato, by T. Mitchell, A. M.

² *Θεὸς ἀνείκελος.*

³ The best editions of Plato are those of Bekker, Berlin, 1816-18, eight volumes, with the Latin version of Ficinus, a critical commentary, &c., of Ast, Leipsic, 1819-27, in eleven volumes, and of G. Stallbaum, Leipsic, twelve volumes, "perhaps the best and most useful edition that has appeared." Of separate dialogues or collections of dialogues the editions are almost endless. There is no good English translation of the whole of Plato: Taylor's is very inaccurate: Sydenham was more successful, but he translated only a few of the pieces. The student may consult Stanley's History of Philosophy, folio, London, 1747; Enfield's History of Philosophy, two volumes 8vo. (translated and abridged from the German of Brucker): Schleiermacher's Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato, translated by Wm. Dobson; Plato against the Atheists, with notes by Tayler Lewis, LL. D., New York, 1845; the Preliminary Dissertation to Mitchell's Aristophanes; Tennemann's History of Philosophy, translated by Johnson and Morell; a learned and eloquent article in the eighty-seventh volume of the Edinburgh Review, in which Taylor's translation is noticed with great severity; and an article of great value on the Platonic Philosophy in the second volume of the Bibliotheca Sacra, by Rev. T. D. Woolsey, D. D., President of Yale College.

through his perception of the multitude of claims upon his love. In addition, he would consider the beauty which is in souls more excellent than that which is in form. So that one endowed with an admirable soul, even though the flower of the form were withered, would suffice him as the object of his love and care, and the companion with whom he might seek and produce such conclusions as tend to the improvement of youth; so that it might be led to observe the beauty and the conformity which there is in the observation of its duties and the laws, and to esteem little the mere beauty of the outward form. He would then conduct his pupil to science, so that he might look upon the loveliness of wisdom; and that contemplating thus the universal beauty, no longer would he unworthily and meanly enslave himself to the attractions of one form in love, nor one subject of discipline or science, but would turn towards the wide ocean of intellectual beauty, and from the sight of the lovely and majestic forms which it contains, would abundantly bring forth his conceptions in philosophy; until, strengthened and confirmed, he should at length steadily contemplate one science, which is the science of this universal beauty.

"Attempt, I entreat you, to mark what I say with as keen an observation as you can. He who has been disciplined to this point in love, by contemplating beautiful objects gradually, and in their order, now arriving at the end of all that concerns love, on a sudden beholds a beauty wonderful in its nature. This is it, O Socrates, for the sake of which all the former labors were endured. It is eternal, unproduced, indestructible; neither subject to increase nor decay: not, like other things, partly beautiful and partly deformed; not at one time beautiful and at another time not; not beautiful in relation to one thing and deformed in relation to another; not here beautiful and there deformed; not beautiful in the estimation of one person and deformed in that of another; nor can this supreme beauty be figured to the imagination like a beautiful face, or beautiful hands, or any portion of the body, nor like any discourse, nor any science. Nor does it subsist in any other that lives or is, either in earth, or in heaven, or in any other place; but it is eternally uniform and consistent, and monoeidic with itself. All other things are beautiful through a participation of it, with this condition, that although they are subject to production and decay, it never becomes more or less, or endures any change. When any one, ascending from a correct system of love, begins to contemplate this supreme beauty, he already touches the consummation of his labor. For such as discipline

themselves upon this system, or are conducted by another beginning to ascend through these transitory objects which are beautiful, towards that which is beauty itself, proceeding as on steps from the love of one form to that of two, and from that of two, to that of all forms which are beautiful; and from beautiful forms to beautiful habits and institutions, and from institutions to beautiful doctrines; until, from the meditation of many doctrines, they arrive at that which is nothing else than the doctrine of the supreme beauty itself, in the knowledge and contemplation of which at length they repose.

"Such a life as this, my dear Socrates," exclaimed the stranger Prophetess, "spent in the contemplation of the beautiful, is the life for men to live; which if you chance ever to experience, you will esteem far beyond gold and rich garments, and even those lovely persons whom you and many others now gaze on with astonishment, and are prepared neither to eat nor drink so that you may behold and live forever with these objects of your love! What then shall we imagine to be the aspect of the supreme beauty itself, simple, pure, uncontaminated with the intermixture of human flesh and colors, and all other idle and unreal shapes attendant on mortality; the divine, the original, the supreme, the monoëdic beautiful itself? What must be the life of him who dwells with and gazes on that which it becomes us all to seek? Think you not that to him alone is accorded the prerogative of bringing forth, not images and shadows of virtue, for he is in contact not with a shadow but with reality; with virtue itself, in the production and nourishment of which he becomes dear to the gods, and if such a privilege is conceded to any human being, himself immortal."

From the Banquet, as translated by the poet Shelley.

SOCRATES' VIEWS OF A FUTURE STATE.—HIS DEATH.¹

"When the dead arrive at the place to which their demon leads them severally, first of all they are judged, as well those

¹ The following beautiful and just remarks upon the Apology of Socrates are taken from the Preface of the admirable edition of "Plato's Apology and Crito," by Prof. W. S. Tyler, of Amherst College: "Such, in substance, is the Defence of Socrates. So far from believing that we are indebted to the imagination of Plato for the lofty character of Socrates, as he appears in this Apology, we cannot but feel that we owe the elevation and eloquence of the Apology to the real greatness and heroism of its subject. The form and words may be Plato's; but the substance and spirit must be Socrates'; and we need only to have heard it from his lips to perfect the moral sublime.

who have lived well and piously, as those who have not. And those who appear to have passed a middle kind of life, proceeding to Acheron, and embarking in the vessels they have, on these arrive at the lake, and there dwell, and when they are purified, and have suffered punishment for the iniquities they may have committed, they are set free, and each receives the reward of his good deeds, according to his deserts: but those who appear to be incurable, through the magnitude of their offences, either from having committed many and great sacrileges, or many unjust and lawless murders, or other similar crimes, these a suitable destiny hurls into Tartarus, whence they never come forth. But those who appear to have been guilty of curable, yet great offences, such as those who through anger have committed any violence against father or mother, and have lived the remainder of their life in a state of penitence, or they who have become homicides in a similar manner, these must of necessity fall into Tartarus, but after they have fallen, and have been there for a year, the wave casts them forth, the homicides into Cocytus, but the parricides and matricides into Pyriphlegethon: but when, being borne along, they arrive at the Acherusian lake, there they cry out to and invoke, some those whom they slew, others those whom they injured, and invoking them, they entreat and implore them to suffer them to go out into the lake, and to receive them, and if they persuade them, they go out, and are freed from their sufferings, but if not, they are borne back to Tartarus, and thence again to the rivers, and they do not cease from suffering this until they have persuaded those whom they have injured; for this sentence was imposed on them by the judges. But those who are found to have lived an eminently holy life, these are they, who, being freed and set at large from these regions in the earth, as from a prison, arrive at the pure abode above, and dwell on the upper parts of the earth. And among these,

Profane literature has nowhere furnished a better delineation of the spiritual hero, rising superior to the fear and the favor of man in the strength of his own conscious integrity of a serene trust in God. Faith in God, which had been the controlling principle of his life, was the power that sustained him in view of approaching death, inspired him with more than human fortitude in his last days, and invested his dying words with a moral grandeur that 'has less of earth in it than heaven.' The consciousness of a divine mission was the leading trait in his character and the main secret of his power. This directed his conversations, shaped his philosophy, imbued his very person, and controlled his life. This determined the time and manner of his death. And this abiding conviction—this 'ruling passion strong in death,' is the very life and breath and all-pervading atmosphere of the *Apology*."

they who have sufficiently purified themselves by philosophy shall live without bodies, throughout all future time, and shall arrive at habitations yet more beautiful than these, which it is neither easy to describe, nor at present is there sufficient time for the purpose.

"But for the sake of these things which we have described, we should use every endeavor, Simmias, so as to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life; for the reward is noble, and the hope great.

"To affirm positively, indeed, that these things are exactly as I have described them, does not become a man of sense; that however either this, or something of the kind, takes place with respect to our souls and their habitations—since our soul is certainly immortal—this appears to me most fitting to be believed, and worthy the hazard for one who trusts in its reality; for the hazard is noble, and it is right to allure ourselves with such things, as with enchantments; for which reason I have prolonged my story to such a length. On account of these things, then, a man ought to be confident about his soul, who during this life has disregarded all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign from his nature, and who, having thought that they do more harm than good, has zealously applied himself to the acquirement of knowledge, and who having adorned his soul not with a foreign but its own proper ornament, temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth, thus waits for his passage to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him. You then," he continued, "Simmias and Cebes, and the rest, will each of you depart at some future time; but now destiny summons me, as a tragic writer would say, and it is nearly time for me to betake myself to the bath; for it appears to me to be better to drink the poison after I have bathed myself, and not to trouble the women with washing my dead body."

When he had thus spoken, Crito said, "So be it, Socrates; but what commands have you to give to these or to me, either respecting your children, or any other matter, in attending to which we can most oblige you?"

"What I always say, Crito," he replied, "nothing new; that by taking care of yourselves you will oblige both me and mine and yourselves, whatever you do, though you should not now promise it; but if you neglect yourselves, and will not live as it were in the footsteps of what has been now and formerly said, even though you should promise much at present, and that earnestly, you will do no good at all."

"We will endeavor then so to do," he said; "but how shall we bury you?"

"Just as you please," he said, "if only you can catch me, and I do not escape from you." And at the same time smiling gently, and looking round on us, he said, "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am that Socrates who is now conversing with you, and who methodizes each part of the discourse; but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how he should bury me. But that which I some time since argued at length, that when I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed, this I seem to have urged to him in vain, though I meant at the same time to console both you and myself. Be ye then my sureties to Crito," he said, "in an obligation contrary to that which he made to the judges; for he undertook that I should remain; but do you be sureties that, when I die, I shall not remain, but shall depart, that Crito may more easily bear it, and when he sees my body either burnt or buried, may not be afflicted for me, as if I suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at my interment that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. For be well assured," he said, "most excellent Crito, that to speak improperly is not only culpable as to the thing itself, but likewise occasions some injury to our souls. You must have a good courage, then, and say that you bury my body, and bury it in such a manner as is pleasing to you, and as you think is most agreeable to our laws."

When he had said thus, he rose, and went into a chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him, but he directed us to wait for him. We waited, therefore, conversing among ourselves about what had been said, and considering it again, and sometimes speaking about our calamity, how severe it would be to us, sincerely thinking that, like those who are deprived of a father, we should pass the rest of our life as orphans. When he had bathed, and his children were brought to him, for he had two little sons and one grown up, and the women belonging to his family were come, having conversed with them in the presence of Crito, and given them such injunctions as he wished, he directed the women and children to go away, and then returned to us. And it was now near sunset; for he spent a considerable time within. But when he came from bathing he sat down, and did not speak much afterwards. Then the officer of the Eleven came in, and standing near him, said, "Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, that they are angry with me, and curse me, when, by order of the archons,

I bid them drink the poison. But you, on all other occasions during the time you have been here, I have found to be the most noble, meek, and excellent man of all that ever came into this place; and, therefore, I am now well convinced that you will not be angry with me, for you know who are to blame, but with them. Now, then, for you know what I came to announce to you, farewell, and endeavor to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible." And at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned away and withdrew.

And Socrates, looking after him, said, "And thou, too, farewell; we will do as you direct." At the same time turning to us, he said, "How courteous this man is; during the whole time I have been here he has visited me, and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me. But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let some one bring the poison, if it is ready pounded, but if not, let the man pound it."

Then Crito said, "But I think, Socrates, that the sun is still on the mountains, and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late, after it had been announced to them, and have supped and drunk freely. Do not hasten, then, for there is yet time."

Upon this Socrates replied, "These men whom you mention, Crito, do these things with good reason, for they think they shall gain by so doing, and I too with good reason shall not do so; for I think I shall gain nothing by drinking a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself, in being so fond of life, and sparing of it when none any longer remains. Go then," he said, "obey, and do not resist."

Crito having heard this, nodded to the boy that stood near. And the boy having gone out, and stayed for some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who brought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, "Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?"

"Nothing else," he replied, "than, when you have drunk it, walk about until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, neither trembling, nor changing at all in color or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking steadfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one, is it lawful or not?"

"We only pound so much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient to drink."

"I understand you," he said, "but it is certainly both lawful and right to pray to the gods that my departure hence thither may be happy; which therefore I pray, and so may it be." And as he said this he drank it off readily and calmly. Thus far, most of us were with difficulty able to restrain ourselves from weeping; but when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer; but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that, covering my face, I wept for myself, for I did not weep for him, but for my own fortune, in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito, even before me, when he could not restrain his tears, had risen up. But Apollodorus even before this had not ceased weeping, and then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my admirable friends? I indeed, for this reason chiefly, sent away the women, that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When we heard this we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But he, having walked about, when he said that his legs were growing heavy, laid down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval examined his feet and legs; and then having pressed his foot hard, he asked if he felt it: he said that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs; and thus going higher, he showed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself, and said that when the poison reached his heart he should then depart. But now the parts around the lower belly were almost cold; when, uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done," said Crito, "but consider whether you have anything else to say."

To this question he gave no reply; but shortly after he gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed; and Crito, perceiving it, closed his mouth and eyes.

This, Echecrâtes, was the end of our friend, a man, as we may say, the best of all of his time that we have known, and, moreover, the most wise and just.

CONCLUSION OF PLATO'S GORGIAS.¹

Now listen to a very beautiful story, which you, I suppose, will regard as a fable, but which I deem a genuine account. For what I am going to say I shall rehearse to you as being true.

According to a tradition in Homer, the government was administered by Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, when they had received it of the Father. There was formerly in the time of Saturn, and always has been, and is yet now, among the gods, this law respecting men: that whosoever of mankind has conducted justly and religiously in life shall depart when he dies to the Islands of the Blessed, and dwell in all felicity beyond the reach of evils; but whosoever has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the prison of retribution and punishment, called Tartarus. Now men in the time of Saturn, and yet more recently in the reign of Jupiter, received while alive their sentence from living judges, and judgment was administered on that very day on which they were to die. Of course, the judgments were badly administered. Whereupon Pluto and the keepers of the Happy Islands went to Jupiter, and told him that men very often came to them appointed to each of the two places, not according to their deserts.² Then Jupiter replied: "I will put a stop to these proceedings. The judgments are now indeed badly administered. For," said he, "the persons who are judged are covered all up when they are judged, since they are judged while living. Hence," continued he, "while having

¹ This extract from Plato is justly ranked among the most remarkable passages in Greek literature. It presents in a form sufficiently distinct, through the fable or myth in which it is conveyed, the idea which the best and most enlightened of the Greeks entertained respecting the future state, and shows how they derived from the doctrine a motive for living a good life here below. It insists that we ought to be more anxious not to do injury than to escape injury ourselves. It teaches that a man's supreme care should be, not to *seem*, but to *be* good, in private and in public; and admonishes us so to live in this world as to be accepted when called to our final account. Perhaps we see in this passage the utmost limit to which the light of nature has ever conducted the human mind; and the coincidence between parts of it and the highest Christian precepts is certainly very striking. But Jesus has revealed the Father as neither Socrates nor Plato ever saw or could see him, and more fully and spiritually illustrated the Divine law, and brought life and immortality into brighter light, and by these revelations has supplied immeasurably higher motives to a good life.

Socrates is here addressing Callicles, who is one of the characters of the dialogue: the other two are Polus and Gorgias.

² That is, the bad to the Happy Islands, the good to Tartarus.

depraved souls, they are apparelled in beautiful bodies, and are aided by family rank and wealth; and when the judgment takes place, many witnesses appear to testify how justly they have lived. Of course, the judges are perplexed by these things. They themselves, too, are all covered up when they administer judgment, having eyes, and ears, and the whole body, spread as a veil before their souls. Now all these things, both their own coverings and those of the persons judged, are in their way. Wherefore," said he, "a stop must be put to their foreseeing death; for now they perceive it beforehand. Accordingly Prometheus has already been requested to prevent this. Next, they must be stripped of all these coverings when they are judged. In order to this, it is necessary to judge them after death. It is necessary, also, that the judge be in the same naked condition, and that he himself also, having died, should with the soul itself inspect the very soul of each person as soon as he dies and is removed away from his kindred, leaving behind him on the earth all that former pomp and circumstance, so that the judgment may be just. Having known these things, then, already before you came, I have constituted my sons the judges—two from Asia, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and one from Europe, Æacus. When, therefore, these shall have died, they shall sit in judgment in the grassy plain, where three roads meet, two of which lead away—one to the Islands of the Blessed, the other to Tartarus. Those from Asia Rhadamanthus shall judge; those from Europe, Æacus. To Minos I will give the rights of seniority, to rejudge any decision of the other two which may admit of doubt, in order that the sentence respecting the road for men to take may be most just."

These, Callicles, are matters which I, having heard, believe to be true; and I draw from them the following conclusions. Death, as it appears to me, is nothing but the unloosing of two things, the soul and the body, from one another. When they have become unloosed, each of them has about the same habitude and condition which it had when the person was living; and its nature, and culture, and whatever it has suffered, are all apparent. As, for instance, if the body of any person while living was large by nature, or by training, or by both, the same person's dead body is large after he has died; and if fat, the dead person's is also fat, and so in other respects. If a person adopted the custom of wearing long hair, the same person's dead body has the hair long. If a person has been punished with scourging, and has borne on his body the marks of blows—scars, whether from the lash or any other instru-

ment—you can see that the dead person's body has the same. And if the limbs of any person living were maimed or distorted, these have the same appearance after death. In a word, such as any one had trained himself to be in body, while he was living, the same, either entirely or in greater part, does he continue to be for a considerable time after the person is dead.

Now this same principle seems to me to hold good of the soul, Callicles. After the soul has been stripped of the body, all things become manifest in it—its natural endowments, and the passions which the individual has acquired by every practice he has pursued. When, therefore, they come into the presence of the judge—those from Asia, for example, before Rhadamanthus—Rhadamanthus, placing them near, inspects the soul of every one, not knowing whose it is; but if, upon laying hold of some great king, or any other king or ruler whatsoever, he discovers nothing at all sound in the soul, but perceives that it has been scourged, and is full of scars which perjuries and injustice have made, and which the deeds themselves imprinted on each one's soul, and that all has become distorted by lying and boasting, and nothing is straight because the soul has been trained up without truth—that, in short, it is destitute of symmetry and full of turpitude, through power, and luxury, and pride, and intemperance—he sends this soul away forthwith in ignominy into imprisonment, where it will endure the requisite sufferings. Now it is necessary that every one who is visited with just punishment should either derive advantage from it and grow better, or furnish an example to others, so that others, beholding him suffer, may through fear of what he suffers grow better. Some are really benefited by undergoing punishment both from gods and men. They are those who commit remediable offences. Through their griefs and pains a benefit arises to them both here and in Hades. Nor can they free themselves from unrighteousness in any other way. But those who do wrong to the very last degree, and by such acts of injustice become incurable, are set forth for an example. They themselves are benefited no more, because they are incurable; but others receive benefit from beholding them suffer the greatest and most excruciating and terrible tortures, forever and ever, being held up there in Hades altogether as examples—a perpetual spectacle and admonition to those of the unrighteous who come thither.

Of whom I assert that Archelaus also will be one (if Polus¹

¹ Polus had mentioned Archelaus as a prince who was fortunate and happy, although he was cruel and unjust.

tells the truth), and any other tyrant of a similar character. Indeed, it is my opinion that the most numerous class of these examples will consist of tyrants, and kings, and lords, and administrators of civil affairs. For it is by abuse of power that they commit the greatest and most impious crimes. Homer also bears testimony to these facts. For those in Hades whom he hath set forth as suffering eternal torment, Tantalus, Sisyphus, and Tityus, were kings and rulers. But Thersites, or any other private individual of bad character, has never been set forth as suffering severe punishments and in an incurable condition, for I think he had not the opportunity of incurring such a fate, and on this account he was more fortunate than those who had. Most surely, Callicles, it is to the ranks of the powerful that the most depraved men belong. Nothing, however, renders it impossible that there should be good men also among them; and when there are such, it is worthy of special note. For it is difficult, and most praiseworthy, for men who have great opportunity of doing injustice to live justly. Of this class there are a few. There have been both here and elsewhere, and I think will still be, honorable and good men, who possess the virtue to execute justly whatever is committed to them. And one has become even very illustrious among his Greek countrymen—I mean Aristides, the son of Lysimachus. But the greater portion of those in power, my excellent friend, are bad. Accordingly, as I said before, when Rhadamanthus takes any such person in hand, he perceives nothing else about him—neither who he is, nor of what origin—but only that he is bad; and on perceiving this, first putting a mark upon him to denote whether he seems to be curable or incurable, he sends him away to Tartarus; to which place coming, he suffers due punishment. But sometimes beholding another soul that has lived religiously and according to truth, the soul of some private or other man—and especially, let me say, Callicles, of some philosopher who has minded his own business in life, and meddled with no one's else—he is very much pleased, and sends him away to the Islands of the Blessed. The same course Æacus also pursues. Each holds a sceptre while he judges. Minos sits considering apart by himself, holding a golden sceptre, as Homer's Ulysses says he saw him—

“A golden sceptre holding, administering laws to the dead.”

I therefore, Callicles, have been influenced by these facts, and have considered how I may exhibit to the judge a soul in the soundest state possible. Relinquishing, therefore, the

honors which the many pursue, I shall sincerely endeavor, by contemplating the truth, to live the best life, and, when I die, to die the best death. And I exhort all other men, as far as I am able, and especially do I in turn¹ exhort you, to adopt this mode of life, and this contest, which I say is preferable to all the contests of the world. And I utter it as a reproach against you, that, when you shall meet the judgment and condemnation of which I just now spoke, you will not be able to help yourself; but coming into the presence of the judge, the son of Ægina,² when he takes hold of you and leads you forward, you will stammer and grow confused there, no less than I here, and perhaps some one will give you a disgraceful blow on the side of the head, and treat you with every species of indignity.³

Perhaps these things sound to you like an old woman's story, and you despise them. And it would not be wrong to despise them, if we had any means of finding something better and more true. But you now see that you three together, who are the wisest of the Greeks—you, and Polus, and Gorgias—have not the means of showing how we can better live any other life here than that which appears expedient there. But after so much discussion, other things having been refuted, this position remains unshaken—that we ought to shun doing injury more than the receiving of an injury, and that a man should make it his supreme care not to seem to be good, but to *be* good, both in private and in public. If, however, one becomes bad in anything, he should be punished, and the next good thing to being just is to become just by means of the punishment. All flattery, too, both of one's self and of others, and whether of few or many, is to be avoided. And the rhetorical art, and every other practice, we ought to make use of always for the right.

Be influenced by me, therefore, and follow on in that path in which you will be happy both living and dying, as the discussion shows. Suffer any one to despise you as stupid, and to abuse you, if he pleases. Nay, by Jove, do you cheerfully be struck with this disgraceful blow, for you will suffer nothing dreadful, if you are truly honorable and good, and practise

¹ Callicles had exhorted Socrates to quit philosophy and attend to rhetoric and politics.

² That is, Æacus.

³ The point of this will be felt by considering that Callicles had used this same language to describe Socrates' condition before a human tribunal, under some unjust accusation, against which he would not know how to defend himself.

virtue. After having thus practised it together, then, indeed, if it seem best, we will devote ourselves to political matters, or whatever else may suit us. Then will we act as counsellors, being better able to give counsel than we are now. For it is highly discreditable to us, with no more than our present attainments, immediately to begin dogmatizing as though we were something, when the same things appear to us to be always changing their aspects, and these things too of the greatest moment—to such a pitch of ignorance are we come! Let us, therefore, use the conclusion now clearly established as a guide; for it shows us that the best way of life is this—to live and die in the practice of justice and of every other virtue. This, therefore, let us pursue, and exhort others to pursue it, rather than that which you believe, and to which you exhort me. For that, Callicles, is of no account.

LYSIAS.

458—375 B. C.

LYSIAS, the first in chronological order of those Greek orators whose writings have been handed down to us, was born in Athens B. C. 458. At an early period of his life he went, in company with Herodotus, with a colony to Thurium (in Magna Grecia, the southern part of Italy), and there remained till 411 B. C., and studied rhetoric under Tisias and Nicius. When the disastrous defeat of the Athenians occurred in Sicily, he, with other colonists, was exiled from Thurium, and returned to Athens, but suffered much from the tyranny of the "thirty tyrants," being imprisoned and exiled to Megara. When, however, Thrasybulus¹ and his noble compeers succeeded in overthrowing the hateful oligarchy,² Lysias returned to his native city, and lived there till his death, which took place at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

¹ Spirit of Freedom, when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,

From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed unmanned!
Childe Harold, Canto 2d, Verse LXXIV., written in 1812, when Greece
was enslaved by the Turks.

² Lysias sacrificed all his remaining fortune to aid the patriots.

Of the two hundred and thirty orations attributed to Lysias, but thirty-five are extant, and even among these some are incomplete, and a few are thought to be spurious. All his orations were written for his clients, with the exception of that against Eratosthenes (one of the thirty tyrants), which he himself delivered, and most of these are of a private rather than a political nature. His style is a model of purity, and may be considered as the best specimen of the Attic idiom: his language is natural and simple, and at the same time noble and dignified, and his delineations of character are always striking and true to life. No orator has commanded greater admiration from the ancients, who have in turn attributed to him all the principal qualifications of an accomplished writer. Dionysius praises him for his grace, Cicero for subtlety, and Quintilian for truthfulness; and the study of his speeches will show that, for elegance, precision, and purity, he has been unequalled by any orator except Isocrates.¹

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.²

Having transported their wives, children, and aged parents into Salamis, the Athenians there collected the ships of their allies, and patiently waited the arrival of the Persian fleet. Soon after appeared these formidable squadrons, in number so immense, that who would not have trembled at their approach? Yet these our ancestors opposed for the general safety! What were the feelings of those who saw them embark? What did they themselves feel when they considered the prizes laid up in the isle of Salamis? Their destruction, from the infinite superiority of the enemy's numbers, appeared inevitable: but the fate of their wives, and children, and parents, was an object of the cruellest anxiety: for what humiliating insults might not these expect to suffer from triumphant Barbarians? Surely, in their present situation the Athenians often embraced, and joined right hands; they probably lamented their condition, when they compared the strength of the Barbarians with their own; and when no one circumstance could afford them relief.

¹ Among the best editions of Lysias are those of J. Taylor, with a full critical apparatus and emendations by Markland; and of J. Franz, Munich, 1831. Consult also "Orations of Lysias and Isocrates, translated, &c., by John Gillies, LL.D.," a work of great learning. Read also an admirable article in the 29th vol. of the Quarterly Review (London), entitled "Legal Oratory of Greece."

² From the Funeral Oration in praise of the Athenian citizens who fell in battle.

Their city was deserted, their temples burnt or demolished, their country laid waste, and every new form of calamity and disgrace awaited their kindred and themselves. But when they heard the mingled pæans of Greeks and Persians, the exhortations on both sides, the cries of the dying, and saw the sea teeming with the dead, many ships on both sides shattered or sunk, the battle long doubtful, now thinking they were victorious and now that they were overcome, torn between hope and fear, their imaginations presenting many objects they did not see, their minds terrified with sounds they did not hear—how many were their prayers to the gods? How often did they mention their sacrifices? How great was the pity for their children, the anxiety for their wives, their compassion for their parents? How dreadful were the presages of their future calamities? What god so cruel as not to commiserate them! What mortal so insensible as not to lament them! What heart so base as not to admire their virtue! For surely, by the vigor both of their councils and actions they distinguished themselves above the weakness of humanity; abandoning their city, embarking in their galleys, exposing their persons, few in number, against the millions of Asia. Their victory is the fairest monument of liberty, and proves that an handful of freemen contending for their rights, is more powerful than an host of slaves, laboring with infamy to infringe them.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE THIRTY TYRANTS.¹

It is an easy matter, O Athenians! to begin this accusation; but to end it without doing injustice to the cause, will be attended with no small difficulty. For the crimes of Eratosthenes are not only too atrocious to describe, but too many to enumerate. No exaggeration can exceed, and within the time assigned for this discourse, it is impossible fully to represent them.

This trial, too, is attended with another singularity. In other causes, it is usual to ask the accusers, "What is your resentment against the defendants?" But here you must ask the defendants, "What was your resentment against your country? What malice did you bear your fellow-citizens? Why did you rage with unbridled fury against the State itself?" * *

¹ From his oration on "An Indictment against Eratosthenes," that one of the Thirty, who had been the means of murdering the orator's own brother.

By this cause the attention of mankind has been excited; the citizens and strangers now present are big with expectation; and the fate of Eratosthenes alone must discover your sentiments of the whole cabal. Now is the time to teach your citizens, that their crimes will either meet with immediate punishment, or, though this should for a short time be deferred, and their ambition be crowned with success by the acquisition of sovereign power, that justice will still pursue and overtake them, deprive them of their usurped pre-eminence, and confound them with the meanest criminals. Now is the time to justify before strangers, the expulsion of your tyrants; for, if they perceive that, after getting them into your power, you still allow them to escape unpunished, they will have reason to deem their own activity in promoting your deliverance, equally officious and vain. * *

The time is now indeed come, Athenians, when, insensible to pity and tenderness, you must be armed with just severity against Eratosthenes and his associates. What avails it to have conquered them in the field, if you be overcome by them in your councils? Do not show them more favor for what they boast they will perform, than resentment for what they have already committed; nor, after being at so much pains to become master of their persons, allow them to escape without suffering that punishment which you once sought to inflict, but prove yourselves worthy of that good fortune which has given you power over your enemies. The contest is very unequal between Eratosthenes and you: formerly, he was both judge and accuser; but we, even while we accuse, must at the same time make our defence. Those who were innocent, he put to death without trial; to them who are guilty, we allow the benefit of law, even though no adequate punishment can ever be inflicted. For should we sacrifice them and their children, would this compensate for the murder of your fathers, your sons, and your brothers? Should we deprive them of their property, could this indemnify the individuals whom they have beggared, or the State which they have plundered? Though they cannot suffer a punishment adequate to their demerit, they ought not surely on this account to escape. Yet, how matchless is the effrontery of Eratosthenes, who, being now judged by the very persons whom he formerly injured, still ventures to make his defence before the witnesses of his crimes? What can show more evidently the contempt in which he holds you, or the confidence which he reposes in others. * *

Let me now conclude with laying before you the miseries to

which you were reduced, that you may see the necessity of taking punishment on the authors of them. And first, you who remained in the city, consider the severity of their government;¹ you were reduced into such a situation as to be obliged to carry on a war, in which, if you were conquered, you partook, indeed, of the same liberty with the conquerors; but if you proved victorious, you remained under the slavery of your magistrates. Consider that, while they enriched their private families, they beggared you by a civil war, from which you had no advantages to expect, as you could participate with them only in their disgrace. As to you of the Piræus, you will remember that, though you never lost your arms in the battles which you fought, or in the lands which you traversed, yet you suffered by these men what your foreign enemies could never accomplish; and at home, in time of peace, were disarmed by your fellow-citizens. By them you were banished from the country left you by your fathers. Their rage, knowing no abatement, pursued you abroad, and drove you from one territory to another. Recall the same resentment which you then felt. Remember the cruel indignities which you suffered; how you were dragged from the tribunal and the altars; how no place, however sacred, could shelter you against their violence! while others, torn from their wives, their children, their parents, after putting a period to their miserable lives, were deprived of funeral rites. For these tyrants imagined their government to be so firmly established, that even the vengeance of the gods was unable to shake it.

But you who escaped immediate death, who fled, you knew not whither, no asylum affording you protection; everywhere taking refuge, yet everywhere abandoned; who, leaving your children among strangers or enemies, and destitute of all the necessaries of life, made your way to the Piræus, where, overcoming all opposition, you showed the triumph of virtue over numbers and force, regained the city for yourselves, and freedom for your countrymen—What must have been your situation had you proved unfortunate in the engagement? Again compelled to fly, no temples, no altars could have saved you. The children who accompanied you would have been reduced into the vilest servitude; those whom you left behind, deprived of all help, would, at a mean price, have been sold to your enemies. But why should I mention what might have happened, not being able to relate what was actually done? For it is

¹ The government of the Thirty.

impossible for one man, or in the course of one trial, to enumerate the means which were employed to undermine the power of this state; the arsenals which were demolished, the temples sold or profaned, the citizens banished or murdered, and whose dead bodies were impiously left uninterred. Those citizens now watch your decree, uncertain whether you will prove accomplices in their death, or avengers of their murder. You have heard—you have seen—you have suffered—and in consequence pass your decree.

AN HONORABLE DEATH PREFERABLE TO AN INGLORIOUS LIFE.

It becomes us, Athenians, to honor the dead, and to lament the living. For what pleasure, what consolation remains to them? They are deprived of those who love them, but who, preferring virtue to every connection, have left them fatherless, widowed, and forlorn. Of all their relations, the children, too young to feel their loss, are least to be lamented; but most of all the parents, who are too old ever to forget it. They nourished and brought up children to be the comforts of their age, but of these, in the decline of life, they are deprived, and with them of all their hopes. We shall best honor the dead, then, by extending our protection to the living. We must assist and defend their widows, protect and honor their parents, embrace and cherish their orphans. Who deserve more honor than the dead? Who are entitled to more sympathy than their kindred?

But wherefore this sorrow? Are we ignorant of our common fate? Why bear with impatience what we have ever expected? Why revolt against the law of necessity, since death is equal to the hero and to the coward, neither overlooking the villain in contempt, nor sparing, in admiration of his character, the man of highest virtue? If those who escape the dangers of war could also escape death, the tide of your sorrows ought ever to flow. But since human nature must yield to age and disease, and the divinity that presides over our fate is inexorable, those are to be reckoned of all men most happy, who, not committing themselves to fortune, or waiting the uncertain approaches of a natural death, choose and embrace that which is most glorious. Dying for whatever is most respectable among men, their memories never fade, their honors ever bloom, their actions remain perpetual objects of emulation and praise, and though lamented as mortal by nature, they are celebrated as immortal

through virtue. They are buried at the public expense, and contests of strength, wisdom, and magnificence are appointed in honor of them and the gods. For my part, I account them most happy; I envy them their death. Those men alone are gainers by their birth, who, though their bodies be mortal, have acquired immortal renown. But, according to established practice, and the laws of our ancestors, we must mourn for the persons here buried.

ISOCRATES.¹

436—338 B. C.

ISOCRATES was born at Athens, five years before the Peloponnesian War. His father, Theodorus, was a manufacturer of musical instruments, and though not wealthy, he gave his son such a liberal education, under the direction and instruction of Gorgias and Prodicus, as awakened in his mind an early love of literature, so that he devoted his life to the cultivation of rhetoric and philosophy. From his diffidence and the weakness of his voice he rarely or never spoke in public; but he acquired great honor by giving instruction in eloquence, and thereby contributed largely to the perfection of the art. He opened a school of rhetoric in Athens, and met with so much success that the number of his pupils soon increased to one hundred, each of whom paid him 1000 drachmæ, about two hundred dollars. More than any other rhetoricians, he encouraged attention to the harmony of language, wherein lies the chief excellence of his own discourses, which are distinguished rather for accuracy and polish than native ardor and warmth. His language is the purest and most refined Attic dialect, forming quite a contrast to the native simplicity of Lysias, and a still greater, to the nervous strength and sublime power of Demosthenes. Indeed, his sentences flow so melodiously, that they become somewhat wearisome and monotonous by the perpetual occurrence of the same artificial and over-refined periods.

¹ The best modern editions of Isocrates are those of W. Lange, Halle, 8vo., 1804; and of G. S. Dobson, London, 1828, 2 vols. 8vo., with a Latin translation, and copious notes. There are also many good editions of select orations as well as of separate orations. The best edition of the *Panegyricus* is by G. Dindorf, Leipsic, 1826. The English translation by Dr. Gillies, with copious notes, is a very learned and valuable work.

Isocrates lived to the advanced age of ninety-eight, having died then, it is said, by voluntary starvation in grief for the fatal battle of Chæronæa;¹ so that there is hardly on record a life so long and so entirely literary from early manhood to extreme old age. There were about sixty orations attributed to him, of which twenty-one are extant. Of these, the most finished is the "Panegyric" (Πανηγυρικός), a discourse delivered before the assembled people at the Olympic games, addressed indeed to all the Greeks, yet exalting the Athenians as entitled to the first rank among the States. One of his orations, written for the use of Nicocles, King of Salamis in Cyprus, is said to have procured from the prince in return a present of twenty talents.²

PHYSICAL CONTRASTED WITH MENTAL POWER.

I have always thought it remarkable that the lawgivers who instituted our public games, and established our general assemblies, should have appointed prizes of no small value for the combatants who excel in feats of bodily strength and address, while they allowed the talents of men of genius to languish without encouragement. Yet if the qualities most beneficial to others be the best entitled to their regard, the accomplishments of the mind ought to be preferred before all other advantages. The wrestler may increase his own activity, the racer may redouble his speed, but neither of them can transfer any share of those excellencies to another; for the powers of the body can never be communicated; but the wisdom of the sage diffuses itself through the whole society; his writings carry light and improvement everywhere along with them, and all who have minds open to receive his instructions may reap from them, not only the purest pleasure, but the most solid advantage. The little encouragement, therefore, that is given to literary pursuits will never determine me to abandon them; for me their intrinsic worth will always have sufficient charms; and the glory of pronouncing a discourse by which all Greece may be benefited, will supply the place of every other reward, and fully requite my labors.

¹ ——— that dishonest victory
At Chæronæa, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.

² The silver talent was a little more than one thousand dollars.

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

In other countries of Greece the assemblies continue but for a short time, and meet by distant intervals. But Athens is a constant assembly to all who choose to frequent it; Athens also is the seat of philosophy, which hath contrived and established all those institutions which have softened our manners, and regulated our conduct; and which, by teaching us to distinguish between evils brought upon us by imprudence, and those inflicted by necessity, hath enabled us to ward off the one, and to bear the other honorably. Athens likewise is the theatre of eloquence, a talent which all men are ambitious to acquire, and which excites so much envy against those who actually possess it. She has ever been sensible that speech is the original characteristic of human nature, and that it is by the employment of it alone we acquire all those powers which distinguish us from other animals. She has ever been sensible that fortune might disturb the order of events, confound the designs of the wise, and give success to the rash attempts of folly and inexperience; but that the art of speaking with elegance and force was superior even to fortune, and could never be acquired but by men of judgment and ability; that eloquence formed the true distinction between the rustic and the sage; that it was neither by their valor, their riches, nor any such advantages, but by their eloquence alone, that those who had received a liberal education rendered themselves conspicuous; that this was the surest test of the manner in which each of us had been educated; that it was by eloquence, in fine, we not only acquired an irresistible influence over those among whom we lived, but diffused our reputation and extended our power over countries the most remote from us. In eloquence and philosophy, therefore, Athens so far excels all other nations, that those who are considered as novices at home, become masters elsewhere; that the name of *Greek* is not employed to denote the inhabitant of a particular country, but rather the talents for which the men of that country are distinguished; and that this appellation is more frequently bestowed on such as are acquainted with our literature, than on those who were born in our territories.

WAR AGAINST PERSIA.

The principles by which our ancestors regulated their behavior they were careful to infuse into their children; who afterwards so illustriously displayed their effects in the war against Asia, and whose exploits neither orators nor poets have celebrated in any measure equal to their merit. The defect indeed is excusable; for it is as difficult to praise those whose virtue transcends humanity, as those whose actions fall below it: in the one case we want a subject, and in the other we want expressions. For how shall we celebrate the men who are so far superior to the conquerors of Troy, that whereas the latter employed ten years in besieging one city, the former, in a far shorter time, triumphed over the united force of Asia; and not only preserved the independence of their native country, but delivered Greece from subjection? What enterprises, what labors, what dangers would *they* decline, in order to acquire honor during their lives, who so nobly died to purchase glory to their memories? For my own part, I am convinced that some god raised up that war in admiration of their virtues; unwilling that such men should languish in obscurity, or die without renown, he gave them an occasion to display the illustrious merit which they possessed, and to enroll their names with ancient heroes, benefactors of mankind, the immediate offspring of the gods. Like these, they rendered up their lives according to the law of nature and necessity; but like these, too, they left behind them the immortal memory of their virtues.

THE SUPERIORITY OF ATHENS TO THE REST OF GREECE.

You ought not, Athenians, to be satisfied with yourselves till you become more worthy of your ancestors; for it is *their* virtue, and not the worthlessness of tyrants, that you ought to place before your eyes, and make the object of your emulation; especially as it becomes Athenians to distinguish themselves above all the rest of mankind. This is not the first time, nor is this the only assembly, in which I have maintained such an opinion; I have on many occasions insisted on it; for I am persuaded, that as there are particular countries famed for the production of certain plants and animals, so Attica has reared

men superior to all others, not only in the arts of civil life, but in martial bravery and conduct, and in all the virtues of the mind. We have no slight proof of it in their ancient victories over the Amazons, and the inhabitants of Thrace and Peloponnesus. The late wars against the Persians bear an evidence still more convincing. In these, both when alone and when attended with allies, both by land and sea, they overcame the Barbarians, and carried off the first prizes of valor. But this panegyric does not belong to you; for the praise of great men is a satire on the descendants who disgrace them. To say the truth, we have acted in a manner most unworthy our noble origin; we have abandoned the peculiar dignity of the Athenian character; and have fallen victims to licentiousness, ignorance, sloth, and every disorder of the mind. This is a digression from my present subject, but it is a topic on which I have often insisted, and on which I will still continue to insist, while you compel me to so disagreeable a task.

Oration on Reforming the Government of Athens.

ISÆUS.

FLOWERISHED ABOUT 360 B. C.

BUT little is known respecting the private life of Isæus; though he has the honor of having been the instructor of Demosthenes. Out of about fifty orations attributed to him, but eleven have come down to us, and these mostly are on subjects of disputed inheritances, and are not very interesting. He has a pure, perspicuous, refined diction, and the use of interrogatory sentences gives to his speeches an animation and vehemence which give the reader of Demosthenes so much pleasure.¹ We will give a short extract from one of his speeches to give some idea of his style. It is from the "Speech on the Estate of Dicæogenes," of whose estate a cousin of the same name took possession, having produced a forged will. .

¹ The edition of Isæus published at Leipsic, 1773, with Reiske's and Taylor's notes, is an excellent one. Also, one by G. F. Schömann, with critical notes and a commentary, Greifswald, 1831. Sir Wm. Jones has translated the orations, with a prefatory discourse, notes critical, historical, &c., accompanied by a valuable commentary. It may be found in the fourth volume of the quarto edition of his works.

THE ESTATE OF DICÆOGENES.

In this manner, O Dicæogenes, hast thou unjustly seized and shamefully wasted the estate of thy cousin ; and, having converted it into money, hast the assurance to complain of poverty. How hast thou spent that money ? Not for the use of the estate, or of your friends ; since it is apparent that no part of it has been employed for those purposes : not in breeding fine horses ; for thou never wast in possession of a horse worth more than three minas : not in chariots ; for, with so many farms and so great a fortune, thou never hadst a single carriage even drawn by mules : nor hast thou redeemed any citizen from captivity ; nor hast thou conveyed to the citadel those statues, which Menexenus had ordered to be made for the price of three talents, but was prevented by his death from consecrating in the temple ; and, through thy avarice, they lie to this day in the shop of the statuary ; thus hast thou presumed to claim an estate, to which thou hadst no color of right, and hast not restored to the gods the statues, which were truly their own. On what ground, Dicæogenes, canst thou ask the jury to give a sentence in thy favor ? Is it because thou hast frequently served the public offices ; expended large sums of money to make the city more respectable, and greatly benefited the state by contributing bountifully towards supporting the war ? Nothing of this sort can be alleged with truth. Is it because thou art a valiant soldier ? But thou never once couldst be persuaded to serve in so violent and so formidable a war, in which even the Olynthians and the islanders lose their lives with eagerness, since they fight for this country ; while thou, who art a citizen, wouldst never take arms for the city.

Perhaps, the dignity of thy ancestors, who slew the tyrant, emboldens thee to triumph over us : as for them, indeed, I honor and applaud them, but cannot think that a spark of their virtue animates thy bosom ; for thou hast preferred the plunder of our inheritance to the glory of being their descendant, and wouldst rather be called the son of Dicæogenes than of Harmodius ; not regarding the right of being entertained in the Prytaneum, nor setting any value on the precedence and immunities which the posterity of those heroes enjoy : yet it was not for noble birth, that Harmodius and Aristogeiton were so

transcendently honored, but for their valor and probity; of which thou, Dicæogenes, hast not the smallest share.¹

ARISTOTLE.

384—322 B. C.

THIS eminently practical philosopher, the disciple of Plato, was born in Stageira,² a city of Macedonia, in the year 384 B. C. His father, Nicomachus, whose tastes and pursuits probably tended to shape the studies and pursuits of the son, was court-physician to Amyntas II., King of Macedonia, and the author of works on medicine and natural philosophy. In early boyhood Aristotle was introduced at court by his father, and thus made that acquaintance with Philip which exerted so great an influence over his subsequent life. In 368 B. C. he became the disciple of Plato, and continued such for twenty years, improving, under the instructions of that great master, his admirable talent for analysis. In 343, at the request of Philip, he became the instructor of Alexander, then thirteen years old, who in after years assisted his teacher in his scientific pursuits, by sending to him collections of objects of natural history, and furnishing him with sums of money from time to time for the purchase of books.³ The influence of Aristotle's teaching on the mind of the future conqueror of the world is displayed in that noble generosity, merciful humanity, and strict love of justice, which were the distinguishing features of his moral character.

In 335 B. C. Aristotle founded a new school in the *Walks* (οἱ περιπατεῖς, *the peripatoi*) of the Lyceum,⁴ just without the walls of Athens, whence the name of *Peripatetics*. Thirteen years did he pass in this delightful

¹ Contempt and indignation cannot be more strongly marked, than by the position of the proper name at the end of this speech; but it would not have the same effect in our language without voice, look, and gesture, to enforce it. The single name of Dicæogenes, as it stands in the original, supplies the place of epithets, and instantly suggests the idea of everything despicable.

² Hence he is often called the Stageirite.

³ The total amount which Alexander sent Aristotle was eight hundred talents, equal to two millions of dollars in our day. Princely gifts, indeed, both for the master and the scholar; showing the eminent merits of the one, and the noble gratitude and generosity of the other.

⁴ Then view
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there.—*Paradise Regained*, iv. 250.

and tranquil retreat, actively engaged in the work of daily instruction, and in the composition of his voluminous works. Being charged by the Athenians, as was Socrates, with impiety, he went to Chalcis in Eubœa, where he died in the year 322 B. C.

Aristotle possessed in a high degree the talent of discrimination, and a great mass of knowledge derived from books and the observation of nature. He mastered the whole philosophical and historical science of his age, devoting himself to the exploration of nature. The cast of his mind was the very opposite to that of his great master. Plato was endowed with a highly poetical imagination; his great object being knowledge, and his delight speculation. Absorbed in the contemplation of the intellectual and ideal, he seemed to forget, at times, that world in which he lived and moved. His fervid genius imparted a warmth and earnestness to his teaching almost resembling inspiration; while his style was of the purest and sweetest Attic, and his illustrative imagery nothing less than poetical. Aristotle, on the other hand, had neither poetry, nor imagination, nor fancy in his composition. He was eminently a practical man, using the word practical in the material sense; for his great object, as he himself says, was not knowledge (*γνῶσις*, meaning the philosophy of things), but practice (*πρᾶξις*). He could not form a conception of the ideal; but his teachings were argumentative and convincing and his reasonings close. He never sought to recommend his views either by the embellishments of poetry, or by rhetorical or exciting appeals to the heart and affections; hence he is cold and unimpressive, but intellectually convincing.

"One cannot set too high a value on the practical nature of Aristotle's mind. He never forgot the immediate bearing of all philosophy upon the happiness of man, and he never lost sight of man's wants or requirements. He saw the inadequacy of all knowledge, unless he could trace in it a visible practical tendency. But beyond this one single point, he falls grievously short of his great master, Plato. All his ideas of man's good are limited to the consideration of this life alone. It is impossible to trace in his writings any belief in a future state or immortality."¹

The first successors of Aristotle were, for the most part, skilful commentators on his doctrines, who endeavored to re-state more clearly what he had first advanced: the effect of which was, that his system gradually withdrew farther and farther from that of Plato, and proportionately approached the limits of materialism. In the middle ages it

was degraded to a system of formularies, and held for many centuries tyrannic sway over the public mind; but for the last three hundred years its influence has been growing weaker and weaker up to our times, when his philosophy is quite eclipsed by the elevating and sublime teachings and doctrines of Plato, whose influence over the educated mind of the world is growing stronger every year.

The vast extent of erudition for which Aristotle was distinguished comprised within its sphere every branch of philosophy, each of which is fortunately represented in his extant works. Among them are elaborate treatises on Logic, Metaphysics, Physical Science, Physiology, Mathematics, Ethics, Politics, Natural History, and, besides these, Belles-lettres, including Rhetoric, Poetry, and Grammar. The most common division of his writings is into two classes: *esoteric*, which were communicated to his select pupils, those who were pursuing different branches of science in a philosophic spirit; and *exoteric*, such as were delivered to students of a more superficial character; for the philosophers of Athens were not only its learned class, increasing the stores of speculation and discovery, but they also filled the office of public instructors, and were the preachers, the professors, the school-masters of that day.

The great work of Aristotle is upon Logic, and called the *Organon*¹ (*the instrument of science*), which is occupied with the investigation of the method by which man arrives at knowledge. It comprehends ten "Categories," or principles of classification, as the highest *genera* under which all things can be arranged; namely, Essence or Substance, Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion or Suffering, Time, Place, Position, Possession or Having. These were to Aristotle aids to systematic thought, suggesting lines of argument, and serving as repositories in which arguments might be stored up for use.

His *Physical* writings are "On the Doctrine of Nature;" "On the Heavens;" "On the Production and Dissolution of Natural Bodies;" "On Meteors;" "On Animal Life;" "On the Natural History of Animals;" "On the Winds," &c. &c. His doctrine of *Ethics* is in ten books to Nicomachus, hence generally called his *Nicomachean Ethics*. His treatise on *The Art of Rhetoric* is in three distinct books, while that on *The Art of Poetry* is comprised in one.²

¹ From this Bacon adopted the title of his chief work, *Novum Organon*, or "New Instrument of Science."

² The following are some of the best editions of Aristotle's works: "Ethics," Greek and Latin, by Wilkinson, Oxford, 1716, and reprinted often; Zell, Heidelberg, 1820, two volumes 8vo.; "Aristotle's Ethics with English Notes," by Rev. W. E. Jelf, Oxford, 1859. *De Poetica, Græca et Latine*, by Thomas Tyrwhitt, Oxford, 1794. Of this there is an elegant, large

LIBERALITY.

We proceed to speak of liberality, which seems to be that virtue which bears a peculiar relation to property. For the praise of liberality is not acquired by courage in war, moderation in pleasure, or justice in judgment, but by the propriety of our behavior in receiving or bestowing money, or whatever things can be measured by money; and principally in bestowing them. Of the propriety of our conduct in relation to property, prodigality and niggardliness are the two contrary and blamable extremes. Niggardliness always refers to those who set more than a just value on money: but prodigality is sometimes employed to express extravagant profusion joined with inordinate intemperance; for those are called prodigals, who waste their fortunes in ruinous pleasures, and thus signally debase themselves by complicated worthlessness. Yet prodigality more properly signifies one simple vice, that of ruining ourselves by our own fault; for he ruins himself by his own fault, who wastefully consumes his property, that is, the means by which his life is supported; and in this acceptation we take the word. Property falls under the description of things useful; which may either be used rightly or abused; and he only can use them rightly who is adorned with the virtue appertaining to them; namely, liberality. The use of money consists in expending or bestowing it: for the taking or keeping of money relates to possession rather than to use. The virtue of liberality, therefore, is more conspicuous in bestowing handsomely, than either in receiving what is our due, or in refusing what we ought not to accept. For virtue consists rather in acting our part well, than in avoiding what is amiss. This active virtue alone is the proper object of praise and gratitude; for it is more meritorious to part with what is our own, than to abstain from what belongs to another; which latter may be praised indeed as justice, but not as liberality; and to accept what is strictly due to us, is not entitled to any degree of praise. None are more beloved than the liberal, because their virtue is extensively useful, diffusing itself in benefits. But the motive

paper edition, Oxon., 1806.—Hermann, Leipsic, 1802, with philological and philosophical explanations. His "Ethics and Politics" have been translated by John Gillies, LL. D., in two volumes 8vo. The only complete translation in the English language of all his works is that by Thomas Taylor, London, 1806 12, 4to. 10 volumes. Of this only fifty copies were printed.

from which their actions proceed, is what chiefly constitutes their excellence; for liberality, like every other virtue, must keep the beauty of propriety in view; selecting its objects, and proportioning its extent, according to those rules which right reason prescribes. In conferring favors the critical moment must also be carefully studied; and they must be conferred cheerfully, at least not painfully: and when any one of these conditions is wanting, whatever acts of bounty a man may perform, he will not carry off the palm of virtuous and graceful liberality. If the gifts bestowed on others occasion pain to ourselves, it is a proof that we prefer money to the beauty of generous actions; and if we are rapacious in acquiring money, we cannot be truly liberal in employing it. A man of real beneficence will not be importunate in solicitation. He will be delicate as to accepting favors; but will enrich himself by the diligent management of his own affairs, that he may acquire materials for his bounty, which will be distributed with caution, that it may never fail the deserving. It belongs to his character to be more provident for others than for himself; and to extend the measure of his beneficence far beyond those limits which the prudence of selfishness would prescribe. But our liberality is relative to our wealth; it consists, not in the value of our gifts, but in the temper and habit of the giver; and he who gives the least of all, may be the most liberal of all, if what he gives bears the highest proportion to his substance.

PRODIGALITY AND AVARICE.

Prodigality and avarice are both of them excesses, and both of them defects. Prodigality is excessive in giving, and defective in receiving; avarice is defective in giving, and excessive in receiving; scraping together the meanest and vilest gains. The qualities which compose and support prodigality, are not easily united: it is difficult for him who is careless of receiving, to continue lavish in bestowing; for his funds, if he is a private man, will soon be exhausted. The prodigal, therefore, is better than the miser, because his malady is more curable. Age, and the experience of want, will correct his extravagance; and, as he still shows a generosity of nature, though unwisely and unseasonably, custom and good example will convert his thoughtless profusion into decent and graceful liberality; since his deviations from the right path proceed rather from folly than from depravity and turpitude. For this reason such a prodigal is

preferable to the miser; and also, because the former benefits many, and the latter no one; not even himself. But those who are prodigal of their own, are for the most part rapacious of what belongs to others; and finding it impossible to supply their wild extravagance by honorable means, abstain from no source of gain, however impure and polluted it may be; so that even their bounties have nothing liberal in them, being withheld from virtue in distress, and lavished on parasites, flatterers, and on the idle retinue of vice and folly. For the greater part of prodigals unite profligacy with prodigality; and, insensible to the beauty of virtue, fall victims to the allurements of pleasure.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF PUBLIC HAPPINESS.

Rightly to investigate the best form of a government, it is necessary previously to ascertain what is the best kind of life; since the latter of these remaining undetermined, the former also must continue to be unknown. Those men (barring improbable accidents) are the happiest, who live under the best government of which their circumstances admit. We must begin, therefore, by examining what kind of life is most eligible for mankind in general; and secondly, whether the well-being of individuals and of communities results from the same causes, and is to be estimated by the same standard. The former of these topics has been sufficiently discussed in our popular discourses; where we made use of a division that appears to be indisputably accurate; namely, that the happiness of men depends on their external prosperity, on the frame and habit of their bodies, on the state and condition of their minds. He surely would be unworthy to be called happy, who possessed not the smallest particle of fortitude, of temperance, of justice, or of prudence; since the wretch totally destitute of these virtues respectively, would be frightened at the buzzing of a fly; would wallow unrestrained in the most beastly sensuality; would not hesitate, for the smallest gain, to destroy his best benefactor; and in point of intellectual operations, would betray either childish imbecility or frantic absurdity. That a certain portion of virtue is essential to the well-being of a human creature, cannot, therefore, be a matter of dispute; but to what this portion ought to amount, occasions much diversity of opinion. In general, mankind are satisfied with their respective shares of virtue, how scanty soever they may be, but ex-

trremely dissatisfied with their shares of all other advantages; for their measure of virtue, however inconsiderable it may appear to others, rarely appearing deficient to themselves, they seek not to augment it; while their estates and money, their fame and their power, cannot possibly, in their own opinion, be too widely enlarged, or too highly accumulated. But *we* say to them, that such vulgar illusions, even vulgar observation may suffice to dispel. The external advantages of power and fortune are acquired and maintained by virtue, not virtue by them; and whether we consider the virtuous energies themselves, or the fruits which they unceasingly produce, the sovereign good of life must evidently be found in moral and intellectual excellence, moderately supplied with external accommodations, rather than in the greatest accumulation of external advantages, unimproved and unadorned by virtue. External prosperity is indeed instrumental in producing happiness, and therefore, like every other instrument, must have its assigned limits; beyond which it is inconvenient or hurtful. But to mental excellence no limit can be assigned: the farther it extends, the more *useful* it becomes, if the epithet of *useful* need ever to be superadded to that of *honorable*. Besides this, the relative importance of qualities is best estimated by that of their respective subjects. But the mind, both in itself and in reference to man, is far better than the body, or than property. The excellencies of the mind, therefore, are in the same proportion to be preferred to the highest perfection of the body, and the best disposition of external circumstances. The two last are of a far inferior, and merely a subservient nature; since no man of sense covets or pursues them, but for the sake of the mind, with a view to promote its genuine improvement, and to heighten its native joys. Let this great truth then be acknowledged; a truth evinced by the Deity himself, who is happy, not from any external cause, but through the inherent attributes of his divine nature.

ORIGIN OF POETRY.

Poetry, in general, seems to have derived its origin from two *causes*, each of them *natural*.

To IMITATE is instinctive in man from his infancy. By this he is distinguished from other animals, that he is, of all, the most imitative, and through this instinct receives his earliest education. All men, likewise, naturally receive pleasure from

imitation. This is evident from what we experience in viewing the works of imitative art; for in them, we contemplate with pleasure, and with the *more* pleasure, the more exactly they are imitated, such objects as, if real, we could not see without pain; as, the figures of the meanest and most disgusting animals, dead bodies, and the like. And the reason of this is, that to *learn*, is a natural pleasure, not confined to philosophers, but common to all men; with this difference only, that the multitude partake of it in a more transient and compendious manner. Hence the pleasure they receive from a picture: in viewing it they *learn*, they *infer*, they *discover*, what every object is: that *this*, for instance, is such a particular man, &c. For if we suppose the object represented to be something which the spectator had never seen, his pleasure, in that case, will not arise from the *imitation*, but from the workmanship, the colors, or some such cause.

Imitation, then, being thus natural to us, and MELODY and RHYTHM being also natural, those persons, in whom, originally, these propensities were the strongest, were naturally led to rude and extemporaneous attempts, which, gradually improved, gave birth to POETRY.

TWO KINDS OF POETRY.

But this Poetry, following the different *characters* of its authors, naturally divided itself into *two* different *kinds*. They who were of a grave and lofty spirit, chose, for their imitation, the actions and the adventures of *elevated* characters; while Poets of a *lighter* turn, represented those of the *vicious* and *contemptible*. And these composed, originally, *Satires*; as the former did *Hymns* and *Encomia*.

Of the *lighter* kind, we have no Poem anterior to the time of HOMER, though many such, in all probability, there were; but, *from* his time, we have; as, his *Margites*,¹ and others of the same species, in which the Iambic was introduced as the most proper measure; and hence, indeed, the name of *Iambic*, because it was the measure in which they used to IAMBIZE (that is, to *satirize*) each other.

And thus these old Poets were divided into two classes—

¹ The word *Margites* means, in Greek (*μαργιτης*), a mad, silly fellow; hence this is the name of the hero of a mock-heroic poem of the same name, ascribed to Homer.

those who used the *heroic*,¹ and those who used the *iambic*, verse.

And as, in the *serious* kind, HOMER alone may be said to deserve the name of Poet, not only on account of his other excellencies, but also of the *dramatic* spirit of his imitations; so was he likewise the first who suggested the idea of *Comedy*, by substituting *ridicule* for *invective*, and giving that ridicule a dramatic cast: for his MARGITES bears the same analogy to Comedy, as his ILIAD and ODYSSEY do to Tragedy. But when Tragedy and Comedy had once made their appearance, succeeding Poets, according to the turn of their genius, attached themselves to the one or the other of these new species: the lighter sort, instead of *Iambic*, became *Comic* Poets; the graver, *Tragic* instead of *Heroic*: and that on account of the superior dignity and higher estimation of these latter *forms* of Poetry.

THE HONORABLE.

That is honorable which, while it is an object of choice on its own account, is commendable also; or which, being good, is pleasant, simply because it is good. But if the honorable be this, virtue must necessarily be honorable; for, being good, it is commendable. And virtue, as it should seem, is a faculty tending to provide us with goods and preserve them to us; a faculty, moreover, capable of benefiting in many and important cases; of benefiting, in a word, every object in every respect. The constituent parts of virtue are justice, courage, temperance, magnificence, magnanimity, liberality, placability, prudence, wisdom; and it must needs be, that those virtues are the highest which are the most beneficial to others, if at least virtue be (as it was defined) a faculty capable of benefiting on this account, men honor in the greatest degree the just and brave; for justice and courage are useful to them, the one in war, and the other in peace. Next is liberality; for the liberal are profuse, and do not wrangle with people about money, the object which the rest of the world hanker after more than anything. Now justice is the virtue by which each has his own, as the law prescribes; injustice, however, is that habit by which some take the property of others in contravention to¹ law. Courage, that by which men are ready to achieve honorable

¹ That is, hexameters, composed of dactyls and spondees, which were called *heroic* feet.

exploits in the midst of danger, conformably to the direction of and in subservience to law; cowardice, however, is its contrary. But temperance is a virtue by which men carry themselves so, in respect to the pleasures of the body, as the law directs; intemperance, however, is its contrary. But liberality tends to benefit in pecuniary matters; stinginess is its contrary. Magnanimity is that virtue which is apt to confer important benefits; narrowness of soul is its opposite. Magnificence is the virtue which produces grandeur in expenditures: again, narrowness of soul and meanness are opposed. Prudence, however, is an intellectual virtue, by conforming to which men have the faculty of actually determining on the subjects of good and evil, which has been mentioned as entering into happiness.

WHAT THINGS ARE PLEASANT.

Let it be laid down by us, that pleasure is a certain motion of the soul, and a settlement of it, at once rapid and perceptible, into its own proper nature; and that pain is the contrary. If then pleasure be a thing of this nature, it is plain that whatever is productive of the disposition I have described, is pleasant; while everything of a nature to destroy it, or produce a disposition the opposite to it, is painful.

There is also a kind of pleasure consequent on most appetites; for either in the recollection that they have enjoyed them, or in the hope that they shall enjoy them, men are affected and delighted by a certain pleasure: thus men possessed by fevers feel delight, amid their thirst, as well at the remembrance how they used to drink, as at the hope of drinking yet again. Lovers, too, feel delight in conversing, writing, and composing something, ever about the object beloved; because, in all those energies, they have a perception, as it were, of the object they love. And this is in all cases a criterion of the commencement of love, when persons feel pleasure not only in the *presence* of the object, but are enamored also of it when *absent*, on memory; wherefore, even when pain arises at absence, nay, in the midst of mourning, and the very dirge of death, there yet arises within us a certain pleasure.

Again, to overcome is pleasant, not to the ambitious only, but even to all; for there arises an imagination of superiority, for which all, either in a faint or more violent degree, have an appetite. But since to overcome is pleasant, it must follow of course, that amusements where there is field for rivalry, as those

of music and disputations, are pleasant ; for it frequently occurs, in the course of these, that we overcome ; also chess, ball, dice, and draughts. Again, it is the same with respect to amusements where a lively interest is taken ; for, of these, some become pleasant as accustomed to them ; others are pleasant at first ; for instance, hunting and every kind of sporting ; for where there is rivalry, there is also victory ; on which principle the disputations of the bar and of the schools are pleasant to those who have become accustomed to them, and have abilities. Also honor and good character are most pleasant, by reason that an idea arises, that one is such as is the good man ; and this in a greater degree should those people pronounce one such, who always speaks the truth ; such are those immediately about one, rather than those who are more removed ; familiar friends, and acquaintances, and one's fellow citizens, rather than those who are at a distance ; the present, rather than a future generation ; a man of practical wisdom, rather than a mere ignoramus ; many, than a few ; for it is more likely that these I have mentioned will adhere to the truth, than that the opposite characters will : since one has no anxiety about the honor or the opinions of such as one greatly despises, children and animals, for instance, not at least for the sake of such opinion itself ; but if one is anxious about it, then it is on account of something else. A friend, too, ranks among things pleasant ; for the affection of love is pleasant.

Also the being held in admiration is pleasant, on the very account of being honored by it. Flattery and the flatterer are pleasant ; since the flatterer is a seeming admirer and a seeming friend. To continue the same course of action is also pleasant ; for what is habitual was laid down to be pleasant. To vary is also pleasant ; for change is an approach to what is natural ; for sameness produces an excess of a stated habit ; whence it has been said, " In everything change is pleasant." For on this principle, whatever occurs at intervals of time is pleasant, whether persons or things ; for it is a variation of present objects ; and at the same time that which occurs merely at intervals possesses the merit of rarity. Also learning and admiration, generally speaking, are pleasant ; for under admiration exists a desire to learn, so that what is admired is desired ; and in the act of learning there is a settlement into a state conformable to nature. To benefit and to be benefited are also of the number of pleasant things ; for to be benefited, is to get what people desire ; but to benefit is to possess and abound ; things the both of which men desire. And because

a tendency to beneficence is pleasant, it is also pleasant to a man to set his neighbor on his legs again, and to put a finish to that which was deficient in some particular. But as the acquisition of knowledge is pleasant, and also the feeling of admiration; that, too, must necessarily be pleasant which has been expressed in imitation, as in painting, sculpture, and poetry; also, everything is pleasant which has been correctly imitated, although the original object, of which it is the imitation, may not in itself be pleasant; for one does not feel pleasure on that account; but there is an inference that "this means that:" and thus it happens that we learn something. It is also pleasant to put a finish to what is deficient; for it became by that time one's own production. And as to rule is the most pleasant of all things, the appearing to be wise is also pleasant; for knowledge is a principle of power; and wisdom is a knowledge of many subjects, and those commanding admiration.

In a similar way, since amusement ranks among pleasant things, and as every relaxation and laughter is of the number, things ridiculous must therefore of course be pleasant, as well persons as expressions and productions. Let thus much have been said on the subject of things pleasant; from the contraries of these things, what is painful will be evident.

THE DISPOSITIONS CONSEQUENT ON WEALTH.

Any one, without any great penetration, may distinguish the dispositions consequent on wealth; for its possessors are insolent and overbearing, from being tainted in a certain way by the getting of their wealth. For they are affected as though they possessed every good; since wealth is a sort of standard of the worth of other things; whence everything seems to be purchasable by it. And they are affectedly delicate and purse-proud; they are thus delicate on account of their luxurious lives, and the display they make of their prosperity. They are purse-proud, and violate the rules of good breeding, from the circumstance that every one is wont to dwell upon that which is beloved and admired by him, and because they think that others are emulous of that of which they are themselves. But at the same time they are thus affected reasonably enough; for many are they who need the aid of men of property. Whence, too, that remark of Simonides addressed to the wife of Hiero representing the wealthy and the wise; for when she asked him "whether it were better to have been born wealthy or

wise," he replied, "wealthy; for," he said, "he used to see the wise hanging on at the doors of the wealthy." And it is a characteristic of the rich that they esteem themselves worthy of being in office; for they consider themselves possessed of that on account of which they are entitled to be in office. And, in a word, the disposition of the rich is that of a fool amid prosperity.

However, the dispositions of those who are but lately rich, and of those who have been so from of old, are different; inasmuch as those who have recently become rich have all these faults in a greater and a worse degree; for the having recently become rich is as it were an inexperience in wealth.

DEMOSTHENES.

382—322 B. C.

"Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

Paradise Regained, iv. 287.

To the nature of the Athenian government—"that fierce democracy," as Milton calls it; to its foreign wars and domestic discords; as well as to the cultivated intellect, quick perceptions, and fastidious taste of the people, may we refer the great superiority of the Athenian orators over all others of ancient, if not of modern times. All great questions of peace or war, of domestic policy and of foreign relations, were decided at Athens by the vote of the populace, and hence he who could exert over them the most potent influence, had open before him the sure avenue to honor and opulence. That there were always multitudes ambitious of this distinction was a matter of course, and hence the art of eloquence was cultivated in that city with the greatest assiduity and zeal.

Of all those who distinguished themselves in the capital of Attica for eloquence, Demosthenes, by the common consent of ancient and modern times, stands pre-eminent. His father was a wealthy sword-cutler of Attica, and died when his son had completed only his seventh year, leaving a considerable property to him in the hands of three guardians. These so mismanaged and squandered their trust, that Demosthenes, most happily, was forced to depend upon the resources

of his own intellect, and determined to devote his life to oratory. He chose Isæus for his master, and though having a weakly constitution, and an impediment in his speech, yet by steady, persevering effort, and daily practice, he brought himself to address without embarrassment, and with complete success, the assembled multitudes of the Athenian people. His first attempts at oratory were made to vindicate his own claims, and recover the property which his guardians had appropriated to themselves. In this he proved entirely successful. After this, he displayed his ability as an orator on several public occasions, and succeeded by the power of his eloquence in preventing the Athenians from engaging in a war with Persia.

But most of the oratorical efforts of Demosthenes were directed to rouse the Athenians from their indolence, and to arm them against the insidious designs and ambitious schemes of Philip, who, in the year 358 B. C., began that attack upon the northern maritime allies of Athens—Amphipolis, Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, and Olynthus, designing thereby to extinguish, in the end, the liberties of all Greece. Demosthenes was the only person who, utterly fearless of personal consequences, had the honesty and the courage openly to express his opinions, and to call upon the Greeks to unite against their common foe. These patriotic efforts are the groundwork of his "Philippics"—a series of most spirited and splendid orations, attacking with terrible vehemence the ambition of the Macedonian monarch. Hence their title has been given to the speeches of Cicero against Antony, and indeed to all orations which consist of spirited and bitter invective. Of the same character are the three orations called "Olynthiacs,"¹ that on the proposition of "Peace" with Philip, and that which is entitled "On the Chersonese."

But Philip's influence at length became so great that in 339 B. C. he was elected general of the Amphictyonic army, and the next year he gained the battle of Chæronea over the Athenians, which left Greece proper only the outward form and name of liberty. Demosthenes, who had in vain endeavored to rouse his countrymen to resist Philip, when their resistance would have been effectual, was selected to deliver the funeral oration over those who fell on that fatal field. Such was the noble tribute which the Athenians, though defeated in the battle which he advised, paid to his great purity of character and transcendent genius.

The party of Philip now, of course, gained great strength in Athens.

¹ Philip's attack on Olynthus in 349 terminated the next year in the conquest of the place, by which the Athenians were deprived of their last stronghold in the North.

It was headed by Æschines, the rival of Demosthenes; and when Ctesiphon proposed that a golden crown should be delivered to Demosthenes in the theatre at the Dionysiac festival, as a reward for his patriotism, Æschines opposed it, attacked Ctesiphon, and endeavored to show that the proposal was not only made in an illegal form, but that the conduct of Demosthenes did not give him any claim to public gratitude or such a distinction. For eight years, however, Æschines deferred to prosecute the charge, and he was then (330 B. C.) answered by Demosthenes in his celebrated oration *Περὶ Στεφάνου*, "Upon the Crown," which in point of logical argumentation, and brilliant and impassioned eloquence, has not its superior in any language.¹ Demosthenes had scarcely finished his speech when Æschines threw up the cause. He did not obtain one-fifth of the votes, and therefore, according to the laws of Athens, was obliged to leave the country.

On the death of Philip, 336 B. C., the Greeks had hopes of shaking off the Macedonian yoke; but they soon saw that in energy, skill, and bravery, the son was quite equal to the father, and they were glad to sue for peace. So strong, however, was the Macedonian party in Athens that Demosthenes, on a false charge of corruption, was condemned and banished. He, however, escaped from prison, and lived in exile until the death of Alexander, B. C. 323, when he interested himself deeply in another movement of the Greeks to regain their liberty. After many ineffectual struggles, the Athenians were compelled to make peace with Antipater, the regent of Macedonia, appointed by Alexander, one of the terms of which was that they should give up their leading orators. Whereupon Demosthenes fled to Calauria, an island east of Argolis, and took refuge in the temple of Neptune, and, taking the poison which he had for some time kept about his person, died there on the 10th of October, 322 B. C.

Thus terminated the career of a man who has been ranked by scholars of all ages among the greatest and noblest spirits of antiquity, and who governed Athens by his oratory for twenty years. The characteristics of his eloquence were strength, purity, sublimity, and a piercing energy and force, aided by a warm, emphatic, and vigorous

¹ In modern times, Lord Chatham's speech on American affairs, delivered in the House of Lords, November 18, 1777; Edmund Burke's, on the "Nabob of Arcot's Debts," delivered in the House of Commons, February 28, 1785; Fisher Ames', on the "British Treaty," delivered in our House of Representatives, April 28, 1796; Daniel Webster's, on the "Public Lands," delivered in the United States Senate, 1830, and Charles Sumner's, on the infamous "Fugitive Slave Bill," delivered in the Senate in 1852, will, for effective, brilliant, and logical eloquence, rank side by side with this masterly effort of Demosthenes.

elocation. If to these intellectual powers we add an unsullied purity of character that hated all dishonesty, all trickery, and all shams, and was the earnest and constant advocate of virtue and truth, we cannot wonder at the powerful sway he exerted over the minds of the Athenians, and the admiration in which he has been held by all after times.

Of the orations of Demosthenes sixty-one have come down to us under his name, though some are of very doubtful authenticity. Besides these, there are fifty-six *Exordia*, or introductions to public orations, and six letters which bear his name, though some of them are doubtful. Of the orations, seventeen belong to the class called "deliberative;" forty-two are "judicial" speeches; and two "demonstrative." Of the "deliberative," twelve relate to the contests between Philip and the Greeks, three of which are styled "Olynthiacs," and four "Philippics," the rest of the twelve bearing different titles.¹

PHILIP AND THE ATHENIANS.

If any one of you, Athenians, thinks that Philip is hard to struggle with, considering both the magnitude of the power already to his hand and the fact that all the strong places are lost to our state—he thinks rightly enough. But let him take this into account: that we ourselves, Athenians, once held Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country—as it were in our own home-circle; and many of the states now under his sway were beginning to be self-ruled and free, and preferred to hold friendly relations with us rather than with him. Now, then, if Philip had harbored at that time the idea that it was hard to struggle with the Athenians when they had such strongholds in his country, while he was destitute of allies—he would have effected none of those things which he has accomplished, nor would he have ever acquired so great power. But he at least knew this well enough, Athenians—that all these strongholds are prizes of war open to each contestant, and that naturally the possessions of the absent fall to those who are on the spot, and the opportunities of the careless are seized by those willing to work and to risk. It has been so in

¹ Editions: by Reiske, in his *Greek Orators*, twelve volumes; by Schaefer, reprinted in London, nine volumes 8vo., 1822-27; by Dindorf, Leipsic, 1825, three volumes 8vo. Translations, by Thomas Leland, D. D., by Rev. Philip Francis, with critical and historical notes; and by Kennedy, in Bohn's Classical Library.

his case, for, possessed by such sentiments, he has thoroughly subdued and now holds all places: some, as one might hold them in his grasp by custom of war; others, by having made them allies and friends. No wonder: for all are ready to give their heart-felt adherence to those whom they see prepared and ready to do what necessity demands.

In like manner, if you also, Athenians, are now ready to adopt the same principle (since, alas! you were not before), and each one of you, throwing away all dissimulation, is ready to show himself useful to the state, as far as its necessity and his power extend; if each is ready to *do*—the rich to contribute, those of serviceable age to take the field; in a word, if you choose to be your own masters, and each individual ceases to do nothing, hoping that his neighbor will do all for him—you will both regain your possessions (with Heaven's permission) and recover your opportunities recklessly squandered: you will take vengeance on HIM.

Do not suppose his present happy fortune immutable—immortal, like a god's; on the other hand, some hate him, others fear him, Athenians, and envy him, and that, too, in the number of those who seem on intimate terms with him; for all those passions that rage in other men, we may assume to be hidden in the bosoms of those also that surround him. Now, however, all these passions have crouched before him, having no escape on account of your laziness and indifference, which, I repeat, you ought immediately to abandon. For you see the state of things, Athenians, to what a pitch of arrogance he has come—this man who gives you no choice to act or to remain quiet, but brags about and talks words of overwhelming insolence, as they tell us. He is not such a character as to rest with the possessions which he has conquered, but is always compassing something else, and at every point hedging us, dallying and supine, in narrower and narrower circles. When, then, Athenians, when will you do what you ought? As soon as something happens? As soon, great Jove! as necessity compels you? Why, what does necessity compel you to think now of your deeds? In my opinion, the most urgent necessity to freemen is the disgrace attendant upon their public policy.

Or do you prefer—tell me, do you prefer to wander about here and there, asking in the market-place, "What news? what news?" What can be newer than that a Macedonian should crush Athenians in war and lord it over all Greece? "Is Philip dead?" "No, by Jove, but he's sick." What difference is it to you? what difference? For if anything should

happen to him, you would quickly raise up another Philip, if you manage your public affairs as you now do. For not so much to his own strength as to your laziness does he owe his present aggrandizement.

Yet even if anything should happen to him, and fortune begin to favor us (for she has always cared for us more kindly than we for ourselves); you know that by being nearer to them you could assert *your* power over all these disordered possessions, and could dictate what terms you might choose; but as you now act, if some chance should give you Amphipolis, you could not take it, so lacking are you in your preparations and zeal.

MEASURES TO BE ADOPTED TO RESIST PHILIP.

Let any one now come forward and tell me, by whose contrivance but ours, Philip has grown strong. Well, sir, this looks bad, but things at home are better. What proof can be adduced? The parapets that are whitewashed? The roads that are repaired? fountains and fooleries? Look at the men of whose statesmanship these are the fruits. They have risen from beggary to opulence, or from obscurity to honor; some have made their private houses more splendid than the public buildings; and in proportion as the state has declined, their fortunes have been exalted.

What has produced these results? How is it that all went prosperously then, and now goes wrong? Because anciently the people, having the courage to be soldiers, controlled the statesmen, and disposed of all emoluments; any of the rest was happy to receive from the people his share of honor, office, or advantage. Now, contrariwise, the statesmen dispose of emoluments; through them everything is done; you the people, enervated, stripped of treasure and allies, are become as underlings and hangers-on, happy if these persons dole you out show-money or send you paltry beeves;¹ and, the unmanliest part of

¹ Entertainments were frequently given to the people after sacrifices, at which a very small part of the victim was devoted to the gods, such as the legs and intestines, the rest being kept for more profane purposes. The Athenians were remarkably extravagant in sacrifices. Demades, ridiculing the donations of public meat, compared the republic to an old woman, sitting at home in slippers and supping her broth. Demosthenes, using the diminutive *βούδια*, charges the magistrates with supplying lean and poor oxen, whereas the victims ought to be healthy and large, *ταυρά*.

all, you are grateful for receiving your own. They, cooping you in the city, lead you to your pleasures, and make you tame and submissive to their hands. It is impossible, I say, to have a high and noble spirit, while you are engaged in petty and mean employments: whatever be the pursuits of men, their characters must be similar. By Ceres, I should not wonder, if I, for mentioning these things, suffered more from your resentment than the men who have brought them to pass. For even liberty of speech you allow not on all subjects; I marvel indeed you have allowed it here.

Would you but even now, renouncing these practices, perform military service and act worthily of yourselves; would you employ these domestic superfluities as a means to gain advantage abroad; perhaps, Athenians, perhaps you might gain some solid and important advantage, and be rid of these perquisites, which are like the diet ordered by physicians for the sick. As that neither imparts strength, nor suffers the patient to die, so your allowances are not enough to be of substantial benefit, nor yet permit you to reject them and turn to something else. Thus do they increase the general apathy. What? I shall be asked: mean you stipendiary service? Yes, and forthwith the same arrangement for all, Athenians, that each, taking his dividend from the public, may be what the state requires. Is peace to be had? You are better at home, under no compulsion to act dishonorably from indigence. Is there such an emergency as the present? Better to be a soldier, as you ought, in your country's cause, maintained by those very allowances. Is any one of you beyond the military age? What he now irregularly takes without doing service, let him take by just regulation, superintending and transacting needful business. Thus, without derogating from or adding to our political system, only removing some irregularity, I bring it into order, establishing a uniform rule for receiving money, for serving in war, for sitting on juries, for doing what each according to his age can do, and what occasion requires. I never advise we should give to idlers the wages of the diligent, or sit at leisure, passive and helpless, to hear that such a one's mercenaries are victorious; as we now do. Not that I blame any one who does you a service: I only call upon you, Athenians, to perform on your own account those duties for which you honor strangers, and not to surrender that post of dignity which, won through many glorious dangers, your ancestors have bequeathed.

I have said nearly all that I think necessary. I trust you

will adopt that course which is best for the country and yourselves.

THE ATHENIANS OF A FORMER AGE DESCRIBED.

I ask you, Athenians, to see how it was in the time of your ancestors; for by domestic (not foreign) examples you may learn your lesson of duty. Themistocles who commanded in the sea-fight at Salamis, and Miltiades who led at Marathon, and many others, who performed services unlike the generals of the present day—assuredly they were not set up in brass nor overvalued by your forefathers, who honored them, but only as persons on a level with themselves. Your forefathers, O my countrymen, surrendered not their part in any of those glories. There is no man who will attribute the victory of Salamis to Themistocles, but to the Athenians; nor the battle of Marathon to Miltiades, but to the republic. But now people say, that Timotheus took Coreyra,¹ and Iphicrates cut off the Spartan division,² and Chabrias won the naval victory at Naxos:³ for you seem to resign the merit of these actions, by the extravagance of the honors which you have bestowed on their account upon each of the commanders.

So wisely did the Athenians of that day confer political rewards; so improperly do you. But how the rewards of foreigners? To Menon the Pharsalian, who gave twelve talents in money for the war at Eion⁴ by Amphipolis, and

¹ Timotheus brought back Coreyra to the Athenian alliance, B. C. 376. The Lacedæmonians attempted to recover it three years after, but were defeated.

² At Lechæum near Corinth. The division of the Lacedæmonian army called *μῆλα*, which Iphicrates defeated, was little more than four hundred men. The fame of the exploit, so disproportioned to the numbers engaged, was owing, partly to the great renown of the Spartan infantry, which had not been defeated in a pitched battle for a long period before, and partly to the new kind of troops employed by the Athenian general.

³ Which annihilated the Spartan navy, B. C. 376. In this battle Phocion first distinguished himself.

⁴ Eion is a city on the Strymon below Amphipolis. In the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war, when Brasidas had taken Amphipolis, he sailed down the Strymon to attack Eion, but the town had been put in a posture of defence by Thucydides the historian, who came to its relief with some ships from Thasos. There is no mention in Thucydides of Menon the Pharsalian. Brasidas had partisans in Pharsalus, and marched through Thessaly on his expedition to Chalcidice, aided by some of the nobles of that country. But the Thessalian people in general sided with the Athenians, and an endeavor was made to prevent his march. Afterwards they stopped the passage of the Spartan reinforcements.

assisted them with two hundred horsemen of his own retainers,¹ the Athenians then voted not the freedom of their city, but only granted immunity from imposts.² And in earlier times to Perdiccas,³ who reigned in Macedonia during the invasion of the Barbarian—when he had destroyed the Persians who retreated from Platæa after their defeat, and completed the disaster of the king—they voted not the freedom of their city, but only granted immunity from imposts; doubtless, esteeming their country to be of high value, honor, and dignity, surpassing all possible obligation. But now, ye men of Athens, ye adopt the vilest of mankind, menials and the sons of menials, to be your citizens, receiving a price as for any other salable commodity. And you have fallen into such a practice, not because your natures are inferior to your ancestors, but because they were in a condition to think highly of themselves, while from you, men of Athens, this power is taken away. It can never be, methinks, that your spirit is generous and noble, while you are engaged in petty and mean employments; no more than you can be abject and mean-spirited, while your actions are honorable and glorious. Whatever be the pursuits of men, their sentiments must necessarily be similar.

Mark what a summary view may be taken of the deeds performed by your ancestors and by you. Possibly from such comparison you may rise superior to yourselves. They for a period of five and forty years took the lead of the Greeks by general consent, and carried up more than ten thousand talents into the citadel; and many glorious trophies they erected for victories by land and sea, wherein even yet we take a pride. And remember, they erected these, not merely that we may survey them with admiration, but also that we may emulate the virtues of the dedicators.⁴ Such was their conduct: but

¹ The *Penestæ* of Thessaly were serfs or vassals, whose condition was somewhat like, though superior to, that of the Laconian Helots. They were in fact the ancient inhabitants, reduced to a state of dependence by the Thessalian conquerors.

² Such an immunity, when granted to a foreigner, would exempt him from customs and harbor dues. In the case of a person like Menon, it would be little more than an honorary distinction. But to a citizen or a foreigner residing at Athens, an exemption from duties and taxes would be more important.

³ It was Alexander who reigned in Macedonia at this time. This, then, is either a mistake of the orator, or we may suppose with Luchesiini, that Perdiccas, the son of Alexander, was governor of a principality, and therefore dignified with the kingly title.

⁴ The trophy, which consisted of armor and spoils taken from the enemy, was hung up, usually on a tree, near the field of battle, and consecrated to

for ours—fallen as we have on a solitude¹ manifest to you all—look if it bears any resemblance. Have not more than fifteen hundred talents been lavished ineffectually on the distressed people of Greece?² Have not all private fortunes, the revenues of the state, the contributions from our allies, been squandered? Have not the allies, whom we gained in the war, been lost recently in the peace? But forsooth, in these respects only was it better anciently than now, in other respects worse. Very far from that! Let us examine what instances you please. The edifices which they left, the ornaments of the city in temples, harbors, and the like, were so magnificent and beautiful, that room is not left for any succeeding generation to surpass them; yonder gateway,³ the Parthenon, docks, porticos, and other structures, which they adorned the city withal and bequeathed to us. The private houses of the men in power were so modest and in accordance with the name of the constitution, that if any one knows the style of house which Themistocles occupied, or Cimon, or Aristides, or Miltiades, and the illustrious of that day, he perceives it to be no grander than that of the neighbors. But now, ye men of Athens,—as regards public measures—our government is content to furnish roads, fountains, whitewashing, and trumpery; not that I blame the authors of these works; far otherwise; I blame you, if you suppose that such measures are all you have to execute. As regards individual conduct—your men in office have (some of them) made their private houses, not only more ostentatious than the multitude, but more splendid than the public buildings; others are farming land which they have purchased of such an extent, as once they never hoped for in a dream.

The cause of this difference is, that formerly the people were lords and masters of all; any individual citizen was glad to receive from them his share of honor, office, or profit. Now, on the contrary, these persons are the disposers of emoluments;

some god, with an inscription showing the names of the conquerors and the conquered.

¹ That is, an absence of competitors.

² What this refers to is unknown. It has been suggested, that Athens may have sent supplies of corn for the relief of certain Greek cities.

³ The Propylæa, which could be seen from the Pnyx, where the people assembled, and were pointed to by the orator. This was an ornamental fortification in front of the Acropolis, considered the most beautiful structure in Athens. It was constructed of white marble, at an immense expense, in the time of Pericles, and took five years in building. For a particular description of the public buildings of Athens, see my Compendium of Grecian Antiquities, Part I, Chapter 2d.

everything is done by their agency ; the people are treated as underlings and dependents, and you are happy to take what these men allow you for your portion.

EXORDIUM OF THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

Let me begin, Men of Athens, by imploring, of all the Heavenly Powers, that the same kindly sentiments which I have, throughout my public life, cherished towards this country and each one of you, may now by you be shown towards me in the present contest ! In two respects my adversary plainly has the advantage of me. First, we have not the same interests at stake : it is by no means the same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for *Æschines*, an unprovoked volunteer, to fail in his impeachment. My other disadvantage is, the natural proneness of men to lend a pleased attention to invective and accusation, but to give little heed to him whose theme is his own vindication. To my adversary, therefore, falls the part which ministers to your gratification, while to me there is only left that which, I may almost say, is distasteful to all. And yet, if I do not speak of myself and my own conduct, I shall appear defenceless against his charges, and without proof that my honors were well earned. This, therefore, I must do ; but it shall be with moderation. And bear in mind that the blame of my dwelling on personal topics must justly rest upon him who has instituted this personal impeachment.

At least, my judges, you will admit that this question concerns me as much as *Ctesiphon*, and justifies on my part an equal anxiety. To be stripped of any possession, and more especially by an enemy, is grievous to bear ; but to be robbed of your confidence and esteem—of all possessions the most precious—is indeed intolerable. Such, then, being my stake in this cause, I conjure you all to give ear to my defence against these charges, with that impartiality which the laws enjoin—those laws first given by *Solon*, and which he fixed, not only by engraving them on brazen tables, but by the sanction of the oaths you take when sitting in judgment ; because he perceived that, the accuser being armed with the advantage of speaking first, the accused can have no chance of resisting his charges, unless you, his judges, keeping the oath sworn before Heaven, shall receive with favor the defence which comes last, and, lending an equal ear to both parties, shall thus make up your minds upon the whole of the case.

But, on this day, when I am about to render up an account, as it should seem, of my whole life, both public and private, I would again, as in the outset, implore the gods, and in your presence pour out to them my supplications—first, to grant me at your hands the same kindness, in this conflict, which I have ever borne towards our country and all of you; and next, that they may incline you all to pronounce upon this impeachment the decision which shall best consult the glory of the State, and the religious obligations of each individual judge!

Lord Brougham.

ADDRESS TO ÆSCHINES.

Unhappy man! If it be the public disasters which have given you such audacity, and which, on the contrary, you ought to lament, together with me, I challenge you to exhibit a single instance in which I have contributed to the misfortune. Wherever I have been ambassador, have the envoys of Philip had any advantage over me? No, never; not in any place, neither in Thessaly, nor Thrace, nor Byzantium, nor Thebes, nor Illyricum. But that which I accomplished by words, Philip overturned by force; and you complain of me for this, and do not blush to demand of me an account of it. This same Demosthenes whom you represent to be so feeble a man, you will have it, ought to have prevailed over the armies of Philip; and with what? with words! for I had only words to use; I had not the disposal of the arms, nor the fortune of any one. I had no military command, and no one but you has been so senseless as to demand from me the reason of it. But what could, what ought an Athenian orator to have done? To see the evil in its birth, to make others see it, and that is what I have done. To prevent as far as it was possible the delays, the false pretences, the opposition of interests, the mistakes, the faults, the obstacles of every species so common amidst republics jealous of each other: and that is what I have done. To oppose to all these difficulties zeal, promptness, love of duty, friendship, concord: and that is what I have done. On any of these points, I defy any one to find me in fault; and if they ask me how Philip has prevailed, all the world will answer for me: by his arms which have invaded everything; by his gold which has corrupted everything. It was not in my power to combat either the one or the other; I had neither treasures nor soldiers: but as far as was in my power, I dare say this, I have

conquered Philip—and, how ? by refusing his presents, by refusing to be bribed. When a man allows himself to be bought, the buyer may say that he has triumphed over him ; but he who lives incorruptible, may say that he has triumphed over the corrupter. So then as much as it depended on Demosthenes, Athens has been victorious, Athens has been invincible.

PUBLIC SPIRIT OF THE ATHENIANS.

You, Athenians, were never known to live contented in a slavish though secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No. Our whole history is a series of gallant contests for pre-eminence : the whole period of our national existence hath been spent in braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, as characteristic of the Athenian spirit, that those of your ancestors who were most eminent for it are ever the most favorite objects of your praise. And with reason : for, who can reflect, without astonishment, on the magnanimity of those men who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, rather than live at the bidding of a stranger ? The Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general, to procure them a state of easy slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. For it was a principle fixed deeply in every breast, that man was not born to his parents only, but to his country. And mark the distinction. He who regards himself as born only to his parents waits in passive submission for the hour of his natural dissolution. He who considers that he is the child of his country, also, volunteers to meet death rather than behold that country reduced to vassalage ; and thinks those insults and disgraces which he must endure, in a state enslaved, much more terrible than death.

Should I attempt to assert that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No : it is my point to show that such sentiments are properly your own ; that they were the sentiments of my country long before my days. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles in every part of my administration. He, then, who condemns every part of my administration—he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers—while he labors to deprive me of present honor,

robs you of the applause of all posterity. For, if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune. But it cannot be! No, my countrymen, it cannot be that you have acted wrong in encountering danger bravely for the liberty and safety of all Greece. No! I swear it by the spirits of our sires, who rushed upon destruction at Marathon!—by those who stood arrayed at Plataea!—by those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis!—by the men of Artemisium!—by the others, so many and so brave, who now rest in our public sepulchres!—all of whom their country judged worthy of the same honor; all, I say, Æschines; not those only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious.—And with reason. What was the part of gallant men, they all performed. Their success was such as the Supreme Ruler of the world dispensed to each.

Lord Brougham.

ÆSCHINES.

389—314 B. C.

THIS able Athenian orator is immortalized rather as the rival of Demosthenes, than from his few orations—but three in number—which have come down to us. He was a native of Attica, and of rather humble but respectable parentage. In early life he made an unsuccessful attempt as an actor, and afterwards began to take an interest in politics, in which he soon distinguished himself; but the violence with which he opposed the party of Demosthenes created a suspicion that he had been bribed to support the interests of Philip of Macedon; for this prince and the Athenians becoming mutually tired of war, an embassy was sent from Athens to propose conditions of peace. Demosthenes and Æschines were appointed commissioners to exact from Philip the necessary oaths. The former accused the latter of betraying his trust in this important embassy; of having been suborned to forward the king's interests; and of circulating at Athens false reports, in consequence of which no exertions were made to prevent Phocis from falling into the power of Philip. After the death of this monarch, Ctesiphon proposed to reward Demosthenes for the services he had rendered to his country, with a golden crown in

the theatre, at the great Dionysia; whereupon Æschines came forward and made his celebrated speech against Ctesiphon. The charges were three: the first, that Ctesiphon had proposed a bill unlawfully decreeing a crown to Demosthenes; the second, that he had acted illegally in proposing that Demosthenes should be crowned in the theatre; the third, that the character of Demosthenes himself was such as to render him unworthy of any public honor. This trial produced from Demosthenes the most elaborate and eloquent of all his speeches—the *De Corona*; he gained his cause triumphantly, and Æschines, not having a fifth part of the votes, was banished from Athens, and retired to Rhodes. Here he opened a school of rhetoric, and it is worthy of note that his first essay before his scholars in rhetorical recitation, was the recital of the two speeches that caused his condemnation. When he had finished reading the speech of Demosthenes, and the greatest applause was given to it, he very ingenuously exclaimed, "If you praise it thus from my reading it, what would you have said had you heard Demosthenes himself deliver it?"

From Rhodes Æschines went to Samos, where he died B. C. 314. He wrote three orations and nine epistles, of which the former only are extant. They received the name of the Graces, as the latter did of the Muses. As an orator, he was inferior to none but Demosthenes. He was endowed by nature with extraordinary rhetorical powers, of which his orations, in boldness and vigor of description, and in facility and felicity of diction, afford abundant proofs. As to his being bribed by Philip, there is not the slightest ground for believing it; nor that he recommended peace with Macedon from any other motive than the desire of promoting the good of his country.¹

PRACTICES OF THE EARLY ATHENIANS IN BESTOWING PUBLIC HONORS.

Since I have mentioned crowns and rewards, I must, O men of Athens, while it is in my mind, foretell you, that unless you put an end to this profusion of rewards and crowns bestowed at random, the event will be, that neither those who are so honored will set much value upon your favors, nor will the

¹ Editions: In Reiske's edition of the *Attic Orators*, Leipsic, 1771, Æschines occupies the third volume. The best editions are those of Bekker, in volume iii. of his *Oratores Attici*, Oxford, 1822; and of F. H. Bremi, Zurich, 1823, two volumes. His orations have been translated into English by Andrew Portal and illustrated with notes, Oxford, 1775. The oration against Ctesiphon has been published with English notes, by Dr. Arnold.

affairs of the city be ever better administered. For such a proceeding will not make the bad citizen better, while it drives the good into utter despair. That there is great truth in this observation, I think I can now bring you strong arguments to prove. For if it were asked, whether the city appears to you more illustrious in its present state, or under our ancestors? You would unanimously agree in saying, "Under our ancestors." Or whether the men in those days were better than they are in the present? You will all say, "They were then very extraordinary, but now very greatly degenerate." Or whether public rewards, crowns, honorary proclamations, and the right of commons in the Prytaneum were oftener conferred than now? It must be confessed, that in those days distinguished honors were scarce, and the name of virtue was valuable and precious; but now they are become vile, and of no esteem: and you confer crowns without judgment or distinction, by mere rote and custom.

I will now make you sensible, that what I say is right, by somewhat a still plainer example. Whether do you think Themistocles the better man, who commanded when you conquered the Persians in the fight at Salamis; or Demosthenes, who deserted his post at Chæroneæ? Whether Miltiades, who conquered the Barbarians in the battle of Marathon, or this same coward? Do you count him more worthy than those heroes who brought the people back from their flight to Phyle, or than Aristides, surnamed the just; an appellation unlike what is given Demosthenes. For my own part, I should not think it fit (by all the Olympian powers) to mention this savage in the same day with those great men: and yet let Demosthenes show you, when he is to speak, where it is ever recorded, that any of these men were crowned. Were the people ungrateful then? No; but rather magnanimous: And they who received not such honors were worthy sons of the city; for they did not think it needful to be honored by the decrees, but in the memories of those whom they had well served. An honor which, from that time to this day, remains unfading and immortal.

It is worth mentioning what honors were conferred in those days. There were some of our brave countrymen in those days, who, after long sufferings and great dangers, had overcome the Medes in battle at the river Strymon. They, at their return hither, petitioned the people for a reward, and the people granted them great honors (as they were then esteemed); viz., that three stone Mercuries should be erected for them in

the portico of the Mercuries. But it was ordered that they should not be inscribed with their names; that the inscription might not seem to belong to the generals, but to the people. That I speak the truth, you shall learn from the verses engraved upon them, for this is the inscription upon the first Mercury :—

Brave were the men, who late near Strymon's shore,
On Media's sons with dauntless fury bore :
Famine and death they dealt upon the foe,
And taught them first their impotence to know.

This upon the second :—

These honors Athens to their chiefs ordain'd,
Grateful for service done, for glory gain'd.
Succeeding ages viewing these shall feel
More glowing ardor for the public weal :
With emulation catch the gen'rous flame,
Thro' toils and dangers rush to deathless fame.

But upon the third Mercury is this inscription :—

In days of old, when hence Menestheus led
Athenian bands to Troja's sacred shores,
With Atreus' sons; then Homer, much-fam'd bard,
Him sung renown'd in arms; 'mongst warlike Greeks,
A leader eminent, expert, and brave :—
In noble deeds of war, and manly virtue,
Still to be leaders is the pride of Athens.

Is there anywhere mention made of the generals' names? Nowhere; but always the people's names. Let your imagination then convey you likewise into the portico called Pæcile; for monuments of all the famous exploits of your ancestors are preserved in the forum. Do you ask me why I send you thither, O Athenians? Why, that there you may see the battle of Marathon painted: Who was the general? There is not one of you but could answer, Miltiades; yet his name is not inscribed there: How! Did not he request this honor? He did; but the people did not grant it; but instead of mentioning his name, permitted him to be painted foremost at the head of his army, exhorting the soldiers to their duty.

DEMOSTHENES VEHEMENTLY DENOUNCED.

Let me here say, Athenians, that I am neither ambitious of imitating the practices of Demosthenes, nor ashamed of my own. I would not wish anything that I have said amongst

you, unsaid ; nor would I covet longer life, if I had held such discourses as this man's. My silence, Demosthenes, is the effect of my moderation and frugality. A slender fortune contents me ; and I covet not more upon dishonorable conditions : So that I am silent, or speak, as I think it advisable ; and am not necessitated to it by the prodigality of my nature. You, I believe, are silent when your mouth is stopped, but when the money is consumed you open it wide again : So you neither speak when, nor what you please, but when those who hire you please to command you. Nor are you ashamed to maintain confidently such things as are immediately proved to your face to be pure inventions of your own.

Let me further say, Athenians, that your present conduct surprises me : for I should be glad to know what considerations can move you to acquit this edict. Is it because it is conformable to the laws ? But never was any decree more illegal. Or is it because he that wrote the edict was not worthy of punishment ? But you can never hereafter call any one to an account for his behavior if you dismiss this man. And would it not grieve one to think that formerly the orchestra was filled with golden crowns, which were presented to the people by the states of Greece, because this day was set apart for receiving hospital crowns : but now, by the management of Demosthenes, you go uncrowned and unpraised, whilst his praises are publicly proclaimed ? If any of those tragic poets, whose performances are there exhibited, should represent Thersites, in a tragedy, crowned by the Greeks, none of you would bear with it, because Homer calls him a coward and a scurrilous broacher of calumnies. And when you yourselves crown the very fellow to him in the same place, do you think the Grecians will not hiss at you in their hearts ? Your ancestors were ever wont to ascribe the greatest and most splendid actions to the people, but cast all the blame of the meanest and most defective upon knavish orators ; but Ctesiphon thinks proper to take off infamy from Demosthenes, by transferring it upon the people. You say too that you are much indebted to fortune, and well you may, for so indeed you are : Yet you will testify, by a public act, that you have been abandoned by fortune, but preserved by Demosthenes.

And let me here, O Athenians, in presence of you all, ask the writer of this edict for what services he dignifies Demosthenes with a crown. For if you say, Ctesiphon (as you have set forth in the beginning of your edict), that he has well de-

fended the walls with good ditches, I wonder at your plea ; for the having well executed this work is a merit far inferior to the guilt of having rendered it necessary. For not he that has fortified walls, or dug ditches, or built public sepulchres, has a right to claim the reward of a good statesman ; but he, and he only, who has been the author of some benefit to his country. But if you come to the second part of the edict, in which you have audaciously affirmed that he is a good man, and persists to counsel, and do the best for the Athenian people ; omit all the fulsome pageantry of words, and come to facts. Give us proofs of what you say. I waive his taking bribes of the Amphissans and Eubœans : But when you ascribe to Demosthenes the merit of procuring us the alliance of the Thebans, you deceive the ignorant, and offer an insult to the understandings of those who have any knowledge of the matter ; for wilfully suppressing the urgency of the conjuncture, and robbing these our citizens of the merit of their glory, upon whose account the confederacy was made, you think not to be detected in transferring the city's merit to Demosthenes.

Are you not then ashamed, I say, Athenians, to present a golden crown to Demosthenes, who has not brought gold, indeed, from the Medes, but has scraped together, and actually enjoys a large store acquired by bribery on all hands. Can you think that Themistocles likewise, and those who fell at Marathon, and at Platœa ; nay, can you think the very sepulchres of your ancestors will not yawn, and burst forth into groans, if this man should be crowned, who confesses that he conspires with the Barbarians against the Grecians ?

Be ye, O Earth ! O Sun ! O Virtue ! and ye Prudence and Learning, by which we distinguish things honest from base ; be ye all my witnesses, I have pleaded my country's cause ; and I have done. If I have fairly proved my charge, and set forth the crime in its true degree of guilt, I have spoken as well as I wished ; but if I have fallen short of this, I have done my duty as well as I could. It is now your part, both from what has been, and what further might have been said, to pass an upright sentence, and such as shall conduce to the public good.

THEOPHRASTUS.

374-287 B. C.

THE philosopher whom Aristotle himself characterized as the most learned and the ablest of his auditors, and the one most suitable to be his successor and heir, was Theophrastus. He was a native of Eresus in Lesbos, and was born about the year 374 B. C. He devoted his youth to the study of philosophy, and when he arrived at manhood he left his native city and went to Athens, placing himself first under the guidance of Plato, but afterwards of Aristotle. On the death of his great master he opened a school of his own, and it is said that at one time he had as many as two thousand disciples around him, and among them such men as the comic poet Menander. His success continued with but little abatement nearly to the year of his death, B. C. 287, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. Towards the close of life he grew exceedingly infirm, and was carried to his school on a couch. He expressed great regret at the shortness of life, and complained that nature had not given longer life to man, who in a longer duration might have been able to attain the summit of science; whereas now, as soon as he arrives within sight of it, he is taken away.¹

But very few of Theophrastus' numerous writings have come down to us. He wrote treatises on Logic, Metaphysics, Meteorology, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Natural History, Oratory, Poetry, Morals, &c. Of these, the only one that has been preserved, besides his treatises on Natural History, is his book of "Characters" (*Ἠθικά χαρακτήρις*), and some fragments. His ethical pieces, or "Characters," possess great worth, being written with brevity and eloquence. They are stamped with truth, and evince much knowledge of human nature. From this work I make the following selections:—²

¹ One of his beautiful remarks was, "Blushing is the complexion of virtue."

² These selections are taken from the following work, which I prepared in the winter term of my junior year at Dartmouth College, and the printing of which I superintended in the spring vacation, April, 1826: "The Moral Characters of Theophrastus in the *Græca Majora*, literally translated into English; to which are subjoined explanatory and philological notes: for the use of students. Andover, printed at the Codman Press, by Flagg & Gould, 1826, octavo, pp. 36." The Greek text, the translation, and the notes, are on the same page. It was published anonymously; but my initials, X. Δ. K., were at the end of the preface.

ON FLATTERY.

One may consider flattery to be a base sort of an intercourse designed to promote the interests of the flatterer. The flatterer himself is one who, when he walks in company with you, says—"Do you take notice how all the people are gazing at you? There is no other person in this city so honored as yourself. Yesterday you were spoken very highly of at the Portico;¹ for when there were more than thirty of us sitting around, the question being accidentally started, who has the most eminent character in the whole city, all beginning with your very name unanimously concluded upon the same." A thousand such things as these he is constantly telling you. Then he begins to pick the lint from your clothes; and if by chance any straw be wafted by the wind upon the curls of your head, he carefully takes it off, and laughing, says—"Do you see? because I have not met you for two days, you have had a beard full of gray hairs; whereas if any person has black hair, you surely have for your years." When you are making any observation, he commands all those present to be silent, and commends him who listens; and when you stop speaking he applauds what you have said—"Very fine, very fine." When you utter a jest he laughs most heartily, and thrusts his coat into his mouth, as if he could not suppress his laughter. He says to those that meet you in the street—"Stop—wait till HE has gone by." He buys apples and pears for your children, and carrying them into your house, distributes them, while you are looking on, and kissing the little ones, exclaims, "Darling offspring of an incomparable father!" When you are purchasing shoes in company with him, he says that your own foot is of a far handsomer shape than any shoe can be. When you are about to pay a visit to any of your friends, the flatterer runs on before, and says—"The great man is coming;" and then turning back, says, "I have announced you." Nay, he can even serve you, at a breath, with any trifle from the woman's market. He is the first of your guests to praise the wine, and keeping close at your side, says, "How delicately you eat:" then taking something from the table and holding it up to the company,

¹ The Porticos were public edifices, supported by long rows of pillars, and designed for study or conversation. One of these being used especially by the philosopher Zeno, his followers were called, from the Greek word (*στοα*, *stoa*), Stoics.

says, "How very fine this is!" Then he asks you if you be not cold, and if he shall not put something more over you, at the same time covering you with some garment. Then, stooping forward he whispers into your ear, and even while conversing with others, keeps his eyes fixed on you. In the theatre he takes the cushions from the servant and spreads them under you himself. He says that your house is finely built; your garden beautifully laid out, and that your picture is most beautiful and just like you. In short, the flatterer is continually saying and doing those things by which he thinks he shall gain favor.

ON SUPERSTITION.

Superstition may properly be considered as a servile fear of the Deity. The superstitious man is one who, after he has washed his hands and besprinkled himself with holy water, and taken a sprig of laurel in his mouth, walks about in this manner all day. If a weasel should run across the road, he does not advance until some person shall have passed, or until he shall have thrown three stones across the way. If he sees a serpent in his house he erects an altar on the very spot. As he passes by the consecrated stones, placed where three ways meet, he pours out oil from his cruet upon them; and after he has fallen upon his knees and worshipped, he retires. If a mouse should gnaw a hole through a bag of meal, he goes to the augur and asks him, what it is best to do? and should he make answer to him, that he ought to give it to the cobbler to sew up, not paying any regard to this advice, after he has returned home, he lays it aside. He frequently purifies his house—never walks over a grave—never approaches a dead body, or a woman in her confinement. Whenever he sees a vision, he goes to the interpreters of dreams, the soothsayers, or the augurs, to inquire to what god or goddess he ought to pay his devotions. When he is to be instructed in the mysteries, he goes to the Orpheotelestæ¹ every month, together with his wife: but if she be not at leisure, with the nurse and children. When he

¹ Orpheus introduced into Greece, certain rites of initiation, called *Ὀρφεαὶ τελεταί*. Those who instructed in them, and presided at the initiations, were called *Ὀρφεοὶ δαιμόνιοι*. To these the superstitious man goes with his family, at the end of every month (the time appointed for initiation) to learn the routine exactly.

passes by near three ways, he washes his head all over: 'having invited the priestesses to his house, he directs them to purify him by carrying around him an onion³ or a little dog.⁴ When he sees a lunatic, or one sick with the epilepsy, shuddering for fear, he spits into his bosom.⁵

MENANDER.

342—291 B. C.

MENANDER, of Athens, the most distinguished poet of the New Comedy,⁶ was born about the year 342 B. C. Of the actual events of

¹ This act of ablution is performed in honor of Hecate, a goddess whom the Athenians particularly venerated. The connection between the meeting of three public roads, and this goddess, probably arose from the three offices which she sustained, and the three names by which she was called, viz., *Ἑκάτη*, or Hecate, in hell; *Σελήνη*, or the Moon, in heaven; and *Αἰδμήτις*, or Diana, on earth.

² The onion was thought, by the Egyptians, to possess peculiar virtues, and was worshipped by them.

³ The ancients often performed lustrations, by carrying a little dog round about the person to be purified; and thought that no evil could ever after happen to him: the dog being an animal of defence, and there being no aperture in the circle for harm to enter.

⁴ The spitting into the bosom, was one way to avert fascinations: for some omens were observed to be averted by spitting at them—an act of abhorrence and disgust. See my "Compendium of Grecian Antiquities," Part V. Chap. 13.

⁵ Comedy among the Athenians was divided into the *Old*, the *Middle*, and the *New*. The *Old Comedy* began with Epicharmus of Cos, about 470 B. C., and included five other poets, namely, Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes, Pherecrates, and Plato the Comic, so called to distinguish him from the philosopher of the same name. Of all of these, except Aristophanes, we have nothing but fragments left. The chief subjects of the *Old Comedy* were, passing events, the politics of the day, the characters and deeds of leading chiefs; in short, everything pertaining to public and private affairs. No citizens were secure from its attacks, and it was obviously liable to great abuse, as we have seen in the treatment of Socrates by Aristophanes. It continued until the time of the Thirty Tyrants, B. C. 404, when a law was enacted prohibiting the use of living characters and real names, and also of the *Parabasis* (*παράβασις*) of the Chorus.* Then arose the *Middle Comedy*, the chief peculiarity of which was the exclusion of personal satire. It consisted, in a considerable degree, of parodies of other poets. Of this we have but a few insignificant scraps left, from Aristophanes of Rhodes, and Alexis of Thuri. The *New Comedy* belongs wholly to the Alexandrian period of Greek literature. In this the Chorus wholly disappeared, and

* In which the Chorus came forward and addressed the audience in the poet's name. See note on page 188.

his life we know but little. He enjoyed the friendship of Demetrius Phalereus, whose attention was first drawn to him by admiration of his works. As to the manner of his death all are agreed, that he was drowned while swimming in the harbor of the Piræus, about 291 B. C.

Menander began to write about the age of twenty, and is said to have composed one hundred plays, of which we possess but a very few fragments. The loss of his pieces is the more to be regretted, as they are spoken of by the ancients with great admiration. The high praise bestowed upon him by Quintilian attests, of itself, his great merit. Some idea of his manner may be obtained from the imitations of him in Terence; and Cumberland, in the one hundred and fiftieth number of the *Observer*, has some judicious and excellent remarks upon his plays, accompanied with select fragments, from which we take the following:—

RIDICULE OF THE PAGAN CEREMONIES OF LUSTRATION.

If your complaints were serious, 'twould be well
 You sought a serious cure; but for weak minds
 Weak medicines suffice. Go, call around you
 The women with their purifying water;
 Drug it with salt and lentils, and then take
 A treble sprinkling from the holy mess:
 Now search your heart; if that reproach you not,
 Then, and then only, you are truly pure.

LIFE.

The lot of all most fortunate is his,
 Who, having stayed just long enough on earth
 To feast his sight with the fair face of Nature,
 Sun, sea, and clouds, and heaven's bright starry fires,
 Drops without pain into an early grave.
 For what is life, the longest life of man,
 But the same scene repeated o'er and o'er?
 A few more lingering days to be consumed
 In throngs and crowds, with sharpers, knaves, and thieves;—
 From such the speediest riddance is the best.

instead of indulging in personal satire with the use of real names like the *Old*, or turning into ludicrous parodies the verses and themes of other poets like the middle, aimed more to paint manners. "*The New Comedy*," says Schlegel, "is a mixture of seriousness and mirth. The poet no longer turns poetry and the world into ridicule, but endeavors to discover what is ridiculous in the objects themselves; painting what occasions mirth both in characters and situations." For some remarks on the Theatre of the Greeks, see my "*Compendium of Grecian Antiquities*," Part VI. Chapter 10.

NATURE OF ENVY.

Thou seem'st to me, young man, not to perceive
That everything contains within itself
The seeds and sources of its own corruption :
The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel :
The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak ;
But Envy, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and forever,
Saps and consumes the heart in which it lurks.

TRUE USE OF RICHES.

Weak is the vanity, that boasts of riches,
For they are fleeting things ; were they not such,
Could they be yours to all succeeding time,
'Twere wise to let none share in the possession ;
But, if whate'er you have is held of Fortune,
And not of right inherent, why, my father,
Why with such niggardly jealousy engross
What the next hour may ravish from your grasp,
And cast into some worthless favorite's lap ?
Snatch then the swift occasion while 'tis yours ;
Put this unstable boon to noble uses ;
Foster the wants of men, impart your wealth,
And purchase friends ; 'twill be more lasting treasure,
And, when misfortune comes, your best resource.

RICHES NO BAR TO CARE.

Ne'er trust me, Phantias, but I thought till now,
That you rich fellows had the knack of sleeping
A good sound nap, that held you for the night ;
And not like us poor rogues, who toss and turn,
Sighing "*Ah me !*" and grumbling at our duns :
But now I find, in spite of all your money,
You rest no better than your needy neighbors,
And sorrow is the common lot of all.

KNOW THYSELF AND OTHERS.

You say, not always wisely, "*Know THYSELF !*"
Know others, oftentimes, is the better maxim.

BAD TEMPER.

Of all bad things, by which mankind are curst,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

THEOCRITUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 270 B. C.

THIS celebrated pastoral and epigrammatic poet was a native of Syracuse, and in early life passed some time in Magna Græcia, and at the island of Cos. Afterwards he went to Alexandria, in Egypt, on the invitation of Ptolemy Philadelphus, whose eulogium he composed, and at whose court he became acquainted with some of the most prominent poets and scholars of the age.¹ After spending some years at Alexandria, he returned to his native island, Sicily, where he died, but at what precise period is not known.

Theocritus, whom Virgil has closely imitated in his *Bucolics*, was the father of bucolic poetry as a branch of Greek literature. He wrote in the Doric dialect, which in his hands became soft and flowing, and his poetry is marked by the strength and vivacity of original genius. Everything is distinct, peculiar, individualized, and brought strongly and closely to the eye and understanding of the reader, so as to stamp the impression of reality. His humor is chiefly shown in the portraiture of middle rank, city life : where it abounds with strokes of character that are not confined to ancient times or national peculiarities, but suit all ages and all climates. "That which distinguishes him," says Dryden, "from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his *Eclogues*, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expressions of them in words so becoming a pastoral. A simplicity shines throughout all he writes. He is softer than Ovid, and touches the passions more delicately. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country russet, and with her Yorkshire tone. This it was impossible for Virgil to imi-

¹ It was about this time that the celebrated version of the Hebrew Scriptures—"the Septuagint," was made at Alexandria.

tate, because the severity of the Roman language had denied him that advantage. Spenser had endeavored it in his 'Shepherd's Calendar,' but it can never succeed in English."

According to Pope, Theocritus "excels all others in nature and simplicity; his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no writer besides could ever attain:" and Wharton observes, "There are few images and sentiments in the Eclogues of Virgil, but what are drawn from the Idyls of Theocritus; in whom there is a rural, romantic wildness of thought, heightened by the Doric dialect, with such lively pictures of the passions, and of simple unadorned nature, as are infinitely pleasing."

The collection of poetry that we possess under the name of Theocritus, consists of thirty Idyls¹ and twenty-two epigrams, which it is said were first collected by the grammarian Artemidorus, B. C. 180.² The following will give some idea of his manner and spirit:—

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

It chanced upon a time, when Hercules
Was ten months old, him with his brother twin,
The younger by a night, when freshly bathed,
And suckled full with milk, Alcmena placed
Within the brazen shield Amphitryon stripp'd
From Ptelerans, when he fell in fight.
Then the fair woman, touching with her hand
The head of both the infants, whisper'd thus:
"Sleep, oh my boys! a gentle sleep: the sleep
That wakes again: sleep, sweetest souls! dear twins!
Sleep, happy brothers! happy till the dawn!"
She spoke, and rock'd the ample shield; and them
Sleep overcame. But, when in middle night
The Bear turn'd westering, near Orion's star,
And he his shoulder broad display'd in heaven,
Then, brooding many mischiefs, Juno sent
Two heinous monsters: rustling, as they roll'd,
On azure spires, they, 'twixt the hollow chinks
Of the wide mansion's gate-posts, glided in
Athwart the threshold, goaded by her threats,
There to devour the infant Hercules.
They, grovelling on the earth, still roll'd along
On their blood-pamper'd bellies: as they went

¹ What the Greek termed Idyls we might call, perhaps, "Fugitive Poetry."

² Editions: Wharton's, Oxford, 4to. 1770; Brunck's, 4to. 1772; Heindorf's, 8vo. 1810; Jacob's, Halle, 1826; Meineke's, 12mo. Leipzig, 1825. The English translations are by Creech, London, 1721; Fawkes, London, 1767; Polwhele, Bath, 1792; Chapman, 1844.

They shot a flame malignant from their eyes,
And dropp'd a poisonous foam. But when they came
Close nigh the babes, with forky-quivering tongues
Licking their gaping jaws, both waked at once;
Alcmena's darling children; both, at once,
Sprang up awake; for they were in the eye
Of all-o'erseeing Jove: and sudden light
Flash'd through the chamber. One shriek'd out aloud,
Feeling the noxious snakes, that slippery crept
Within the hollow buckler's rim, and scared
At their grim fangs: so struggling with his feet
He discomposed the soft and woollen cloak,
And spurn'd it loose from off him, and was fain
To fly. The other faced them full, and seized
With straining grasp, and bound them hard in knots,
Squeezing the serpents' necks, abhorr'd of heaven,
Where lurk'd the heinous poison. They their spires
Coil'd round the later born and sucking babe,
Who ne'er with tears had wet his nurse's breast;
And loosed again their writhing folds, and shrank
With agonizing scales, and strove to slip
From the constraining knot. Alcmena heard
The tumult, and, first waking, sudden cried:
"Rise, my Amphitryo; for a shivering fear
Seizes upon me: rise; nor wait to bind
The sandals on thy feet. Dost thou not hear
Our youngest son, how loud his cries? and lo!
Discern'st thou not, that in untimely night
The walls are visible, as in the shine
Of the clear morning? something, husband dear!
Something of strange and of miraculous
Is now within our dwelling: yea, even now."

She said; and he, complying with his spouse,
Descended from the bed, and reach'd his hand
To grasp in haste his high-wrought sword, that still
Close at the cedar-framed couch's head,
Hung on a nail: he snatch'd the twisted thong,
And, with his left hand, drew the scabbard off,
Fram'd of the lote-tree. Suddenly again
The chamber sank in gloom: then loud he call'd
The menials, breathing hard in slumbers deep:
"Snatch quick a burning firebrand from the hearth,
My servants! haste, unbar your doors, and rise,
My trusty servants!" so he call'd aloud;
And straight the menials came, each in his hand
A flaming torch; and all the house was fill'd
With the wide-hastening throng. They, when they saw
The little Hercules, who firmly grasp'd
The two huge serpents in his straining hands,
Shriek'd out: but he stretch'd in Amphitryon's view
The gasping snakes; and, in his joy, leap'd up
Like a young child; and laughingly before

His father's feet cast the fell monsters down,
 Lethargic now in death. Alcmena laid
 The froward Iphicles upon her breast;
 The whilst Amphitryo placed the other babe
 Beneath the fleecy cloak: and sought again
 The bed, which he had left, and broken sleep.

THYRSIS AND THE GOATHERD.¹

Thyrsis. Yon breezy pine, whose foliage shades the springs,
 In many a vocal whisper sweetly sings;
 Sweet too the murmurings of thy breathing reed:
 Thine, Goatherd, next to Pan, is music's meed.

Goatherd. Sweeter thy warblings than the streams that glide
 Down the smooth rock, so musical a tide,
 If one white ewe reward the Muse's strain,
 A stall-fed lamb awaits the shepherd swain;
 But if the gentler lambkin please the Nine,
 Then, tuneful Thyrsis, shall the ewe be thine.

Thyrsis. Say, wilt thou rest thee on this shelving bed,
 By the cool tamarisk's shady bower o'erspread?
 Come, wilt thou charm the wood-nymphs with thy lay?
 I'll feed thy goats, if thou consent to play.

Goatherd. I dare not, shepherd, at the hour of noon,
 My pipe to rustic melodies attune.
 'Tis Pan we fear; from hunting he returns
 As all in silence hushed the noon-day burns,
 And, tired, reposes 'mid the woodland scene,
 Whilst on his nostrils sits a bitter spleen.
 But come (since Daphnis' woes to thee are known,
 And well we deem the rural muse thy own),
 Let us at ease beneath that elm recline,
 Where sculptured Naiads o'er their fount recline,
 While gay Priapus guards the sweet retreat,
 And oaks' wide branches shade yon pastoral seat;
 And Thyrsis, if thou sing so soft a strain
 As erst contending with the Libyan swain,
 Thrice shalt thou milk that goat for such a lay;
 Two kids she rears, yet fills two pails a day.
 With this I'll stake (o'erlaid with wax it stands,
 And smells just recent from the graver's hands)
 My large two-handled cup, rich wrought and deep,
 Around whose rim pale ivy seems to creep,
 With helicruse² entwined; small tendrils hold
 Its saffron fruit in many a clasping fold;

¹ Thyrsis, at the request of his friend the Goatherd, sings the fate of Daphnis, who died for love; and is rewarded for his song with a milch goat and a pastoral cup of most beautiful sculpture.

² A creeping plant bearing a yellow flower or fruit.

Within, high touched, a female figure shines,
 Her cawl, her vest—how soft the waving lines!
 And near, two youths, bright ringlets grace their brows,
 Breathe in alternate strife their amorous vows.
 On each by turns the faithless fair one smiles,
 And views the rival pair with wanton wiles;
 Brimful, through passion, swell their twinkling eyes,
 And their full bosoms heave with fruitless sighs!
 Amidst the scene, a fisher, gray in years,
 On the rough summit of a rock appears,
 And laboring with one effort as he stands
 To throw his large net, drags it with both hands.
 So muscular his limbs attract the sight,
 You'd swear the fisher strained with all his might;
 Round his hoar neck each swelling vein displays
 A vigor worthy youth's robuster days.
 Next, red-ripe grapes in bending clusters grow;
 A boy to watch the vineyard sits below;
 Two foxes round him skulk—this slyly gapes
 To catch a luscious morsel of the grapes,
 Whilst that in ambush, aiming at the scorp,
 Thinks it too sweet a moment to let slip,
 And cries, "It suits my tooth; the little dunce,
 I'll send him dinnerless away for once."
 He, idly busy with his rush-bound reeds,
 Weaves locust-traps, nor scorp nor vineyard heeds.
 Flexile around its side the acanthus twined,
 Strikes as a miracle of art the mind.
 This cup (from Calydon it crossed the seas)
 I bought for a she goat and new-made cheese.
 As yet unsold, nor touched by lip of mine,
 My friend! this masterpiece of wood be thine!
 For thy loved hymn so sweet, a willing meed,
 Sure sweeter flows not from the pastoral reed!

Thyrsis. Begin, sweet Muses, the bucolic strain,
 'Tis Thyrsis sings, 'tis Thyrsis, Ætna's swain!
 Where were ye, Nymphs, in what sequester'd grove?
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined with love?
 Did ye on Pindus' steepy top reside,
 Or where through Tempe Peneus rolls his tide?
 For neither were ye playing on the steeps
 Of Ætna, nor by famed Anapus' deeps,
 Nor yet where Acis laves Sicilian plains—
 (Begin, ye Nine, your sweet bucolic strains.)

' How exquisitely has Milton imitated this in his *Lycidas*!

"Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved *Lycidas*?
 For neither were you playing on the steep
 Where your old bards the famous Druids lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream."

Him savage panthers in wild woods deplor'd,
 For him fierce wolves and fiercer lions roar'd,
 Bulls, steers, and heifers wail'd their shepherd-swain—
 (Begin, ye Nine, your sweet bucolic strain.)

First from the mountain winged Hermes came;
 "Ah! whence," he cried, "proceeds this fatal flame?
 What Nymph, O Daphnis, steals thy heart away?"

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
 The goatherds, hinds, and shepherds, all inquir'd
 What sorrow ail'd him, and what fever fir'd?

Priapus came, soft pity in his eye,
 "And why this grief," he said, "ah, Daphnis, why?"—
 Silent he sate, consuming in his pain.

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.)
 Next Venus' self the hapless youth address,
 With faint forc'd smiles, but anger at her breast:

"Daphnis, you boasted you could Love subdue,
 But tell me, has not Love defeated you?
 Alas, you sunk beneath his mighty sway."

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
 "Ah, cruel Venus!" Daphnis thus began,
 "Venus abhorr'd! Venns, thou curse to man!

Too true, alas! thou say'st that Love has won;
 Too sure thy triumphs mark my setting sun.
 Hence to thy swain, to Ida, queen, away!"

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
 "There bowering oaks will compass you around,
 Here low cyperus scarcely shades the ground:
 Here bees with hollow hums disturb the day."

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
 "Adonis feeds his flocks, though passing fair;
 With his keen darts he wounds the flying hare,
 And hunts the beasts of prey through wood and plain."

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.)
 "Say—if again arm'd Diomed thou see—
 I've conquered Daphnis, and now challenge thee:
 Dar'st thou, bold chief, with me renew the fray?"

* * * * *

(Cease, Muses, cease the sad bucolic strain.)—
 Now give me cup and goat, that I may drain
 Her milk, a sweet libation to the Nine—
 Another day a loftier song be mine!

Goatherd. O be thy mouth with figs Ægilean fill'd,
 And drops of honey on thy lips distill'd!
 Thine is the cup (for sweeter far thy voice
 Than when in Spring the grasshoppers rejoice).
 Sweet is its smell, as though the blissful hours
 Had newly dipp'd it in their fragrant showers.
 Come, Ciss! let Thyrsis milk thee—kids, forbear
 Your gambols—lo! the wanton goat is there.

CHARACTER OF PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.

What is his character? A royal spirit
 To point out genius and encourage merit;
 The poet's friend, humane, and good, and kind;
 Of manners gentle, and of generous mind.
 He marks his friend, but more he marks his foe;
 His hand is ever ready to bestow:
 Request with reason, and he'll grant the thing,
 And what he gives, he gives it like a king.¹

THE HONEY STEALER.

As Cupid once, the arrant's² rogue alive,
 Robbed the sweet treasures of the fragrant hive,
 A bee the frolic urchin's finger stung.
 With many a loud complaint his hands he wrung;
 Stamped wild the ground, his rosy finger blew,
 And straight in anguish to his mother flew:
 "Mother," he cried, in tears all frantic drowned,
 "'Twas but a little bee, and what a wound!"
 But she, with smiles, her hapless boy surveyed,
 And thus, in chiding accents, sweetly said:
 "Of thee a truer type is nowhere found,
 Who, though so little, giv'st so great a wound."

EPITAPH ON EURYMEDON.

Here doomed in early life to die,
 Eurymedon, thy relics lie!

¹ Ptolemy Philadelphus was a prince of great learning, and a zealous promoter and encourager of it in others, an industrious collector of books, and a generous patron to all those who were eminent in any branch of literature. The fame of his generosity drew seven celebrated poets to his court, who, from their number, were called the Pleiades: these were Aratus, Theocritus, Callimachus, Lycophron, Apollonius, Nicander and Philicus. To him we are indebted for the Greek translation of the Scriptures, called the Septuagint. Notwithstanding his peculiar taste for the sciences, yet he applied himself with indefatigable industry to business, studying all possible methods to render his subjects happy, and raise his dominions to a flourishing condition. Athenæus called him the richest of all the princes of his age; and Appian says, that as he was the most magnificent and generous of all kings in laying out his money, so he was of all the most skilful and industrious in raising it. He built an incredible number of cities, and left so many other public monuments of his magnificence, that all works of an extravagant taste and grandeur were proverbially called Philadelphian works.

² For arrantest, or most arrant.

Thy little wandering son we see,
 While the cold earth incloses thee.
 Yet is thy spirit with the blest,
 Enthroned amid the realms of rest;
 And all shall watch, with duteous care
 For thy dear sake, the infant heir.

THE DISTAFF.¹

Distaff! quick implement of busy thrift,
 Which careful housewives ply, blue-eyed Athene's gift,
 We go to rich Miletus, where is seen
 The fane of Cypris 'mid the rushes green:
 Praying to mighty Zeus, for voyage fair,
 Thither to Nicias would I now repair,
 Delighting, and delighted by my host,
 Whom the sweet-speaking Graces love the most
 Of all their favorites; thee, distaff bright!
 Of ivory wrought, with art most exquisite,
 A present for his lovely wife I take.
 With her thou many various works shalt make:
 Garments for men, and such as women wear,
 Of silk, whose color is the sea-blue clear.
 And she so diligent a housewife is,
 That ever, for well-ankled Theugenis,
 Thrice in a year are shorn the willing sheep
 Of the fine fleeces, which for her they keep.
 She loves what love right-minded women all;
 For never should a thriftless prodigal
 Own thee with my consent; 'twere shame and pity!
 Since thou art of that most renowned city,²
 Built by Corinthian Archias erewhile,
 The marrow of the whole Sicilian isle.
 But in the house of that physician wise,
 Instructed how by wholesome remedies
 From human kind diseases to repel,
 Thou shalt in future with Ionians dwell,
 In beautiful Miletus; that the fame
 For the best distaff Theugenis may claim,
 And thou mayst ever to her mind suggest
 The memory of her song-loving guest.
 The worth of offering from friend we prize,
 Not in the gift but in the giver lies.

¹ This sweet ditty was written to commend an ivory distaff, which the poet, about to sail for Miletus, intended as a present for Theugenis, the wife of Nicias, the physician. Under the semblance of teaching the distaff what sort of a mistress it is about to have, he cleverly and gracefully praises a most honorable matron and her husband.

² Syracuse, the capital of Sicily, said once to have had nearly a million of inhabitants.

CLEANTHES.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 264 B. C.

CLEANTHES, a stoic philosopher, was born at Assos in Troas, about 300 B. C. He first placed himself under Crates, and then under Zeno, whose faithful disciple he continued for nineteen years. Being very poor, in order to pay his master the necessary fee for his instructions, he worked the greater part of the night in drawing water for gardens; and as he spent the day in philosophical pursuits, and had no visible means of support, he was summoned before the court of Areopagus to account for his way of living.¹ The judges, on hearing his case, were so delighted with the evidences of his industry, which he produced, that they voted him ten *minæ*,² though Zeno would not permit him to accept it. At the death of Zeno, B. C. 263, Cleanthes succeeded him in his school. His poverty was relieved by a present of 3000 *minæ* from Antigonus. He died at the advanced age of eighty.

Cleanthes wrote numerous treatises upon moral and philosophical subjects, but nothing is extant but his "Hymn to Zeus." This contains some exalted views of a Supreme Deity, and Dr. Doddridge has declared that "it is, perhaps, the finest piece of pure unadulterated natural religion to be found in the whole heathen world."

HYMN TO JUPITER.

Most glorious of th' immortal Powers above!
Oh thou of many names! mysterious Jove!
For evermore Almighty! Nature's source!
That govern'st all things in their order'd course!
All-hail to thee! since, innocent of blame,
E'en mortal creatures may address thy name;
For all that breathe, and creep the lowly earth,
Echo thy being with reflected birth;
Thee will I sing, thy strength for aye resound:
The universe, that rolls this globe around,
Moves wheresoe'er thy plastic influence guides,
And, ductile, owns the God whose arm presides.

¹ An admirable law! What a *scattering* there would be if such an one were enforced in all our larger cities and towns.

² The Greek *Μνæ* (Latin, *Mina*), was worth about eighteen dollars; but according to the value of money then, the ten *minæ* would *now* be worth \$1000.

The lightnings are thy ministers of ire ;
The double-fork'd, and ever living fire ;
In thy unconquerable hands they glow,
And at the flash all nature quakes below.
Thus, thunder-arm'd, thou dost creation draw
To one immense, inevitable law :
And, with the various mass of breathing souls
Thy power is mingled, and thy spirit rolls.
Dread genius of creation ! all things bow
To thee ; the universal monarch thou !
Nor aught is done without thy wise control,
On earth, or sea, or round th' ethereal pole,
Save when the wicked, in their frenzy blind,
Act o'er the follies of a senseless mind.
Thou curb'st th' excess ; confusion to thy sight
Moves regular ; the unlovely scene is bright.
Thy hand, educing good from evil, brings
To one apt harmony the strife of things.
One ever-during law still binds the whole,
Though shunn'd, resisted, by the sinner's soul.
Wretches ! while still they course the glittering prize,
The law of God eludes their ears and eyes.
Life then were virtue, did they this obey ;
But wide from life's chief good they headlong stray.
Now glory's arduous toils the breast inflame ;
Now avarice thirsts, insensible of shame ;
Now sloth unnerves them in voluptuous ease ;
And the sweet pleasures of the body please.
With eager haste they rush the gulf within,
And their whole souls are center'd in their sin.
But, oh, great Jove ! by whom all good is given !
Dweller with lightnings, and the clouds of heaven !
Save from their dreadful error lost mankind !
Father ! disperse these shadows of the mind !
Give them thy pure and righteous law to know ;
Wherewith thy justice governs all below.
Thus honor'd by the knowledge of thy way,
Shall men that honor to thyself repay ;
And bid thy mighty works in praises ring ;
As well befits a mortal's lips to sing :
More blest, nor men, nor heavenly powers, can be,
Than when their songs are of thy law and thee !

CALLIMACHUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 260 B. C.

Of the writings of this most distinguished grammarian, critic, and poet of the Alexandrian period, we have only a few hymns and inscriptions. He was the keeper of the Alexandrian library under Ptolemy Philadelphus, and his son Ptolemy Euergetes, and improved the advantages which that great library afforded him, by writing a very comprehensive history of Greek literature, and other works of literary criticism, which, had they come down to us, would be of inestimable value. But all these have perished. Of his poetical productions there are extant six Hymns, seventy-three Epigrams, and a few Elegies.¹

THE VIRGIN'S OFFERING TO VENUS.²

A shell, Zephyritis, is all that I am,
First fruits from Selena to thee.
Time was, that a nautilus gayly I swam,
And steer'd my light bark on the sea.

Then hoisting my own little yards and my sail,
I swam the soft breeze as it came,
And rowed with my feet, if a calm did prevail,
And thus, Cypria, got I my name.

But cast by the waves on the Ælian shore,
I am sent for a plaything to thee,
Now lifeless; the sea-loving halcyon no more
Shall brood on the waters for me.

Arsinœ! oh, may all grace from thy hand
On Clinias' daughter alight;
From Smyrna she sends in Æolia's land,
And sweet be her gift in thy sight.

S. Trevor.

¹ Editions: J. A. Ernesti's, Leyden, 1761, two volumes; Loesner's, Leipzig, 1774, 8vo.; Volzer's, Leipzig, 1817, 8vo.; and C. F. Bloomfield's, London, 1815. Translations: William Dodd, London, 4to., 1755; H. W. Tytler, London, 1793.

² It was a custom among the Greek girls on the eve of marriage, to consecrate some favorite toy of their childish years to Venus, and happy might the bride esteem herself, if, like our Selena, the daughter of Clinias, she had it in her power to present, from her cabinet of shells and marine curiosities, a tribute so magnificent as that of the shining conch of the nautilus. The Venus Zephyritis (so called from the promontory of Zephyrion, near Alexandria, where her temple stood) was also called Chloris and Arsinœ, and, in fact, was no other than the deified wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME.

Queen of the Zephyr's breezy cape! to thee
 This polish'd shell, the treasure of the sea,
 Her earliest offspring young Selena bears,
 Join'd with the incense of her maiden prayers.
 Erewhile with motion, power, and sense endued,
 Alive it floated on the parent flood;
 When, if the gale more rudely breathed, it gave
 Its natural sail expanded to the wave;
 But while the billows slept upon the shore,
 And the tempestuous winds forgot to roar,
 Like some proud galley, floated on the tide,
 And busy feet the want of oars supplied.
 Shipwreck'd at last upon th' Iulian strand,
 It now, Arsinœ, asks thy favoring hand.
 No more its vows the plaintive Halcyon hail
 For the soft breathings of a western gale;
 But that, O mighty queen, thy genial power
 On young Selena every gift may shower,
 That love with beauteous innocence can share;
 For these, and only these, accept the prayer.

Merivale.

THE BATH OF MINERVA.

. Maidens! in times of old, Minerva loved
 A fair companion with exceeding love,
 The mother of Tiresias; nor apart
 Lived they a moment.
 Yet for this nymph, this mother, was reserved
 A store of tears; ay, for this favor'd nymph,
 The pleasing partner of Minerva's hours.
 For once, on Helicon, they loosed the clasps,
 That held their flowing robes, and bathed their limbs
 In Hippocrene, that, beauteous, glided by;
 While noonday stillness wrapp'd the mountain round.
 Both laved together; 'twas the time of noon;
 And deep the stilly silence of the mount.
 When, with his dogs of chase, Tiresias trod
 That sacred haunt. The darkening down just bloom'd
 Upon his cheek. With thirst unutterable
 Panting, he sought that fountain's gushing stream,
 Unhappy; and, involuntary, saw
 What mortal eyes, not blameless, may behold.
 Minerva, though incensed, thus pitying spoke:
 "Who to this luckless spot conducted thee,
 Oh son of Everus? who sightless hence

Must needs depart!" she said, and darkness fell
On the youth's eyes, astonished where he stood:
A shooting anguish all his nerves benumb'd,
And consternation chain'd his murmuring tongue.
Then shriek'd the nymph: "What, Goddess, hast thou done
To this my child? are these the tender acts
Of Goddesses? thou hast bereaved of eyes
My son. Oh miserable child! thy gaze
Has glanced upon the bosom and the shape
Of Pallas; but the sun thou must behold
No more. Oh miserable me! oh shades
Of Helicon! oh mountain, that my steps
Shall ne'er again ascend! for small offence
Monstrous atonement! thou art well repaid
For some few straggling goats and hunted deer
With my son's eyes!" the nymph then folded close,
With both her arms, her son so dearly loved,
And utter'd lamentation, with shrill voice
And plaintive, like the mother nightingale.
The Goddess felt compassion for the nymph,
The partner of her soul, and softly said:
"Retract, divinest woman! what thy rage,
Erring, has utter'd. 'Tis not I, that smite
Thy son with blindness. Pallas hath no joy
To rob from youths the lustre of their eyes.
The laws of Saturn this decree. Whoe'er
Looks on a being of immortal race,
Unless the willing God consent, must look,
Thus, at his peril, and atoning pay
The dreadful penalty. This act of fate,
Divinest woman! may not be recall'd.
So spun the destinies his mortal thread,
When thou didst bear him.
But weep no more, companion! for thy sake
I yet have ample recompense in store
For this thy son. Behold! I bid him rise
A prophet: far o'er every seer renown'd
To future ages. He shall read the flights
Of birds, and know whatever on the wing
Hovers auspicious, or ill-omen'd flies,
Or void of auspice. Many oracles
To the Boeotians shall his tongue reveal;
To Cadmus, and the great Labdacian tribe.
I will endow him with a mighty staff,
To guide his steps aright; and I will give
A lengthen'd boundary to his mortal life;
And, when he dies, he only, midst the dead,
Shall dwell inspired, and honor'd by that king
Who rules the shadowy people of the grave."

She spoke, and gave the nod; what Pallas wills
Is sure: in her, of all his daughters, Jove
Bade all the glories of her father shine.

Maids of the bath ! no mother brought her forth ;
 Sprung from the head of Jove. Whate'er the head
 Of Jove, inclining, ratifies, the same
 Stands firm ; and thus his daughter's nod is fate.

BION.

FLOWERISHED ABOUT 280 B. C.

THIS charming poet was born at Phlossa, a small town on the river Meles, near Smyrna. But very little is known of his life ; and even this must be inferred from the third Idyl of Moschus, who laments his untimely death. He appears to have left his native land early, and gone to Alexandria, then the literary metropolis of the world. Here, for a few years, he basked in the favor of Ptolemy Philometer ; but having in some way given offence to the king, he left Egypt, and went to Sicily, where he remained many years cultivating Bucolic poetry, for which that island was famous. Thence he visited Macedonia and Thrace ; and was finally put to death by poison administered, it is thought, by persons in the employ of Ptolemy. Moschus relates that they met the punishment due to their crime.

Nothing more than mere fragments of the poetry of Bion has come down to us ; but in these we see a refinement of style, a loftiness of sentiment, and a fluency and elegance of versification, that make us regret that we have no more.¹ The Greeks have hardly left us anything in poetry more beautiful than the

LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

L.

I mourn for Adonis—Adonis is dead !

Fair Adonis is dead, and the Loves are lamenting.

Sleep, Cypris, no more, on thy purple-strewed bed ;

Arise, wretch stoled in black—beat thy breast unrelenting,

And shriek to the worlds, " Fair Adonis is dead."

¹ Editions : Fr. Jacobs, Gotha, 1795, 8vo. Gilbert Wakefield, London, 1795. J. F. Manso, Leipsic, 1807, 8vo. This contains an elaborate dissertation on the life and poetry of Bion, a commentary, and a German translation. English translations : prose by Rev. J. Banks in Bohn's Classical Library ; metrical versions by Fawkes, Merivale, C. A. Elton, and Polwhele.

II.

I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
He lies on the hills, in his beauty and death—
The white tusk of a boar has transpierced his white thigh;
And his Cypris grows mad at the thin gasping breath,
While the black blood drips down on the pale ivory:
And his eyeballs lie quenched with the weight of his brows.
The rose fades from his lips, and, upon them just parted,
The kiss dies which Cypris consents not to lose,
Though the kiss of the Dead cannot make her glad-hearted—
He knows not who kisses him dead in the dews.

III.

I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
Deep, deep in the thigh, is Adonis's wound;
But a deeper, is Cypris's bosom presenting—
The youth lieth dead, while his dogs howl around,
And the nymphs weep aloud from the mists of the hill—
And the poor Aphrodite, with tresses unbound,
All dishevelled, unsandalled, shrieks mournful and shrill
Through the dusk of the groves. The thorns, tearing her feet,
Gather up the red flower of her blood, which is holy,
Each footstep she takes; and the valleys repeat
The sharp cry which she utters, and draw it out slowly.
She calls on her spouse, her Assyrian; on him
Her own youth; while the dark blood spreads over his body—
The chest taking hue, from the gash in the limb,
And the bosom, once ivory, turning to ruddy.

IV.

Ah, ah, Cytherea! the Loves are lamenting:—
She lost her fair spouse, and so lost her fair smile—
When he lived she was fair, by the whole world's consenting,
Whose fairness is dead with him! wo worth the while!
All the mountains above and the oaklands below
Murmur, ah, ah, Adonis! the streams overflow
Aphrodite's deep wail—river fountains in pity
Weep soft in the hills; and the flowers, as they blow,
Redden outward with sorrow; while all hear her go
With the song of her sadness, through mountain and city.

V.

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead:
Fair Adonis is dead—Echo answers, Adonis!
Who weeps not for Cypris, when, bowing her head,
She stares at the wound where it gapes and astonies?
When, ah, ah! she saw how the blood ran away
And empurpled the thigh; and, with wild hands flung out,
Said with sobs, "Stay, Adonis, unhappy one, stay—
Let me feel thee once more—let me ring thee about

With the clasp of my arms, and press kiss into kiss !
 Wait a little, Adonis, and kiss me again,
 For the last time, beloved ; and but so much of this,
 That the kiss may learn life from the warmth of the strain !
 Till thy breath shall exude from thy soul to my mouth ;
 To my heart ; and, the love-charm I once more receiving,
 May drink thy love in it, and keep, of a truth,
 That one kiss in the place of Adonis the living.
 Thou fliest me, mournful one, fliest me far,
 My Adonis ; and seekest the Acheron portal—
 To Hell's cruel King, goest down with a scar,
 While I weep, and live on like a wretched immortal,
 And follow no step ;—O Persephone, take him,
 My husband !—thou'rt better and brighter than I ;
 So all beauty flows down to thee ! I cannot make him
 Look up at my grief ; there's despair in my cry,
 Since I wail for Adonis, who died to me . . died to me . .
 Then, I fear *thee* !—Art thou dead, my Adored ?
 Passion ends like a dream in the sleep that's denied to me.—
 Cypris is widowed ; the Loves seek their lord
 All the house through in vain ! Charm of cestus has ceased
 With thy clasp !—O too bold in the hunt, past preventing ;
 Ay, mad : thou so fair . . . to have strife with a beast !"—
 Thus did Cypris wail on—and the Loves are lamenting.

VI.

Ah, ah, Cytherea ! Adonis is dead—
 She wept tear after tear, with the blood which was shed ;
 And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden-close ;
 Her tears, to the wind-flower—his blood, to the rose.

VII.

I mourn for Adonis—Adonis is dead.
 Weep no more in the woods, Cytherea, thy lover !
 So, well ; make a place for his corse in thy bed,
 With the purples thou sleepest in, under and over.
 He's fair, though a corse—a fair corse . . like a sleeper—
 Lay soft in the silks he had pleasure to fold,
 When, beside thee at night, holy dreams deep and deeper
 Enclosed his young life on the couch made of gold !
 Love him still, poor Adonis ! cast on him together
 The crowns and the flowers ! since he died from the place,
 Why let all die with him—let the blossoms go wither ;
 Rain myrtles and olive-buds down on his face :
 Rain the myrrh down, let all that is best fall apining,
 For *thy* myrrh, his life, from thy keeping is swept !—
 Pale he lay, thine Adonis, in purples reclining—
 The Loves raised their voices around him and wept.
 They have shorn their bright curls off to cast on Adonis :
 One treads on his bow—on his arrows, another—
 One breaks up a well-feathered quiver ; and one is,

Bent low on a sandal, untying the strings :
 And one carries the vases of gold from the springs,
 While one washes the wound ; and behind them a brother
 Fans down on the body sweet airs with his wings.

VIII.

Cytherea herself, now, the Loves are lamenting.
 Each torch at the door, Hymenæus blew out ;
 And the marriage-wreath dropping its leaves as repenting,
 No more "Hymen, Hymen," is chanted about,
 But the *ai ai* instead—"ai alas" is begun
 For Adonis, and then follows "ai Hymenæus !"
 The Graces are weeping for Cinyras's son,
 Sobbing low, each to each, "His fair eyes cannot see us !"
 Their wail strikes more shrill than the sadder Dione's ;
 The Fates mourn aloud for Adonis, Adonis,
 Deep chanting ! he hears not a word that they say :
 He *would* hear, but Persephone has him in keeping.
 Cease moan, Cytherea—leave pomps for to-day,
 And weep new when a new year refits thee for weeping.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

Mild star of eve, whose tranquil beams
 Are grateful to the queen of love,
 Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
 More bright than all the host above,
 And only to the moon's clear light
 Yields the first honors of the night !

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
 Thou glory of the midnight sky !
 And when my steps are wandering far,
 Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
 Then, if the moon deny her ray,
 O guide me, Hesper, on my way !

No savage robber of the dark,
 No foul assassin claims thy aid
 To guide his dagger to its mark,
 Or light him on his plund'ring trade ;
 My gentle errand is to prove
 The transports of requited love.

Merivale.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

As late I slumbering lay, before my sight
 Bright Venus rose in visions of the night :

She led young Cupid ; as in thought profound
 His modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground ;
 And thus she spoke : "To thee, dear swain, I bring
 My little son ; instruct the boy to sing."

No more she said ; but vanish'd into air,
 And left the wily pupil to my care :
 I—sure I was an idiot for my pains—
 Began to teach him old bucolic strains ;
 How Pan the pipe, how Pallas form'd the flute,
 Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute :
 Love, to my lessons quite regardless grown,
 Sang lighter lays, and sonnets of his own ;
 Th' amours of men below, and gods above,
 And all the triumphs of the Queen of Love.
 I—sure the simplest of all shepherd-swains—
 Full soon forgot my old bucolic strains ;
 The lighter lays of love my fancy caught,
 And I remember'd all that Cupid taught.

Fawkes.

CUPID AND THE FOWLER.

A youth, bird-hunting, chanced one day,
 Wandering on his woody way,
 Love, the runaway, to see
 Perch'd amid a boxen tree,
 High on a bough ; of radiant dyes
 A bird it seem'd—the fowler's eyes
 Glisten'd at the precious prize. }
 Together soon his twigs he bound,
 Watching Cupid hover round
 From bough to bough ; now here, now there—
 On every spot except the snare.
 And running to an aged swain
 (His early teacher), told his pain,
 In accents well the case befitting,
 And show'd where little Love was sitting.
 The old man shook his head and smiled :
 "Give o'er this idle chase, my child,
 No pretty bird hath thee beguiled.
 A cruel beast ! but happy thou,
 Till manhood bloom upon thy brow.
 He that flies will then pursue,
 The bird you hunt will then hunt you ;
 Perch on your head, and round your heart
 Forever flutter, never part."

Frazer's Magazine.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 190 B. C.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS was born, according to the best authorities, at Alexandria. He was a pupil of Callimachus, and early went to Rhodes (whence his surname), where he opened a school for instructing in rhetoric. Subsequently he succeeded Eratosthenes as librarian at Alexandria, and while in this office he composed the epic poem on which his fame rests, *The Expedition of the Argonauts*, in four books. He wrote somewhat in imitation of Homer, though without Homer's genius. His poem, however, giving in a well sustained tone a full description of the adventure, evinces great application, and has some passages of great beauty, particularly the episode on the passion of Medea, whose character is beautifully drawn, and the gradual growth of whose love is described with no little power.¹

INTERVIEW BETWEEN JASON AND MEDEA.

No other theme employ'd Medea's mind,
Though singing ; nor could all her sportive maids,
Whatever carol they alternate sang,
Long please her : she, still absent, in the song
Broke off abrupt. Nor on the damsels round
Look'd she with steadfast eyes ; but turn'd them still
To the far paths, and ever lean'd her cheek,
Inclining forward ; and a shock was felt
Quick at her heart, if e'er she listening caught
A footfall's echo, or the passing wind.

But soon he came ; and, to the longing maid
Appear'd, high-bounding : as the Syrian star,
Emerged from ocean, rises, beautiful
And glorious to behold ; yet to the flocks
Sends forth wide-wasting plagues. Thus Jason came :
Thus beautiful in aspect ; but his sight
Raised agonized emotion, and her heart
Sank ; her eyes darken'd ; and the reddening blood
Rush'd to her cheek ; nor could her faltering knees
Advance, nor yet recede ; and, under her,
Her feet seem'd rooted to the earth. Anon
The damsels left them, and retired apart.

¹ Editions : G. Schaefer, Leipsic, 1810, two volumes 8vo. ; Wellauer, Leipsic, 1828, two volumes 8vo. ; J. Shaw, Greek and Latin, Oxford, 1777, one volume quarto. Translation : Francis Fawkes, London, 1780.

Thus, opposite each other, mute they stood :
As oaks, or fir-trees tall, nigh-growing, lift,
Upon the mountains, their firm-rooted stems
In quietness, when not a breath of air
Is stirring in the leaves ; anon, with gusts
Of rushing wind are shaken to and fro
With deep tumultuous murmur ; so the breath
Of love would stir within them, and their tongues
Flow with no stinted utterance. Jason felt
The virgin tremble with her heaven-sent grief,
And, soft in blandishment, address'd her thus :
" Why dost thou fear me, maiden, thus alone ?
For I am not like men, who boast themselves
Vain-gloriously, nor was I ever such,
When dwelling in the land that gave me birth.
Then fear me not too greatly, gentle maid !
But now interrogate, or speak thyself
Whate'er thou list ; and, since we meet with minds
Of friendly greeting, in this hallow'd place,
Where guile were sacrilege, now openly
Speak thou, or question me. Nor with smooth words
Beguile me ; since thy promise, from the first,
Is through thy sister pledged, that thou wilt give
The welcome drugs. By Hecaté herself !
By thy own parents ! by all-seeing Jove !
Who o'er the stranger and the suppliant still
Spreads his protecting hand, I thee conjure !
For I a stranger and a suppliant come
Into thy presence : in severest strait
I bend, and clasp thy knees ; for, without thee,
I cannot hope to quell with mastering strength
This bitter conflict. For thy aid my thanks
Hereafter shall be thine : such thanks as men,
Who dwell remote, can give. I will exalt
Thy name and graceful honor ; and the rest
Of heroes with me shall extol thy praise,
When they to Greece return : the mothers too
And wives of heroes, who now musing sit
Upon the ocean shore, and wail our loss."

So said the youth, with admiration high
Gilding his speech ; but she, her eyes cast down,
Smiled with enchanting sweetness : all her soul
Melted within her, of his words of praise
Enamor'd. Then she fix'd full opposite
Her eyes upon him, at a loss what word
She first should speak, yet wishing in a breath
To utter all her fond impetuous thoughts.
And, with spontaneous act, she took the drug
From forth her fragrant girdle's folds, and he
Received it at her hands, elate with joy :
And she had drawn the spirit from her breast,
Had he but ask'd it ; sighing out her soul

Into his bosom. So from Jason's head,
Waving with yellow locks, Love lighten'd forth
A lambent flame, and snatch'd the darted rays
That trembled from his eyes. Her inmost soul
Floating in bliss, she all dissolved away;
As dew on roses in the morning's beams
Evaporating melts. So stood they both;
And bent, in bashfulness, their eyes on earth,
Then glanced them on each other; while their brows
Smiled joyous, in serenity of love.

At length the virgin, half-inaudible,
Address'd him thus: "Learn now my purpos'd means
To aid thee."

She then gives him minute directions how to use the drug she gives him, and how to sacrifice to the gods to gain the victory.

She said; and silently
Low tow'rd's her feet bent sad her sorrowing eyes,
And bathed her cheek with scalding tears, and mourn'd,
That he should wander on the seas, far off,
Away from her. Then, careless of reserve,
Again, with plaintive speech, addressing him,
She caught him with her hand; for now her eyes
Had lost their bashful shame: "Remember yet,
If to thy home thou ever shouldst return,
Medea's name. When thou art far away,
I shall remember thee. But, freely tell,
Where are the mansions, whither soon the ship
Will bear thee o'er the waves. Returnest thou
Nigh rich Orchomenos? perchance, not far
From our near isle, *Æea*? tell me, too,
Of that same virgin, whom thou namedst late
Pasiphae's famous daughter, who is kin
To my own father." So she said; and love
Stole soft upon his soul; most deeply touch'd
To see the damsel weep: with artful hint
He spoke: "And, surely I nor night nor day
Can thee forget, so I escape my fate,
And with safe flight return to Greece; nor yet
Æetes task me with some heavier toll.
But, if my native land would please thine ear,
It shall be told thee; for I yearn myself
To tell it thee." * *

So said he, soothing her with honeyed phrase;
But painful griefs within her heaving breast
Struggled, as sorrowful she answer'd him,
In hurried speech: "With Greeks perchance to keep
Their faith inviolate, is seemly thought:
But, midst the race of men, *Æetes* least
Resembles him thou call'st *Pasiphae's* spouse,
The righteous *Minos*; nor can I compare

With Ariadne. Speak not of these rites
Of hospitality; but only this:
That, when thou to Iolchos shalt return,
Thou wilt remember me; and I, despite
My parents' anger, will remember thee.
But, should some rumor, wafted from afar,
Or carrier bird, the rapid tidings bear
That I am clean forgotten, may the storms
Snatch me to thy Iolchos o'er the seas;
That I may chide thee to thy face, and say,
'By my safe counsels didst thou speed thy flight.'
For I should wish then suddenly to stand
Before thee in thy mansion." So she said;
And piteously let fall the trickling tears
Upon her cheeks. He, interrupting then,
Exclaim'd: "Divinest maiden! hence at once
With these thy storms, and this thy carrier bird!
For these are empty words. But shouldst thou come
To those my habitations, and to Greece,
Thou shouldst by Grecian women and by men,
Be honor'd and revered; nay, e'en adored,
Like to a Goddess: since through thee their sons,
Their brothers, friends, the husbands of their love,
Saved from destruction, to their homes return,
Fresh in the bloom of life: and thou shouldst grace
My bed in marriage; nor should aught divide
Our loves, till death should shroud us in the grave."

He spoke, and, while she listen'd, all her heart
Melted away within her: though, from deeds
Thus dark, she shuddering turn'd her eyes, and mused
Wretched in mind; yet did not long persist
In coy denial to inhabit Greece.
For Juno had devised, that thus should come
The Colchian maid to blest Iolchos' towers,
And leave her land, to work fell Pelias' wo.
But now the handmaids, that in silence watch'd
Far off, grew anxious, and the waning day
Urged that the absent maiden should return
Home to her mother. But not once the maid
Bethought her of return: for she was charm'd
With his fair person, and his soothing words.
Till Jason wary warn'd her, and exclaimed:
"Time presses to return, lest the sun's light
Should first go down, and strangers' eyes remark
Our secret steps. But we will meet again
On this same spot." So they, with pleasing words,
Essay'd each other's thoughts; then parting went
Their separate way. Exulting, to the ship
And his companions Jason hastening pass'd:
She to her handmaids. They, together all,
Ran nimbly forward, and the virgin met:
But she discern'd them not in gathering throng

Moving around her; for her high-wrought mind
Was in the clouds. With swift instinctive feet
She climb'd her rapid chariot; in one hand
She snatch'd the reins; the other grasp'd the scourge,
Of variegated thong, and lash'd the mules:
So rush'd they to the city, hastening home.
Chalciopé, with fond inquietude,
Ask'd of her sons. But she, distracted, lost
All power of mind, and caught no utter'd word;
Nor, when her sister question'd, would reply.
On a low footstool, placed beneath her couch,
She sat her down; and, sidelong, lean'd her cheek
On her left hand. But in her eyelids stood
The swimming tears; with agitating thought
Of that dark deed of covenanted guilt.

Elton.

MOSCHUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 190 B. C.

MOSCHUS, the bucolic poet, who flourished contemporaneously with Bion, was born at Syracuse, but probably resided at Alexandria. He styles himself the pupil of Bion, by which he probably means nothing further than that he imitated his style. Of his individual history we know even less than that of his master. Of his compositions we have only four *Idyllia*, and a few fragments.¹ In these he seems to have taken Bion for his model, and resembles him in his turn for apologue, his delicate amenity of style, his luxuriance of poetical imagery, and his graceful and almost feminine softness.

THE CONTRAST.

O'er the smooth main, when scarce a zephyr blows
To break the dark-blue ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.
But when, white-foaming, heave the deeps on high,
Swells the black storm, and mingles sea with sky,
Trembling, I fly the wild, tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.

¹ Editions: The Poems of Moschus are generally edited with those of Bion, the translators of the one being the translators of the other.

Sweet are the sounds that murmur through the wood,
While roaring storms upheave the dang'rous flood ;
Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.
Hard is the life the weary fisher finds
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labor, and uncertain gains.
Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
Of some broad leafy plane, inglorious laid,
Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn laborer's ear.

Bland.

LOVE A FUGITIVE.

Aloud cried Love's all-powerful Queen—
If any man has lately seen
My scape-grace, tell me where he is ;
The sweet reward shall be a kiss :
If further blisses you would rifle,
I shall not stand upon a trifle.
The boy's so notable, no doubt,
Among a score you'd find him out.
His skin glows like the fiery gleam ;
His eyes flash like the lightning's beam ;
His honeyed tongue distils with lies ;
His heart is wrapt in dark disguise ;
When passion rankles in his mind,
To savage deeds the elf's inclined ;
And, under guise of harmless jest,
He stings the unsuspecting breast.
Innumerable curling tresses grace
His impudent and rakish face.
His hands are tiny, but their power
Extends to Pluto's gloomy bower.
The peevish urchin carries wings,
With which from heart to heart he springs,
As little birds, in wanton play,
Fly carelessly from spray to spray.
A trinket-bow and shafts he wears,
Which carry to the furthest stars.
His golden quiver swings behind,
With numerous fatal weapons lin'd,
Wherewith he deals sharp sorrows round,
And dares his mother's heart to wound.
His torch, with its portentous blaze,
Consumes the very solar rays.
If thou shalt catch the vagrant child,
Ah, be not by his tears beguil'd ;
Bind fast his trickful hands, nor heed
Those smiles that secret treachery breed ;

Drag him along, nor thoughtless stay
 To fondle with him on the way.
 Fly—fly his kisses : they inflame
 With every poison thou canst name ;
 And if he cry, "My arms I yield,"
 Try not those deadly arms to wield :
 Let prudence check this mad desire—
 They're pregnant with celestial fire.

W. Shepherd.

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.

From where his silver waters glide,
 Majestic, to the ocean-tide
 Through fair Olympia's plain,
 Still his dark course Alpheus keeps
 Beneath the mantle of the deeps,
 Nor mixes with the main.

To grace his distant bride, he pours
 The sand of Pisa's sacred shores,
 And flowers that deck'd her grove ;
 And, rising from the unconscious brine,
 On Arethusa's breast divine
 Receives the meed of love.

'Tis thus with soft, bewitching skill
 The childish god deludes our will,
 And triumphs o'er our pride ;
 The mighty river owns his force,
 Bends to the sway his winding course,
 And dives beneath the tide.

Bland.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF BION.¹

Weep every crystal fount and Dorian spring,
 Each sacred river weep, your Bion is no more—
 Through every tangled dell and pathless grove
 Let sounds of Pity swell,
 And tear-drops stand on every opening flower :
 Let Nature mourn, as round his grave she strows
 The pallid, drooping, solitary rose,
 Or weaves the violet o'er the hallow'd dead !
 Still at his tomb let hyacinthus grow,
 Inwrought with deeper wo ;
 The muses' pride, the joy of life, is fled !

¹ This is a most beautiful imitation of the original, by J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., London, 1802.

Begin, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Sad Philomel, that in the cypress shade
Mournest the minstrel youth in vain,
Tell to the listening nymphs that round thee lave
In Arethusa's welling wave,
The life, the glory of the plain, is dead ;
That Doria's reed is heard no more,
And all the rapture of the lyre is o'er.
Begin, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Ye tenants of old Strymon's sedgy plain,
Melodious swans, ye catch the tuneful wo,
(Your white breasts trembling on the stream)
And pour for Bion lost the mournful strain ;
So sweet his warbled notes would flow.
Ooagria's nymphs in silence weep around,
And all Bistonia's groves repeat the sacred sound.
Again, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

No more at early dawn the peopled plain
Wakes to the warblings of the Dorian flute,
No more beneath the branching oak he sits,
And hears the woodlands wild resound the strain.
Ah me! they mourn in vain ;
The cot, the woodland, and the vale, is mute.
Sunk in the deep and silent shade
Of death's cold realm, his hands the lyre explore
To soothe the spectre king ; no more
Yon mountain hoar his carol'd notes shall sound,
But solitude and sorrow reign around.
Again, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Thee, Bion! thee the patron of the lyre,
Apollo mourn'd, and thee the sylvan train
Through all their green retreats lamented loud :
In sullen murmurs from the crystal well
The tear-fraught torrents sw
And mimic sighs along their reeds expire.
Thee lovelorn Echo wails, of voice hereft,
Echo, the loveliest of the Oread train,
As on the yawning cleft
Of some deserted rock she strays,
No more responsive to thy raptur'd lays.
Astonish'd Nature sees th' untimely storm,
And blighting East her opening buds deform,
And withering flowers defraud the ruin'd plain.
Again, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Oh, best belov'd ! oh, long lamented ! tell
Who to the Dorian pipe succeeds ?
Where still thy lingering accents seem to swell,
Where still thy breath hangs in the charmed reeds.
Ah no ! in sleep and silence bound,
Dear to the sylvan god those reeds remain !
No sacrilegious lip be found
To bid them breathe again—
The God himself shall still the gift revere,
For once the God himself was rival'd there.
Again, Sicilian muse ! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Thee Galatea mourn'd, her poet lost—
Oft on the wave-worn margent of the main
With thee the nymph would sit the livelong day,
In rapt attention to thy measur'd lay ;
Not such the lays her giant lover sung,
Not such the voice she fled : at thy soft strain
From ocean's lap the green-hair'd nereid sprung ;
And now, forgetful, on the sounding shore,
Where whitening billows round her roar,
Musing she tracks the solitary coast,
And weeps, ah ! vainly weeps, her poet lost.
Again, Sicilian muse ! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

With thee the transport of the lyre,
With thee the muse's dearest gifts are gone,
The graces and the loves are flown,
And at thy tomb mourn their extinguish'd fire.
Not more for young Adonis slain
Did Venus, bending o'er the bier,
Silent pour the pearly tear.

Oh Meles, sacred stream ! a fresher wo
Bids, fraught with tears, thy torrent flow,
And shock with tenfold roar the murmuring main ;
As once it did, when he, the heir of fame,
The glory of the lyre, the Grecian pride,
Homer, thy godlike offspring, was no more.

Know, sacred stream,
A second Homer in thy Bion died—
Father of verse, what strains were thine ?
The blooming Spartan's fatal charms,
Of Pelus' son the wrath divine,
And war's vindictive scourge, and all the pride of arms.
Not such the lays that Bion sung ;
List'ning to his Dorian measures,
Lightly danc'd the frolic pleasures,
And shepherd girls around him hung :
He taught their rosy cheeks to glow,
The honey of their lips to flow ;

For sweetly lull'd upon his breast
Love reclin'd, a harmless guest,
And Venus near her raptur'd child,
Pleas'd at the strain, exulting smil'd.
Again, Sicilian muse ! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

The garden's pride, the firstlings of the year,
Pale primroses and violets strew the ground,
And with'ring droop in Spring's meridian reign ;
Anon their sweets repair,
Diffusing odors round,
And wake to rapture the reviving plain ;
But we, when fate's remorseless pow'r
Hastens th' inevitable hour,
And points the downward path to Pluto's shade,
Heroes and gods resist in vain :
"Each in his narrow cell forever laid"
No more we rise again :
Forever and forever o'er,
The dream of life can cheat no more.
Light lies the green-sward on thy breast ;
Chain'd is the tuneful tongue
Where music's sweetest air and pleasures hung,
And fraught with love's ethereal heat,
Thy trembling heart has ceas'd to beat,
By death's cold hand oppress.
Long groans and melancholy sounds succeed,
And drown the sorrows of the Dorian reed.

POLYBIUS.

204-122 B. C.

POLYBIUS, the historian, was born in Arcadia about the year 204 B. C. He possessed very great advantages, for his father was not only a man of rank and family, but a general and a statesman. From his youth he was instructed in the science of politics and the military art, and his education was as finished a one as an anxious and accomplished parent could make it. He attended his father when he went as an ambassador to Egypt ; and his diligence in acquainting himself with everything respecting that country was a prelude to the consummate knowledge which he afterwards attained of all parts of the then known world. His patriotism displayed itself in resisting the Romans in their efforts to conquer Greece. After the fall of Perseus, and the conquest of Macedonia, he, with about a thousand other prominent

men, was banished to Italy. Having become acquainted in Macedonia with Fabius and Scipio, the two sons of Æmilius Paulus, he obtained permission, at their earnest request, to reside at Rome, at the house of their father. Here he spent most of his time in accumulating materials for his great historical work. In the year 151 B. C., he, with the other exiles, now reduced to three hundred, was restored to his country, and went to Peloponnesus. Here he exerted all his influence to induce his countrymen to make peace with the Romans, but to no effect. After the conquest of the country by the Romans, the Achæans saw and recognized the wisdom of his advice, and erected a statue to his honor, on the pedestal of which was inscribed, "Hellas would have been saved had the advice of Polybius been taken." He joined Scipio in his expedition against Carthage, and was present with him at the capture of that renowned commercial metropolis, B. C. 146. Soon after this he returned to his native land, and exerted all his influence, which was great, to alleviate the miseries of his countrymen, after the taking of Corinth, in which he was very successful, visiting various cities, and obtained for many of them favorable terms with the Romans. From this time forth he devoted himself to the composition of his great historical work, till his death, which took place about 122 B. C.

Polybius wrote a Universal History in forty books, from the commencement of the second Punic war, 218 B. C., to the destruction of Carthage and Corinth by the Romans, 146 B. C. But the greater part of this most valuable and laborious work has perished. We have only the first five books entire, and fragments and extracts of the rest. As it is, however, it is one of the most valuable historical works that has come down to us. His style, indeed, will not bear a comparison with the great masters of Greek literature: he is not eloquent like Thucydides, nor poetical like Herodotus, nor perspicuous and elegant like Xenophon. He lived at a time when the Greek language had lost much of its purity by an intermixture of foreign elements, and he did not attempt to imitate the language of the great Attic writers. He wrote as he spoke: he gives us the first rough draught of his thoughts, and seldom imposes on himself the trouble to arrange or methodize them: hence they are often vague and desultory, and not unfrequently deviate entirely from the subject.

But in the highest quality of an historian—the love of truth—he has no superior. This always predominates in his writings. He has judgment to trace effects to their causes; a full knowledge of his subjects; and an impartiality which forbids him to conceal it to favor any party or cause. In his geographical descriptions he is not always

clear, but his descriptions of battles have never been surpassed. "His writings have been admired by the warrior, copied by the politician, and imitated by the historian. Brutus had him ever in his hands; Tully transcribed him; and many of the finest passages of Livy are the property of the Greek historian."¹

THE TEACHINGS OF HISTORY.

How wide a field of reflection is opened to us by this event:² and what admirable lessons does it contain for the good conduct of human life. In the fate of Regulus we may discern how little confidence should be reposed in fortune, especially when she flatters with the fairest hopes. For he, who a few days before beheld, without remorse or pity, the miserable state to which the Carthaginians were reduced, was now himself led captive by them; and forced to implore his safety of those very enemies to whom he had shown no mercy. We may also remark in this event the truth of that saying of Euripides: "that one wise counsel is better than the strength of many." For here, the wisdom of one man defeated legions that were thought invincible; infused new life into a people whose losses had even almost rendered them insensible of misery; and saved their tottering state from ruin. Let the reader then take care to reap some profit from these examples, and apply them to the improvement of his life and manners. For since there are two sources only from whence any real benefit can be derived—our own misfortunes, and those that have happened to other men; and since the first of these, though generally, perhaps, the most effectual, is far more dangerous and painful than the other; it will always be the part of prudence to prefer the latter, which will alone enable us at all times to discern whatever is fit and useful, without any hazard or disquiet. And hence appears the genuine excellence of history, which, without exposing us to the labor or the cost of suffering, instructs us how to form our actions upon the truest models, and to direct our judgment right in all the different circumstances of life.

¹ Editions: J. A. Ernesti, Leipsic, 1764, three volumes 8vo. Schweighæuser, Leipsic, 1795, eight volumes 8vo.: this has a Latin version, and an admirable *Lexicon Polybianum*, which is almost indispensable to the student. Translated into English by Hampton, in four volumes octavo.

² The battle which occurred between the Romans and Carthaginians, in Africa, B. C. 255. The Romans under Regulus were defeated by the Carthaginians under Xantippus, a Spartan general, and Regulus was taken prisoner.

BATTLE BETWEEN ELEPHANTS.

When the spring approached, Antiochus and Ptolemy, having completed all their preparations, were now ready by a battle to decide the war. Ptolemy, therefore, began his march from Alexandria, with seventy thousand foot, five thousand horse, and seventy-three elephants. Antiochus, being informed of his approach, drew together also all his forces; his army was composed of five thousand light-armed troops, and twenty thousand men, selected from all parts of the kingdom, armed after the Macedonian manner, and led by Theodotus the Ætolian, who had deserted from the service of King Ptolemy.

Ptolemy, advancing to Pelusium, and having waited there to receive the troops that were not yet come up, and to distribute the provisions among his army, again decamped, and passing through a dry and desert country, along Mount Casius, and the place that was called the Pits, arrived at Gaza. And having allowed some time for the refreshment of his army, he continued his route forwards by slow and gentle marches, and on the fifth day fixed his camp at the distance of fifty stadia from the city of Raphia, which is situated beyond Rhinocorura, and stands the nearest towards Egypt, of all the cities of Cœle-syria.

At the same time Antiochus also began his march, and passing beyond Raphia, came and encamped, in the night, at the distance of ten stadia from the enemy. But within some days afterwards, being desirous to possess himself of some more advantageous posts, and at the same time to inspire his troops with confidence, he advanced so near to Ptolemy, that the armies were now separated from each other by the distance only of five stadia. Frequent engagements, therefore, happened every day between the troops, that went abroad to get water or provisions; and many skirmishes, both of the infantry and cavalry, in the space that was between the camps.

The two kings, when they had thus for five days remained in sight, resolved at last to engage in a decisive action. As soon, therefore, as Ptolemy began first to put his troops in motion, Antiochus also drew out all his forces, and ranged them in order of battle. When the armies were thus ranged in order, and ready to engage, the two kings, attended by their officers and friends, advanced along the front of all the line, and endeavored to inspire their troops with courage, especially the phalanxes,

in which they had placed their greatest hopes. In this manner, riding along from rank to rank, they addressed all the troops in turn, sometimes by themselves, and sometimes by interpreters. But when Ptolemy with his sister, came to the left wing of his army, and Antiochus, attended by his guards, had taken his station also upon his right, the signal was sounded to engage, and the elephants approaching first, began the combat. Among those that belonged to Ptolemy, there were some that advanced boldly against their adversaries. It was then pleasing to behold the soldiers engaged in close combat from the towers, and pushing against each other with their spears. But the beasts themselves afforded a far nobler spectacle as they rushed together, front to front, with the greatest force and fury. For this is the manner in which they fight. Twisting their trunks together, they strive each of them with his utmost force, to maintain their own ground, and to move their adversary from his place. And when the strongest of them has at last pushed aside the trunk of the other, and forced him to turn his flank, he then pierces him with his tusks, in the same manner as bulls in fighting wound each other with their horns. But the greater part of the beasts that belonged to Ptolemy declined the combat. For this usually happens to the elephants of Africa, which are not able to support either the smell or cry of the Indian elephants. Or rather they are struck with terror at the view of their enormous size and strength; since even before they approach near together, they frequently turn their backs and fly. And this it was, which at this time happened. As soon, therefore, as these animals, being thus disordered by their fears, had fallen against the ranks of their own army, and forced the Royal Guards to break the line, Antiochus seizing the occasion, and advancing round on the outside of the elephants, charged the cavalry, which was commanded by Polycrates, in the extremity of the left wing of Ptolemy. At the same time also the Grecian mercenaries, who stood within the elephants, near the phalanx, advanced with fury against the Peltastæ, and routed them with little difficulty, because their ranks likewise were already broken by the elephants. Thus the whole left wing of the army of Ptolemy was defeated, and forced to fly.

MELEAGER.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 60 B. C.

MELEAGER, the celebrated writer and collector of epigrams,¹ was a native of Gadara, in Palestine, and lived about 60 B. C. He resided at Tyre; but, in his old age, was driven by the wars to seek a retirement in the island of Cos, where he died.

Meleager is remarkable as the father of those collections of fugitive pieces from various poets, known by the name of "Anthologies." They are singularly delicate and fanciful in the turn of thought and expression, and are usually marked with the most elegant simplicity.

THE GIFTS OF THE GRACES.

The Graces, smiling, saw her opening charms,
And clasped Arista in their lovely arms.
Hence her resistless beauty; matchless sense;
The music of her voice; the eloquence,
That, e'en in silence flashes from her face;
All strikes the ravished heart—for all is grace:
List to my vows, sweet maid! or from my view
Far, far away, remove! In vain I sue;
For, as no space can check the bolts of Jove,
No distance shields me from the shafts of Love.

Keen.

THE GARLAND.

A fresh garland will I braid
Of lilies blithe and fair,
Of the hyacinth's blue shade,
And the crocus's gold hair,
Of narcissus dewy bright,
Of myrtle, never sere,
With the violet virgin white,
And sweet rose to lovers dear.
Thus, for Heliodora's hair,
Freshest, fairest flowers I've twin'd,
But none are half so sweet, so fair,
As the dear, dear locks they'll bind.

Peter.

¹ The ancient Epigram was not exclusively appropriated to subjects of humor or terminated with a witty point, but was either "An Inscription," as its name implies, or a short piece, serious or tender, answering generally to the modern "Sonnet."

THE VOW.

In holy night we made the vow;
And the same lamp, which long before
Had seen our early passion grow,
Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever?
And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not vow a rival never
Should shake her faith, or steal her love?

Yet now she says those words were air,
Those vows were written all in water;
And, by the lamp that heard her swear,
Hath yielded to the first that sought her.

Merivale.

SALE OF CUPID.

Who'll buy a little boy? Look, yonder is he,
Fast asleep, the sly rogue, on his mother's knee;
So bold a young imp 'tis not safe to keep,
So I'll part with him now, while he's sound asleep.
See his arch little nose, how sharp it is curl'd,
His wings, too, even in sleep unfurl'd;
And those fingers, which still ever ready are found
For mirth or for mischief, to tickle or wound.

He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
But never you mind—he's laughing all the while;
For little he cares, so he has his own whim,
And weeping or laughing, 'tis all one to him.
His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,
His tongue, like the red bolt, keen and rash;
And so savage is he, that his own dear mother
Is scarce, in his hands, more safe than another.

In short, to sum up this prodigy's praise,
He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways;
And if any one wants such an imp to employ,
He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.
But see, the boy wakes—his bright tears flow—
His eyes seem to ask, Could I sell him? Oh, no;
Sweet child, no, no—though so naughty you be;
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me.

Thomas Moore.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG BRIDE.

Cleæra,*when she loosed her virgin zone,
 Found in the nuptial bed an early grave;
 Death claim'd the bridegroom's right; to death alone
 The treasure guarded for her spouse she gave.

To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled,
 The flute's soft strain and hymeneal choir;
 At morn sad howlings echo round the bed,
 And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire.

The very torches that at fall of night
 Shed their bright radiance o'er the bridal room;
 Those very torches, with the morning's light,
 Conduct the victim to her silent tomb.¹

Hay.

THE LOVER'S MESSAGE.

Sea-wandering barks, that o'er the Ægean sail,
 With pennants streaming to the northern gale,
 If, in your course, the Coan strand ye reach,
 And see my Phanion musing on the beach,
 With eye intent upon the placid sea,
 And constant heart that only beats for me—
 Tell the dear maid, that mindful of her charms,
 Her lover hastens to her longing arms.
 Go, heralds of my soul! to Phanion's ear
 On all your shrouds the tender accents bear!
 So Jove shall calm with smiles the wave below,
 And bid for you his softest breezes blow.

Bland.

¹ So in Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet:"—

"All things that we ordain for festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse."

And likewise Herrick, in his lines "Upon a Maid that died the day she was married."

"That morn which saw me made a bride,
 The evening witness'd that I died.
 Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
 Unto the bed the bashful bride,
 Serv'd but as tapers for to burn,
 And light my reliques to their urn."

MUSIC AND BEAUTY.

By the God of Arcadia, so sweet are the notes .
 Which tremulous fall from my Rhodope's lyre ;
 Such melody swells in her voice, as it floats
 On the soft midnight air, that my soul is on fire.

Oh, where can I fly ? The young Cupids around me
 Gayly spread their light wings, all my footsteps pursuing ;
 Her eyes dart a thousand fierce lustres to wound me,
 And music and beauty conspire my undoing.¹

Merivale.

SPRING.

Now Winter's storms, which chilled the sky,
 Before the tepid breezes fly ;
 Smiling advance the rosy hours,
 Strewing around their purple flowers ;
 Brown earth is crowned with herbage green,
 And decked with bloom each twig is seen ;
 The rose displays its lovely hues
 In meads which quaff the morning dews ;
 His whistle shrill the shepherd blows ;
 His kids the gladsome goatherd knows ;
 E'en now I see the sailor's boat,
 Wafted by gentle breezes, float ;
 And Bacchus' girls, with ivy crowned,
 Shout, Io ! through the echoing ground.
 The bees in clusters round the hive,
 Loaded with liquid sweets, arrive ;
 And, murmuring still in busy mood,
 Elaborate their luscious food.
 The race of warblers pour their throats ;
 The blue wave wafts the halcyon's notes ;
 The swallow twittering flits along ;
 The white swan pours his piercing song ;
 And Philomela mourns the woods among. }
 Does, then, the green earth teem with gladness ?
 Has nature dropt her robe of sadness ?
 Do the swains pipe ; the flocks rejoice ;
 The mountains echo Bacchus' voice ;

¹ Peace, Chloris, peace, or singing die !
 That together you and I
 To heaven may go ;
 For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above,
 Is that they sing, and that they love.—*Waller.*

The mariners their sails unloose ;
 The bees distil their luscious juice ;
 Has spring inspired the warbling throng ?
 And can't the poet make a song ?

J. S. Buckminster.¹

DIONYSIUS HALICARNASSUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 30 B. C.

DIONYSIUS the historian—called Halicarnassus from a city of that name, which was the place of his birth, though of its date we have no certain knowledge—went to Rome about 30 B. C., the second year of the reign of Augustus. Here he resided to the end of his life, spending his time in the study of the Latin language and literature, and in collecting materials for his great work on Roman history, called *Archæologia*. This consisted of twenty books, and contained the history of Rome from the earliest or mythical times down to the year of the first Punic war, when Polybius takes the subject up. Only the first nine books are complete; of the tenth and eleventh we have the greater part, but of the others nothing more than fragments. From what we have, we see that he has treated the early history of Rome with great minuteness, discussing most carefully everything relating to her constitution and her religion, as well as to the history, laws, and private life of the Romans; and though he shows at times too much credulity, and does not always distinguish with sufficient clearness between fable and history, his work is an inexhaustible treasure of valuable materials.

Some of the rhetorical and critical works of Dionysius have come down to us, and show that he was not only a rhetorician of the first order, but also a most excellent critic in the highest and best sense of the term; for these remains, though fragmentary, abound in fine remarks and criticisms upon the classical writers of Greece. The titles of these works are: 1. Τέχνη Ρητορική, *The Art of Rhetoric*, in eleven chapters. 2. Περί συνθέσεως ὁμιλιῶν, *On the Arrangement of Words*; in this he treats of the power of true oratory, and on the combination of words according to the different species and styles of oratory. 3. Τῶν Παλαιῶν Χαρακτήρες, *Characters of the Ancients*. 4. Περί τῶν Ἀττικῶν ῥητορῶν ὑπομ-

¹ For some account of this elegant scholar—the lamented pastor of Brattle Street Church, Boston—see my *Compendium of American Literature*, p. 282.

ῥηματισμοί, *Memoirs of the Attic Orators*, in three parts, of which we have only the first, and a fragment of the second.¹

CHARACTER OF NUMA.

By these laws Numa formed the city to frugality and temperance; justice in contracts he introduced by inventing a regulation which was unknown to all who instituted the most celebrated commonwealths. For, observing that contracts made in public, and before witnesses, are, from a regard to the persons present, generally performed, and that few are guilty of any violation of them; but that those which are transacted without witnesses, being many more in number than the former, rest on no other security than the faith of the contractors, he thought it incumbent on him to make this faith the chief object of his care, and to render it worthy of divine worship. For he found that Justitia, Themis, Nemesis, and those the Greeks call Erinnyes, with others of that kind, had been sufficiently honored by the ancients in being erected into divinities and consecrated; but that Faith, than which there is no greater nor more sacred virtue among men, was not yet worshipped, either by states in their public capacity, or by private persons. Having considered these things, he, first of all men, erected a temple to public Faith, and instituted sacrifices to be performed to her, at the public expense, in the same manner as to the rest of the Gods. By this means the public faith of the city, which was preserved inviolate to all men, could not fail in time to communicate the same fidelity to the behavior of private men. And, indeed, so sacred and inviolable a thing was faith in their estimation, that the greatest oath a man could take was, by his own faith; and more depended upon than any other testimony. And if there happened any contest between two persons concerning the performance of a contract entered into without witnesses, the faith of either of the parties was sufficient to decide the controversy, and not suffer it to proceed any further. And the magistrates and courts of justice founded their decrees, in most causes, on the oaths of the parties attesting by their faith. These regulations, then invented by Numa, which persuaded to temperance and enforced justice, rendered the city of Rome more orderly than the best regulated family.

¹ Editions: Hudson, Greek and Latin, Oxford, two volumes folio; Reiske, Greek and Latin, 1774-77, six volumes 8vo. Translation: Edward Spelman, London, 1758, four volumes quarto.

Thus Numa became the darling of his subjects, the example of his neighbors, and the theme of posterity. It was owing to him, that neither civil dissension broke the harmony of the city, nor foreign war interrupted the observance of these wise and admirable institutions. For their neighbors were so far from looking upon the peaceful tranquillity of the Romans as an opportunity of invading them, that if at any time they were at war with one another they chose the Romans for mediators, and were willing to put an end to their contests under the arbitration of Numa. I should, therefore, make no difficulty in placing this person among the first of those who are the most celebrated for their happiness. For he was of a royal family, had a majestic aspect, and cultivated that kind of literature which, instead of useless eloquence, formed his mind to piety, and every other virtue. When he was young he was thought worthy to be king of the Romans, who, upon the reputation of his virtue, invited him to that dignity, which he exercised, during his whole life, over an obedient people. He lived to be very old, without any infirmity or misfortune, and died the easiest of all deaths, being worn out with age; the genius, who had been allotted to him from his birth, having continued the same favor to him till he was no more. He lived above fourscore years, and reigned forty-three; leaving behind him, according to most historians, four sons and one daughter, whose posterity remain to this day; but, according to Cneius Gellius, only one daughter, who was the mother of Ancus Marcius, the third king of the Romans after him. His death was exceedingly lamented by the city, who made a most splendid funeral for him. He lies buried upon the Janiculum, on the other side of the Tiber.

DIODORUS SICULUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 30 B. C.

DIODORUS SICULUS was a contemporary of Cæsar and Augustus, and was born in the town of Agyrium, in Sicily; whence his name, *the Sicilian*. He early determined to devote his life to the writing of a universal history, from the earliest times down to his own; and with this object in view, he travelled over the greater part of Europe and Asia to gain a more accurate knowledge of nations and countries, than he

could obtain from previous historians and geographers. His work, which he called *An Historical Library* (Βιβλιοθήκη ἱστορικὴ), consisted of forty books, embracing the period from the earliest mythical ages down to Julius Cæsar's Gallic wars. Only fifteen books of this great work have come down to us. The first five, which contain the early history of the Eastern nations, the Egyptians, the Æthiopians, and the Greeks, are extant entire; the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth books are lost; but from the eleventh to the twentieth inclusive, comprising the period from the second Persian war, B. C. 480, down to the year 302 B. C., it is preserved. The remaining portion of the work is lost, with the exception of a few fragments.

The style of Diodorus Siculus is clear and lucid, though devoid of all elegance. He is a laborious and industrious writer, and what we have of him is of the highest importance on account of the great mass of materials which he has collected from a number of writers whose works have irretrievably perished, and which, but for him, would have been lost to the world.¹

ALEXANDER'S NOBLE DEMEANOR TOWARDS THE FAMILY OF DARIUS.

Darius with all his army being thus routed, fled, and, by changing from time to time one horse after another, the best he had, he made away with all speed, to escape out of the hands of Alexander, and to get to the governors of the upper provinces. In the mean time, one came to the mother of Darius, and told her that Alexander was returned from the pursuit of Darius, and had possessed himself of all the rich spoils of his tent. Upon which there was heard a great shriek and lamentation amongst the women, and, from the multitude of the captives condoling with the queen at the sad news, all places were filled with cries of anguish and horror. The king, understanding what sorrow there was among the women, sent Leonatus, one of his courtiers, to them, to put an end to their fears, and to let Sisymbria, the mother of Darius, know that her son was alive, and that Alexander would have respect to their former dignity; and that, to confirm the promise of his

¹ Editions: P. Wesseling, Greek and Latin, Amsterdam, 1746, two vols. folio; L. Dindorf, Leipzig, 1828-31, five volumes 8vo., "the most critical and valuable;" Heyne and Eyring, Greek and Latin, Bipont, 1793-1807, eleven volumes 8vo. Translations: G. Booth, London, 1814, two volumes. Henry Cogan, London, 1653, folio.

generosity by his actions, he would come and discourse with them the day following. Whereupon the captives were so surprised with the sudden and happy turn of their fortunes, that they honored Alexander as a god, and their fears were turned into exultations of joy. The king, as soon as it was light (with Hephæstion, one of the trustiest of his friends), went to visit the queens. When they entered, being both habited alike, Sisygambis, taking Hephæstion for the king (because he was the more comely and taller man), fell prostrate at his feet; but the attendants, by the nods of their heads, and pointing of their fingers, directed her to Alexander; whereupon, being much ashamed and out of countenance, by reason of the mistake, she saluted Alexander in the same manner she had done the other. Upon which he lifted her up, and said—Mother, trouble not, nor perplex yourself; for that man also is Alexander. By which courteous and obliging title of mother to a grave and honorable matron, he gave a clear demonstration of the respects and civilities he intended towards them all. Having therefore owned her for a second mother, he presently confirmed his words by his actions; for he ordered her to be clothed in her royal robes, and restored her to all the honors becoming her former state and dignity. For he gave her all her attendants and household servants and furniture allowed her by Darius, and added also as much more of his own bounty. He promised likewise to dispose of the young ladies in marriage far better than if their father had provided husbands for them; and that he would educate the king's little son as carefully and honorably as if he were his own. Then he called him to him, and kissed him; and, taking notice that he was not at all ashamed, nor seemed to be the least affrighted, turning to Hephæstion and those about him, "This youth, but six years of age," said he, "carries in his countenance marks of a stout and brave spirit, above his age, and is better than his father." He further declared, that he would take care of the wife of Darius, that she should want for nothing, in order to the support and maintenance of her royal state and former prosperity. Many other kind and gaining expressions he used, insomuch that the ladies fell a weeping in showers of tears, out of transports of joy, upon account of the greatness of their unexpected felicity. After all, he at length put forth to them his right hand to kiss, upon which not only they who were immediately honored with those kindnesses set forth his praise, but even the whole army cried up his incomparable grace and clemency. And, indeed, I conceive that amongst the many brave and noble acts of

Alexander, none of them were greater than this, or more worthy by history to be handed down to posterity: for storming and taking of cities, gaining of battles, and other successes in war, are many times the events of fortune, more than the effects of valor and virtue; but to be compassionate to the miserable, and those that lie at the feet of the conqueror, must be the fruit only of wisdom and prudence. For many by prosperity grow haughty, and are so far swelled with pride by the favorable blasts of fortune, that they are careless and forgetful of the common miseries of mankind; so that it is common to see many sink under the weight of their prosperous successes, as a heavy burthen they are not able to bear.

Therefore, though Alexander was many ages before us who are now living, yet the remembrance of his virtue justly challenges honor and praise from all those that succeeded him in future generations.

EPICTETUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A. D. 80.

THIS illustrious ornament of the Stoic school claims our attention both for his wisdom and his virtues. He was a native of Hieropolis, in Phrygia (Asia Minor), and in the first part of his life, having been seized and brought to Rome, he became the slave of one Epaphroditus, a freedman of Nero, a person of gross habits and unprincipled character. It is said that he was one day amusing himself in twisting the leg of his slave, to see how far he could twist it without breaking it; when Epictetus, who murmured not at the torture, exclaimed, "You will break it;" and the event justified the prediction. "I told you so," added the philosopher, without changing a muscle of his countenance.¹

¹ We can hardly conceive of the extent to which that "crime of crimes," slavery, existed among the Romans, who spared neither age nor sex of the peoples of Europe and Asia whom they subdued. So extensive was this iniquitous commerce in the persons of men, that ten thousand are said to have exchanged hands in one day, at the island of Delos. Well did the pious Wesley pronounce slavery to be "the sum of all villainies;" and more recently, the gifted and eloquent Spurgeon, "the crime of crimes, a soul-destroying sin, and an iniquity which cries aloud for vengeance;" for it is the nurse of all wickedness and vice, and the prolific parent of covetousness, lust, licentiousness, tyranny, and every hateful passion: it has been the fruitful source of all troubles in states, a cancer in the vitals of every com-

By some means, not mentioned, he obtained his freedom, and retired to a small hut within the city of Rome, where, with nothing more than the bare necessities of life, he devoted himself to the study of philosophy, and became a very popular teacher of morals. He was a stoic of the severest principles and the most undisturbed equanimity, and an acute observer of manners. His life was an admirable pattern of sobriety, magnanimity, and the most rigid virtue. "Support pain and fly pleasure," was his leading precept. "Our actions," he said, "depend on ourselves; all other things are independent of us: let us, therefore, devote our whole attention to the correction and amendment of the first; but it is madness to make any effort to avoid the other, for they are entirely beyond our control."

But neither his humble station nor his singular merit could screen Epictetus from the monster Domitian. With the rest of the philosophers he was banished, about A. D. 90. He bore his exile with a degree of firmness worthy of a philosopher who called himself a citizen of the world, and could boast that, wherever he went, he carried his best treasures along with him. He retired to Nicopolis, in Epirus, where he passed the remainder of his life in inculcating his philosophical principles to the numerous auditors who thronged to hear him. He is said to have spoken so impressively, and to have described the wickedness of the individual so vividly, that every one felt as if he were personally addressed. Estimating highly and rightly his vocation as a teacher, his great aim was to win the minds and hearts of his hearers to that which was good, and hardly any could resist the impressions which his teachings produced.

Epictetus himself wrote nothing. He is chiefly known now by his beautiful Moral Manual, or "Enchiridion" (*Εγχειρίδιον*), and his "Disertations." These were collected by his disciple Arrian, drawn up from notes which he and some other disciples collected from the lips of their great master.¹

munity and nation that has cherished it, the downfall of every ancient kingdom. Twice was Rome, in the height of her power, brought nearly to the brink of sudden ruin, by servile insurrections; and though, by the greatest efforts she maintained her external form of government, the disease, like a putrid pestilence, spread wider and wider, till at last she fell to pieces from her own rottenness. "The nation that will not serve Thee shall perish," Isa. lx. 12. "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord," Ps. xii. 5. "He shall break in pieces the oppressor," Ps. lxxii. 4. "Wo unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong," Jer. xxii. 13. Such quotations from the Scriptures might be multiplied without end. When will men *really* believe what God hath said, and act as if they believed?

¹ This "Manual" was much read by Christians as well as Pagans. We have an excellent translation of it by Elizabeth Carter, whom Dr. Johnson

A MAN IS WHAT HE IS IN HIMSELF.

Things are *reasonable* and *unreasonable*, as well as good and bad, advantageous and disadvantageous, to different persons. On this account, chiefly, we stand in need of a liberal education, to teach us to adapt the preconceptions of reasonable and unreasonable to particular cases, conformably to nature. But to judge of reasonable and unreasonable, we make use not only of a due estimation of things without us, but of what relates to each person's particular character. Thus, it is reasonable for one man to submit to a dirty disgraceful office, who considers this only, that if he does not submit to it, he shall be whipt, and lose his dinner; but if he does, that he has nothing hard or disagreeable to suffer: whereas to another it appears insupportable, not only to submit to such an office himself, but to bear with any one else who does. If you ask me, then, whether you shall do this dirty office or not, I will tell you it is a more valuable thing to get a dinner than not; and a greater disgrace to be whipt, than not to be whipt: so that, if you measure yourself by these things, go and do your office.

"Ay, but this is not suitable to my character."

It is *you* who are to consider that, not *I*: for it is you who know yourself, what value you set upon yourself, and at what rate you sell yourself: for different people sell themselves at different prices.

Hence Agrippinus,¹ when Florus was considering whether he should go to Nero's shows, so as to perform some part in them himself, bid him go. "But why do not *you* go, then?" says Florus. "Because," replied Agrippinus, "*I* do not deliberate about it." For he who once sets himself about such considerations, and goes to calculating the worth of external things, approaches very near to those who forget their own character.

pronounced the best Greek scholar in England. A good edition in Greek and Latin was published in Oxford, 1804, one volume 8vo., together with the "Picture of Cebes," the "Hercules of Prodicus," and the "Characters of Theophrastus."

¹ Nero was remarkably fond of theatrical entertainments; and used to introduce upon the stage the descendants of noble families, whom want had rendered venal.

HOW TO ACT ACCEPTABLY TO THE GODS.

When a Persian inquired, How any one might eat acceptably to the Gods: if he eats with justice, says Epictetus, and gratitude; and fairly and temperately, and decently, must he not also eat acceptably to the Gods? And when you call for hot water, and your servant does not hear you; or, if he doth, brings it only warm; or perhaps is not to be found at home; then, not to be angry, or burst with passion: is not this acceptable to the Gods?

But how, then, can one bear such things?

Wretch, will you not bear with your own brother, who hath God for his Father, as being a son from the same stock, and of the same high descent with yourself? But, if you chance to be placed in some superior station, will you presently set yourself up for a tyrant? Will you not remember what you are, and over whom you bear rule? That they are by nature your relations, your brothers; that they are the offspring of God?

But I have them by right of purchase, and not they me.

Do you see what it is you regard? That it is earth and mire, and these wretched laws of dead men; and that you do not regard those of the Gods.¹

TRUE SUPERIORITY.

When a person is possessed of some either real or imaginary superiority, unless he hath been well instructed, he will necessarily be puffed up with it. A tyrant, for instance, says: "I am supreme over all." And what can you do for *me*? Can you exempt my desires from disappointment? How should you? For do you never incur your own aversions? Are your own pursuits infallible? Whence should *you* come by that privilege? Pray, on ship board, do you trust to yourself, or to the pilot? In a chariot, to whom but to the driver? And to whom in all other arts? Just the same. In what, then, doth your power consist? "All men pay regard to me."

So do I to my desk. I wash it, and wipe it; and drive a

¹ That is, the wicked laws of deceased legislators, who framed the enactments of slavery; and not the eternally just laws of God, who made all men equal.

naïl, for the service of my oil flask. "What, then, are these things to be valued beyond *me*?" No: but they are of some use to *me*, and therefore I pay regard to them. Why, do not I pay regard to an ass? Do I not wash his feet? Do I not clean him? Do not you know, that every one pays regard to himself; and to you, just as he doth to an ass? For who pays regard to you as a man? Show that. Who would wish to be like *you*? Who would desire to imitate *you*, as he would Socrates? "But I can take off your head." You say right. I had forgot, that one is to pay regard to you as to a fever, or the colic; and that there should be an altar erected to you, as there is to the goddess Fever at Rome.

What is it, then, that disturbs and strikes terror into the multitude? The tyrant and his guards? By no means. What is by nature free, cannot be disturbed or restrained by anything but itself. But its own principles disturb it. Thus, when the tyrant says to any one: "I will chain your leg;" he who values his leg, cries out for pity; while he, who sets the value on his own will and choice, says: "If you imagine it for your interest, chain it." "What! do not you care?" No: I do not care. "I will show you that I am master." *You*? How should *you*? Jupiter has set me free. What! do you think he would suffer his own son to be enslaved? You are master of my carcass. Take it.

BE ALWAYS READY FOR THE SUMMONS.

As in a voyage, when the ship is at anchor, if you go on shore to get water, you may amuse yourself with picking up a shell-fish, or an onion, in your way; but your thoughts ought to be bent towards the ship, and perpetually attentive, lest the captain should call; and then you must leave all these things, that you may not be thrown into the vessel, bound neck and heels, like a sheep. Thus likewise in life, if, instead of an onion, or shell-fish, such a thing as a wife or a child be granted you, there is no objection: but if the captain calls, run to the ship, leave all these things, regard none of them. But, if you are old, never go far from the ship: lest, when you are called, you should be unable to come in time.

LOSSES BUT RESTORATIONS.

Never say of anything, "I have lost it;" but, "I have restored it." Is your child dead? It is restored. Is your wife dead? She is restored. Is your estate taken away? Well:

and is not that likewise restored? "But he who took it away is a bad man." What is it to you, by whose hands He, who gave it, hath demanded it back again? While He gives you to possess it, take care of it; but as of something not your own, as passengers do of an inn.

DAILY CONSIDER YOUR END.

Let death and exile, and all other things which appear terrible, be daily before your eyes; but chiefly death: and you will never entertain any abject thought, nor too eagerly covet anything.

WOMAN'S TRUE ADORNMENT.

Females from fourteen years old, perceiving that they are regarded only as qualified to give the men pleasure, begin to adorn themselves; and in that to place all their hopes. It is worth while, therefore, to fix our attention on making them sensible that they are esteemed for nothing else but the appearance of a decent, and modest, and discreet behavior.

OUR PROPERTY, NOT OURSELVES.

These reasonings are unconnected: "I am richer than you; therefore I am better: I am more eloquent than you; therefore I am better." The connection is rather this: "I am richer than you; therefore my property is greater than yours: I am more eloquent than you; therefore my style is better than yours." But *you*, after all, are neither property nor style.

THE TRUE LOVER OF MANKIND.

No one, who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind: but only he who is a lover of virtue.

THE BEST HABITATION.

As you would not wish to sail in a large, and finely decorated, and gilded ship, and sink: so neither is it eligible to inhabit a grand and sumptuous house, and be in a storm of passions and cares.

TRUE STANDARD OF ESTIMATION.

They are pretty fellows, indeed, said he, who value themselves on things not in our own power. I am a better man

than you, says one; for I have many estates, and you are pining with hunger. I have been consul, says another; I am a governor, a third; and I have a fine head of hair, says a fourth. Yet one horse does not say to another, "I am better than you; for I have a great deal of hay, and a great deal of oats; and I have a gold bridle, and embroidered trappings;" but, "I am swifter than you." And every creature is better or worse from its own good or bad qualities. Is man, then, the only creature which hath no natural good quality? And must we consider hair, and clothes, and ancestors, to judge of him?

TRUE HAPPINESS.

As it is better to lie straitened for room upon a little couch in health, than to toss upon a wide bed in sickness; so it is better to contract yourself within the compass of a small fortune, and be happy, than to have a great one, and be wretched.

FORTUNE VS. CHARACTER.

A horse is not elated, and doth not value himself on his fine manger or trappings, or saddle-cloths; nor a bird, on the warm materials of its nest: but the former, on the swiftness of his feet; and the latter, of its wings. Do not you, therefore, glory in your eating, or dress; or, briefly, in any external advantage; but in good nature and beneficence.

THE TRUE FEAST.

In every feast remember that there are two guests to be entertained, the body and the soul: and that what you give the body, you presently lose; but what you give the soul, remains for ever.

TRUTH.

1. It is better, by yielding to truth, to conquer opinion; than by yielding to opinion, to be defeated by truth.

2. If you seek truth, you will not seek to conquer by all possible means: and, when you have found truth, you will have a security against being conquered.

3. Truth conquers by itself; opinion, by foreign aids.

FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

1. It is better, by living with one free person, to be fearless and free, than to be a slave in company with many.

2. What you avoid suffering yourself, attempt not to impose on others. You avoid slavery, for instance: take care not to enslave.¹ For, if you can bear to exact slavery from others, you appear to have been first yourself a slave. For vice hath no communication with virtue; nor freedom with slavery. As a person in health would not wish to be attended by the sick, nor to have those who live with him be in a state of sickness; so neither would a person who is free, bear to be served by slaves, or to have those who live with him in a state of slavery.

POWER OF KINDNESS.

1. Who among you do not admire the action of Lycurgus the Lacedemonian? For when he had been deprived of one of his eyes, by one of the citizens, and the people had delivered the young man to him, to be punished in whatever manner he should think proper; Lycurgus forbore to give him any punishment. But, having instructed him, and rendered him a good man, he brought him into the theatre: and, while the Lacedemonians were struck with admiration: "I received," says he, "this person from you, injurious and violent; and I restore him to you gentle, and a good citizen."

2. When Pittacus had been unjustly treated by some person, and had the power of chastising him, he let him go; saying, "Forgiveness is better than punishment: for the one is the proof of a gentle, the other of a savage nature."

WHAT MAKES CITIES GOOD.

Do not variegate the structure of your walls with Eubœan and Spartan stone: but adorn both the minds of the citizens, and of those who govern them, by the Grecian education. For cities are made good habitations by the sentiments of those who live in them; not by wood or stone.

THE MOB.

As neither a goose is alarmed by gagging, nor a sheep by bleating: so neither be you terrified by the voice of a senseless multitude.—As you do not comply with a multitude, when it injudiciously asks of you any part of your own property: so neither be disconcerted by a mob, when it endeavors to force you to any unjust compliance.

¹ How true this is! The bodies of the poor blacks in our slave states are not more thoroughly enslaved than are the tongues and pens of the whites.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

As the sun doth not wait for prayers and incantations, to be prevailed on to rise, but immediately shines forth, and is received with universal salutation ; so neither do you wait for applauses, and shouts, and praises, in order to do good ; but be a voluntary benefactor, and you will be beloved like the sun.¹

HOPE.

Thales being asked what was the most universally enjoyed of things, answered, "Hope : for they have it who have nothing else."

PYRRHO.

Pyrrho used to say, "There is no difference between living and dying." A person asked him, Why then do not you die ? "Because," answered Pyrrho, "there is no difference."

JUSTICE.

Every place is safe to him who lives with justice.

GOD ALL-SEEING.

If you always remember that God stands by, an inspector of whatever you do, either in soul or body, you will never err, either in your prayers or actions ; and you will have God abiding with you.

TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

In prosperity, it is very easy to find a friend ; in adversity, nothing is so difficult.

CONTENTMENT.

Fortify yourself with contentment : for this is an impregnable fortress.

TRUTH.

Prefer nothing to truth, not even the choice of friendship, lying within the reach of the passions : for by them justice is both confounded and darkened.—Truth is an immortal and an

¹ This simile is peculiarly beautiful ; and hath the force of an argument in the discourse of a stoic, who held the sun to be animated, and intelligent.

eternal thing. It bestows, not a beauty which time will wither, nor a boldness of which the sentence of a judge can deprive us; but the knowledge of what is just and lawful, distinguishing from them, and confuting what is unjust.

THE BEST LEGACY.

Choose rather to leave your children well instructed than rich. For the hopes of the learned are better than the riches of the ignorant.

TRUE GREATNESS.

They whose minds are the least grieved by calamities, and whose actions struggle the most against them, are the greatest both in public and in private life.

PLUTARCH.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A. D. 90.

It seems not a little singular that one who has handed down to all coming time the lives of so many of the philosophers, poets, orators, and generals of antiquity, should be so little known himself, for we are quite ignorant of the particulars of Plutarch's own life, and what few facts we have are chiefly collected from his own writings. He was born at Chæronea, a city of Bœotia,¹ in the latter half of the first century, of a family respectable in station and eminent in talents. He was educated at Delphi, and improved himself by the advantages of foreign travel. On his return he was employed by his country on an embassy to Rome, where he opened a school for youth, employing all his leisure time at that capital of the world and chief seat of erudition, in acquiring those vast stores of learning which he afterwards used for the delight and instruction of mankind. On the death of Trajan (A. D. 110), who was his munificent patron and friend, Plutarch returned to his native Chæronea, where he lived to a very advanced age, the time of his death being unknown. Here he

¹ Bœotia was called in derision the land of fogs and of dulness; but *three* of the brightest names in the Grecian annals rescue it from the reproach—Pindar, Epaminondas, and Plutarch.

projected and completed his lives of illustrious men (*Βίαι Παράλληλαι*, "Parallel Lives"), a work which has immortalized his name, and been honored with unbounded praise.

In this treatise he exhibits and compares, in a very full and instructive manner, the characters of the most distinguished Greeks and Romans. There are twenty-three parallels, giving the lives and characters of forty-six persons, to which is added the biography of five individuals taken singly. The twenty-three parallels are the following: 1. Theseus and Romulus; 2. Lycurgus and Numa; 3. Solon and Valerius Publicola; 4. Themistocles and Camillus; 5. Pericles and Quintus Fabius Maximus; 6. Alcibiades and Coriolanus; 7. Timoleon and Paulus Æmilius; 8. Pelopidas and Marcellus; 9. Aristides and Cato the Elder; 10. Philopœmen and Flaminius; 11. Pyrrhus and Marius; 12. Lysander and Sylla; 13. Cimon and Lucullus; 14. Nicias and Crassus; 15. Eumenes and Sertorius; 16. Agellus and Pompeius; 17. Alexander and Cæsar; 18. Phocion and Cato the Younger; 19. Agis and Cleomenes; 20. Tiberius and Caius Gracchus; 21. Demosthenes and Cicero; 22. Demetrius Poliorcetes and Marcus Antonius; 23. Dion and Marcus Junius Brutus. To these are added the lives of Artaxerxes Mnemon, Aratus, Galba, Otho, and Homer; though the last is deemed spurious.

No ancient work, Greek or Latin, has been so universally popular as "Plutarch's Lives." The true grounds of this popularity are not to be found in their subjects so much as in his manner of treating them, and in the qualities of his own nature, as exhibited in his book. At the tomb of Achilles, Alexander declared that he esteemed him happy in having had so famous a poet as Homer to proclaim his actions; and scarcely less fortunate were they who had such a biographer as Plutarch to record their lives. He himself has given us his conception of the true office of a biographer, and in this has explained in great part the secret of his excellence. "It must be borne in mind," he says, "that my design is not to write histories, but lives. And the most glorious exploits do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men; sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs us better of their characters and inclinations than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever. Therefore, as portrait-painters are more exact in the lines and features of the face, in which the character is seen, than in the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to give my more particular attention to the marks and indications of the souls of men; and, while I endeavor by these to portray their lives, may be

free to leave more weighty matters and great battles to be treated of by others."¹

It is his fidelity to this principle, his dealing with events and circumstances chiefly as they illustrate character, his delineation of the features of the souls of men, that constitute Plutarch's highest merit as a biographer. In his long series of lives of noble Grecians and Romans, the motives and principles which lay at the foundation of the characters of the men who moulded the fate of Greece and Rome, the reciprocal influences of their times upon these men and of these men upon their times, may all be traced with more or less distinctness and certainty.

But the character of Plutarch himself, not less than his method of writing biography, explains his universal popularity, and gives its special charm and value to his book. He was a man of large and generous nature, of strong feeling, of refined tastes, of quick perceptions. His mind had been cultivated in the acquisition of the best learning of his times, and was disciplined by the study of books as well as of men. He deserves the title of philosopher; but his philosophy was of a practical rather than a speculative character—though he was versed in the wisest doctrines of the great masters of ancient thought, and in some of his moral works shows himself their not unworthy follower. Above all, he was a man of cheerful and genial temper. A lover of justice and of liberty, his sympathies are always on the side of what is right, noble, and honorable. He believed in a divine ordering of the world, and saw obscurely through the mists and shadows of heathenism the indications of the wisdom and rectitude of an overruling Providence. To him man did not appear as the sole arbiter of his own destiny; but rather as an unconscious agent in working out the designs of a Higher Power; and yet, as these designs were only dimly and imperfectly to be recognized, the noblest man was he who was truest to the eternal principles of right, who was most independent of the chances and shiftings of fortune, who, "fortressed on conscience and impregnable will," strove to live in the manliest and most self-supported relations with the world, neither fearing nor hoping much in regard to the uncertainties of the future.²

It has been well said that biography is nowhere more agreeable, and history nowhere so essentially moral as in this writer. It is the man who occupies his thoughts more than the event. His parallels

¹ Life of Alexander, at the beginning.

² Read an admirable criticism on Plutarch, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for January, 1860.

are perfect compositions, both in style and manner. In his admiration of shining qualities, he does not forget to give the proper estimate to those which are useful and solid. He carefully examines and duly appreciates everything; confronts the hero with himself, the actions with the motives, the success with the means, the faults with the excuses. Justice, virtue, and a love of truth are the sole objects of his esteem; and his judgment is formed with great reserve and care. His reflections are a treasure of wisdom and sound policy, and should be engraven on the hearts of all those who are emulous to direct their public and private life by the unerring rules of integrity.

But Plutarch was something more than a biographer: he was a voluminous writer on miscellaneous subjects, and sixty different works are ascribed to him, most of which are lost. His "Moralia," or Ethical works, give him a high rank as a practical moralist, full of sound views on the ordinary events of human life. His "Marriage Precepts" are a sample of his good sense, and of his happiest expression. He rightly appreciated the importance of a good education, and he gave much sound advice on the bringing up of children.¹

ARISTIDES.

In all the vicissitudes of public affairs, the constancy Aristides showed was admirable, not being elated with honors, and demeaning himself tranquilly and sedately in adversity; holding the opinion that he ought to offer himself to the service of his country without mercenary views and irrespectively of any reward, not only of riches, but even of glory itself. Hence it came, probably, that at the recital of these verses of Æschylus in the theatre, relating to Amphiaræus,

For not at seeming just, but being so
He aims; and from his depth of soil below,
Harvests of wise and prudent counsels grow,—

the eyes of all the spectators turned on Aristides, as if this virtue, in an especial manner, belonged to him.

He was a most determined champion for justice, not only

¹ Editions: Bryan, London, 1729, five volumes quarto, with Latin version; G. H. Schaefer, Leipsic, 1826, six volumes 8vo., with notes, original and selected; C. Sintenis, Leipsic, 1839-1846, four volumes 8vo. Translations: The English version of John and William Langhorne is the one hitherto most known; but lately a new translation has appeared by many eminent Greek scholars of England, and edited by A. H. Clough: this is undoubtedly the best we now have.

against feelings of friendship and favor, but wrath and malice. Thus it is reported of him that when prosecuting the law against one who was his enemy, when the judges after accusation refused to hear the criminal, and proceeded immediately to pass sentence upon him, he rose in haste from his seat and joined in petition with him for a hearing, and that he might enjoy the privilege of the law. Another time, when judging between two private persons, on the one declaring his adversary had very much injured Aristides: "Tell me rather, good friend," said he, "what wrong he has done you: for it is your cause, not my own, which I now sit judge of." Being chosen to the charge of the public revenue, he made it appear, that not only those of his time, but the preceding officers, had alienated much treasure, and especially Themistocles:—

Well known he was an able man to be,
But with his fingers apt to be too free.

Therefore, Themistocles, associating several persons against Aristides, and impeaching him when he gave in his accounts, caused him to be condemned of robbing the public; so Idomenus states; but the best and chiefest men of the city much resenting it, he was not only exempted from the fine imposed upon him, but likewise again called to the same employment. Pretending now to repent him of his former practice, and carrying himself with more remissness, he became acceptable to such as pillaged the treasury, by not detecting or calling them to an exact account. So that those who had their fill of the public money began highly to applaud Aristides, and sued to the people, making interest to have him once more chosen treasurer. But when they were upon the point of election, he reproved the Athenians. "When I discharged my office well and faithfully," said he, "I was insulted and abused; but now that I have allowed the public thieves in a variety of malpractices, I am considered an admirable patriot. I am more ashamed, therefore, of this present honor than of the former sentence; and I commiserate your condition, with whom it is more praiseworthy to oblige ill men, than to conserve the revenue of the public." Saying thus, and proceeding to expose the thefts that had been committed, he stopped the mouths of those who cried him up and vouched for him, but gained real and true commendation from the best men.

Of all his virtues, the common people were most affected with his justice, because of its continual and common use; and thus, although of mean fortune and ordinary birth, he

possessed himself of the most kingly and divine appellation of Just; which kings, however, and tyrants have never sought after; but have taken delight to be surnamed besiegers of cities, thunderers, conquerors, or eagles again, and hawks; affecting, it seems, the reputation which proceeds from power and violence, rather than that of virtue. Although the divinity, to whom they desire to compare and assimilate themselves, excels, it is supposed, in three things, immortality, power, and virtue; of which three, the noblest and divinest is virtue.

OSTRACISM OF ARISTIDES.

Aristides had at first the fortune to be beloved for his surname, "the Just," but at length envied. Especially when Themistocles spread a rumor among the people, that, by determining and judging all matters privately, he had destroyed the courts of judicature, and was secretly making way for a monarchy in his own person, without the assistance of guards. Moreover, the spirit of the people, now grown high, and confident with their late victory, naturally entertained feelings of dislike to all of more than common fame and reputation. Coming together, therefore, from all parts into the city, they banished Aristides by the ostracism, giving their jealousy of his reputation the name of fear of tyranny. For ostracism was not the punishment of any criminal act, but was speciously said to be the mere depression and humiliation of excessive greatness and power; and was in fact a gentle relief and mitigation of envious feeling, which was thus allowed to vent itself in inflicting no intolerable injury, only a ten years' banishment. It was performed in this manner. Every one taking an *ostrakon*, a sherd, that is, or piece of earthenware, wrote upon it the citizen's name he would have banished, and carried it to a certain part of the market-place surrounded with wooden rails. First, the magistrates numbered all the sherds in gross (for if there were less than six thousand, the ostracism was imperfect); then, laying every name by itself, they pronounced him whose name was written by the larger number, banished for ten years, with the enjoyment of his estate. As, therefore, they were writing the names on the sherds, it is reported that an illiterate, clownish fellow, giving Aristides his sherd, supposing him a common citizen, begged him to write *Aristides* upon it; and he being surprised and asking if Aristides had ever done him any injury, "None at all," said he, "neither know I the man; but I am

tired of hearing him everywhere called the Just." Aristides, hearing this, is said to have made no reply, but returned the sherd with his own name inscribed. At his departure from the city, lifting up his hands to heaven, he made a prayer (the reverse, it would seem, of that of Achilles), that the Athenians might never have any occasion which should constrain them to remember Aristides.

THE HORRIBLE PROSCRIPTIONS OF SYLLA.

Sylla being thus wholly bent upon slaughter, and filling the city with executions without number or limit, many wholly uninterested persons falling a sacrifice to private enmity, through his permission and indulgence to his friends, Caius Metellus, one of the younger men, made bold in the senate to ask him what end there was of these evils, and at what point he might be expected to stop? "We do not ask you," said he, "to pardon any whom you have resolved to destroy, but to free from doubt those whom you are pleased to save." Sylla answering, that he knew not as yet whom to spare, "Why then," said he, "tell us whom you will punish." This Sylla said he would do. These last words, some authors say, were spoken not by Metellus, but by Afidius, one of Sylla's fawning companions. Immediately upon this, without communicating with any of the magistrates, Sylla proscribed eighty persons, and notwithstanding the general indignation, after one day's respite, he posted two hundred and twenty more, and on the third, again, as many. In an address to the people on this occasion, he told them he had put up as many names as he could think of; those which had escaped his memory, he would publish at a future time. He issued an edict likewise, making death the punishment of humanity, proscribing any who should dare to receive and cherish a proscribed person, without exception to brother, son, or parents. And to him who should slay any one proscribed person, he ordained two talents reward, even were it a slave who had killed his master, or a son his father. And what was thought most unjust of all, he caused the attainer to pass upon their sons, and son's sons, and made open sale of all their property. Nor did the proscription prevail only at Rome, but throughout all the cities of Italy the effusion of blood was such, that neither sanctuary of the gods, nor hearth of hospitality, nor ancestral home escaped. Men were butchered in the embraces of their wives, children in the arms

of their mothers. Those who perished through public animosity, or private enmity, were nothing in comparison of the numbers of those who suffered for their riches. Even the murderers began to say, that "his fine house killed this man, a garden that, a third, his hot baths." Quintus Aurelius, a quiet, peaceable man, and one who thought all his part in the common calamity consisted in condoling with the misfortunes of others, coming into the forum to read the list, and finding himself among the proscribed, cried out, "Woe is me, my Alban farm has informed against me." He had not gone far, before he was dispatched by a ruffian, sent on that errand.

DEMOSTHENES AND CICERO COMPARED.

Omitting an exact comparison of the respective faculties in speaking of Demosthenes and Cicero, yet thus much seems fit to be said; that Demosthenes, to make himself a master in rhetoric, applied all the faculties he had, natural or acquired, wholly that way; that he far surpassed in force and strength of eloquence all his contemporaries in political and judicial speaking, in grandeur and majesty all the panegyrical orators, and in accuracy and science all the logicians and rhetoricians of his day; that Cicero was highly educated, and by his diligent study became a most accomplished general scholar in all these branches, having left behind him numerous philosophical treatises of his own on Academic principles; as, indeed, even in his written speeches, both political and judicial, we see him continually trying to show his learning by the way. And one may discover the different temper of each of them in their speeches. For Demosthenes' oratory was without all embellishment and jesting, wholly composed for real effect and seriousness; not smelling of the lamp, as Pytheas scoffingly said, but of the temperance, thoughtfulness, austerity, and grave earnestness of his temper. Whereas Cicero's love of mockery often ran him into scurrility; and in his love of laughing away serious arguments in judicial cases by jests and facetious remarks, with a view to the advantage of his clients, he paid too little regard to what was decent. Indeed, Cicero was by natural temper very much disposed to mirth and pleasantry, and always appeared with a smiling and serene countenance. But Demosthenes had constant care and thoughtfulness in his look, and a serious anxiety, which he seldom, if ever, laid aside;

and, therefore, was accounted by his enemies, as he himself confessed, morose and ill-mannered.

Also, it is very evident, out of their several writings, that Demosthenes never touched upon his own praises but decently and without offence when there was need of it, and for some weightier end; but, upon other occasions, modestly and sparingly. But Cicero's immeasurable boasting of himself in his orations argues him guilty of an uncontrollable appetite for distinction, his cry being evermore that arms should give place to the gown, and the soldier's laurel to the tongue.¹ And at last we find him extolling not only his deeds and actions, but his orations also, as well those that were only spoken, as those that were published. * *

The power of persuading and governing the people did, indeed, equally belong to both, so that those who had armies and camps at command stood in need of their assistance. But what are thought and commonly said most to demonstrate and try the tempers of men, namely, authority and place, by moving every passion, and discovering every frailty, these are things which Demosthenes never received: nor was he ever in a position to give such proof of himself, having never obtained any eminent office, nor led any of those armies into the field against Philip which he raised by his eloquence. Cicero, on the other hand, was sent quæstor into Sicily, and proconsul into Cilicia and Cappadocia, at a time when avarice was at the height, and the commanders and governors who were employed abroad, as though they thought it a mean thing to steal, set themselves to seize by open force; so that it seemed no heinous matter to take bribes, but he that did it most moderately was in good esteem. And yet he, at this time, gave the most abundant proofs alike of his contempt of riches and of his humanity and good nature. And at Rome, when he was created consul in name, but indeed received sovereign and dictatorial authority against Catiline and his conspirators, he attested the truth of Plato's prediction, that then the miseries of states would be at an end, when by a happy fortune supreme power, wisdom, and justice should be united in one.² * *

Finally, Cicero's death excites our pity; for an old man to be miserably carried up and down by his servants, flying and

¹ Translating Cicero's famous verse upon himself—

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ.

² Or, as the dictum is in his Republic, "When the philosopher should be king."

hiding himself from that death which was, in the course of nature, so near at hand ; and yet at last to be murdered. Demosthenes, though he seemed at first a little to supplicate, yet, by his preparing and keeping the poison by him, demands our admiration : and still more admirable was his using it. When the temple of the god no longer afforded him a sanctuary, he took refuge, as it were, at a mightier altar, freeing himself from arms and soldiers, and laughing to scorn the cruelty of Antipater.

ARRIAN.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A. D. 140.

ARRIANUS, of Nicomedia, in Bithynia, was born towards the end of the first century after Christ. He was a pupil and friend of Epictetus, through whose influence he became a zealous and active admirer of the stoic philosophy, and more especially of the practical part of the system. He formed his style on that of Xenophon, and so imitated the sweetness and purity of his model, that the Athenians called him the young Xenophon. In A. D. 124 he gained the friendship of the Emperor Hadrian, and had the rights of Roman citizenship conferred upon him. In A. D. 136 he was appointed Præfect of Cappadocia, and in 146, under Antoninus Pius, was promoted to the consulship. In his later years he appears to have withdrawn from public life, and from about A. D. 150 he lived in his native place, devoting himself entirely to study, and the composition of historical works ; and died at an advanced age, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius.

Arrian was one of the most industrious and best writers of his time. His chief works were : 1. The Philosophical Lectures of his master, Epictetus, in eight books, of which half are extant. 2. Familiar Conversations with Epictetus, in twelve books, which is lost. 3. An Abstract of the Practical Philosophy of Epictetus, still extant. 4. A Life of Epictetus, now lost. 5. A Treatise on the Chase. 6. An Account of the Asiatic Expedition of Alexander the Great. This is the work by which he is now most known, and a work of great excellence it is. Based upon the most trustworthy of the historians of Alexander's time, whose works are now lost, it gives us the most accurate account of the expedition of that wonderful man into the heart of Asia, and comments upon his deeds and his general character with

great fairness and sound judgment. Another great merit of the work is the clearness and distinctness with which he describes all military movements and operations, the drawing up of the troops for battle, and the conduct of battles and sieges. He seldom introduces speeches, but when he does they are admirable, and in fine harmony with the character who makes them. 7. A work on India. 8. A work on Tactics. 9. A Description of a Voyage around the Coast of the Euxine Sea (*Περιπλους Ποντικῆς Ευξεινῆς*). 10. A Life of Dion. 11. A Life of Timoleon. 12. A Life of Tilliborus, a notorious Asiatic robber of the time. 13. A History of the Successors of Alexander the Great. 14. A History of the Parthians, in seventeen books. 15. A History of Bithynia, in eight books. 16. A History of the Alani. 17. A Voyage around the Red Sea (*Περιπλους Ἐρυθρῆς Θαλάσσης*) has also been attributed to him.¹

TOMB OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

The tomb of Cyrus was placed in the royal gardens at Pasargada, and round it was planted a grove of all kinds of trees: the place also was well watered, and the surface of the earth all round clothed with a beautiful verdure. The basis thereof consisted of one large stone of a quadrangular form. Above was a small edifice, with an arched roof of stone, and a door or entrance so very narrow, that the slenderest man could scarce pass through. Within this edifice was the golden coffin, wherein the body of Cyrus was preserved, as also the bed, whose supporters were of massy gold, curiously wrought; the covering thereof was of Babylonian tapestry, the carpets underneath of the finest wrought purple: the cloak and other royal robes were of Babylonian, but his drawers of Median workmanship. Their color was chiefly purple; but some of them were of various dyes. The chain round his neck, his bracelets, his ear-rings, and his sword, were all of gold, adorned with precious stones. A costly table was also placed there, and a bed, whereon lay the coffin which contained the king's body. There was also within the inclosure, near the ascent to the tomb, a small house built for the Magi, who had the keeping of the tomb: that charge was conferred on them by Cam-

¹ Editions: Expedition of Alexander, best, Schneider, Greek and Latin, Leipsic, 1798: India, Schneider, Hal., 1788. Translations: Alexander's Expedition, J. Rooke, London, two vols. 8vo.; The Voyage of Nearchus, from the Indus to the Euphrates, by Wm. Vincent, D. D., London, 1797, quarto; A Voyage round the Euxine Sea, accompanied with a Geographical Dissertation and Map, by Wm. Vincent, D. D., London, 1805, quarto.

byses, the son of Cyrus, and descended from the fathers to their children. They had a sheep allowed every day for their maintenance, with a certain quantity of wine and flour; and a horse was sent them once every month to sacrifice to Cyrus. The inscription, which was written in the Persian language, was to this purpose: "O mortal, I am Cyrus, son of Cambyses, founder of the Persian monarchy, and sovereign of Asia: envy me not therefore this monument."

Alexander had had a vast ambition of seeing this monument, from the moment he became lord of the Persian monarchy, but at his coming there he found all gone, except the bed and coffin; nay, they had not even spared the royal body, for the cover of the coffin was torn off and taken away, and the body cast forth: they had attempted also to carry off the coffin, and had accordingly battered and bruised it much, by endeavoring to break it in pieces, for the more easy conveyance; but not being able to compass their designs, they were forced to leave it. Aristobulus assures us, that he was appointed by Alexander to see this monument restored, that the parts of the royal body which still remained should be again laid in the coffin, and a new cover be made, that whatever was broken should be made whole. That the bed should be adorned with crowns, and other ornaments, like those which had been taken away, the same both as to number, form, and value; and that the entrance into the little edifice should be walled up with stone, and the royal signet applied thereto. After this, Alexander seized the magi, and examined them strictly concerning the authors of this villany, but they would neither confess anything of themselves, nor others; and there being no proof against them, they were acquitted.

CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER.

Alexander died in the hundred and fourteenth Olympiad,¹ as Aristobulus informs us, when Hegesias was archon at Athens, after he had lived thirty-two years and eight months, and reigned twelve years and eight months. His body was beautiful and well proportioned; his mind brisk and active; his courage wonderful. He was strong enough to undergo hardships, and willing to meet dangers; ever ambitious of glory, and a strict observer of religious duties. As to those plea-

¹ May or June, 323 B. C.

tures which regarded the body, he showed himself indifferent; as to the desires of the mind, insatiable. In his counsels he was sharp-sighted and cunning, and pierced deep into doubtful matters, by the force of his natural sagacity. In marshalling, arming, and governing an army, he was thoroughly skilled; and famous for exciting his soldiers with courage, and animating them with hopes of success, as also in dispelling their private fears by his own example of magnanimity. He always entered upon desperate attempts with the utmost resolution and vigor, and was ever diligent in taking any advantage of his enemy's delay, and falling upon them unawares. He was a most strict observer of his treaties; notwithstanding which, he was never taken at a disadvantage, by any craft or perfidy of his enemies. He was sparing in his expenses for his own private pleasures, but, in the distribution of his bounty to his friends, liberal and magnificent.

If anything can be laid to Alexander's charge, as committed in the heat and violence of wrath, or if he may be said to have imitated the barbarian pride a little too much, and borne himself too haughtily, I cannot think them such vast crimes. And especially when one calmly considers his green years, and uninterrupted series of success, it will appear no great wonder if court sycophants, who always flatter princes to their detriment, sometimes led him away. But this must be said in his behalf, that all antiquity has not produced an example of such sincere repentance in a king as he has showed us. For the greatest part of men, though they be ever so conscious of their own crimes, imagine they can cover them from the knowledge of others, by setting them up for virtues; but, in my opinion, the only means of mollifying a crime is, the free acknowledgment thereof, and the giving manifest signs of penitence; for whoever has received an injury, is willing to think himself less grieved if the aggressor confesses his guilt, and he has some hopes that he will never suffer by him again when he sees him so sincerely concerned for what is past. I cannot condemn Alexander for endeavoring to draw his subjects into the belief of his divine origin, nor be induced to believe it any great crime, because it is very reasonable to imagine he intended no more by it than merely to procure the greater authority among his soldiers. Neither was he less famous than Minos, or Æacus, or Rhadamanthus, who all of them challenged kindred with Jove; and none of the ancients condemned them for it; nor were his glorious actions any way inferior to those of Theseus, or Ion, though the former claimed Neptune, and the latter

Apollo, for his father. His assuming and wearing the Persian habit seems to have been done with a political view, that he might appear not altogether to despise the barbarians, and that he might also have some curb to the arrogance and insolence of his Macedonians. And for this cause, I am of opinion, he placed the Persian Melophori among his Macedonian troops and squadrons of horse, and allowed them the same share of honor. Long banquets and deep drinking, Aristobulus assures us, were none of his delights; neither did he prepare entertainments for the sake of the wine (which he did not greatly love, and seldom drank much of), but to keep up a mutual amity among his friends.

Whoever, therefore, attempts to condemn or calumniate Alexander, does not so much ground his accusation upon those acts of his which really deserve reproof, but gathers all his actions as into one huge mass, and forms his judgment thereupon: but let any man consider seriously who he was, what success he always had, and to what a pitch of glory he arrived; who, without controversy, reigned king of both continents, and whose name has spread through all parts of the habitable world, and he will easily conclude, that in comparison with his great and laudable acts, his vices and failings are few and trifling, and which, in so prodigious a run of prosperity, if they could be avoided (considering his repentance and abhorrence of them afterwards), may easily be overlooked, and are not of weight sufficient to cast a shade upon his reign. For I am persuaded there was no nation, city, nor people then in being; whither his name did not reach; for which reason, whatever origin he might boast of, or claim to himself, there seems to me to have been some divine hand presiding both over his birth and actions, insomuch that no mortal upon earth either excelled or equalled him; and this seems to have been signified by the presages at his death, the apparitions seen by sundry people in dreams as well as waking; the honors so near divine, which were decreed him; and, lastly, the responses of oracles pronounced in honor of him, to the Macedonian nation, so long after his decease. And though I take the freedom, in this history of his actions, sometimes to censure him, yet I cannot but own myself an admirer of them all together. I have, however, fixed a mark of reproach on some of them, as well for the sake of truth as of public benefit, on which account, by the assistance of Providence, I undertook this work.

LUCIAN.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A. D. 160.

THIS celebrated, witty, and voluminous Greek writer was born in Samosata, a city of Syria, on the upper Euphrates. The poverty of his father prevented him from obtaining the advantages of an early education, and he was put to the trade of a sculptor. But he could not brook this, and therefore resolved to devote himself to liberal studies. For a considerable time he practised at the bar, at Antioch, and afterwards gained great reputation for eloquence in journeys which he made through Gaul, Macedonia, Ionia, and Achaia; but becoming at length disgusted with the legal profession, he gave himself wholly to philosophy and literature. The emperor Marcus Aurelius appointed him register or clerk to the Roman governor of Egypt. He is said to have lived to his ninetieth year.

The numerous and miscellaneous writings of Lucian may be classed under seven heads: 1. Rhetorical Works; 2. Critical; 3. Biographical; 4. Romances; 5. Dialogues; 6. Miscellaneous Pieces; 7. Poems. Of all these, the Dialogues are his masterpieces, and on these his fame chiefly rests. They are written in the Attic style and with true Attic wit, and fairly entitle him to be considered as the most entertaining of all the Greek prose writers; for, as Erasmus remarks, such is the beauty of his diction, the felicity of his invention, the playfulness of his wit, the keenness of his sarcasms; so happy is his combination of the gay with the serious and the serious with the gay; there is so much truth in his pleasantry and so much pleasantry in his expression of truth; such is his power of exhibiting, as with a pencil, the characters, passions, and dispositions of men; such is his art in presenting things, not to be read merely, but to be seen by the eyes, that, whether you regard pleasure or profit, no comedy or satire will bear a comparison with these dialogues.

The main object of his dialogues is to hold up to ridicule and contempt the whole system of heathen mythology, and also much of the ancient philosophy. In doing this he wrote with such freedom, boldness, and wit, that he drew down upon himself the general censure of his contemporaries, and gained the appellation of atheist and blasphemer, just as men now-a-days, who stand out boldly against the wickedness and corruptions of the times, must expect all manner of reproach from those whose sins they expose. Lucian happily delineates the prevailing vices and meannesses of his times, in which para-

sites, and fortune-hunters, and pocket-moralists abounded, and so graphic are his portraits of avarice and baseness, that the disgust which they excite always terminates in satisfaction at the punishment which the writer inflicts upon the various characters. Here his morality has a sterling value, since it is adapted for the instruction of all places and all times.¹

CRÆSUS, PLUTO, MENIPPUS, MIDAS, AND SARDANAPALUS.

Cræsus. O Pluto, there is no such thing as living with this intolerable dog, Menippus;² remove him, I beseech you, to some other place, or we must decamp.

Pluto. Why, what harm can he do you, now he is dead?

Cræsus. Whilst we are weeping, and groaning, and lamenting the loss of the good things we possessed in the other world, Midas his gold, Sardanapalus his dainties, and I my treasures, he is perpetually laughing at, and abusing us, calling us a pack of slaves and rascals; besides, he disturbs our complaints every minute with his singing; and, in short, is excessively troublesome.

Pluto. Menippus, what is this they say of you?

Menippus. Truth, O Pluto, nothing but truth: for I abominate these contemptible wretches, who, not content with having led most iniquitous lives on earth, are perpetually crying and hankering after the same things here below. I own it gives me pleasure to torment them a little.

Pluto. But you should not: they have reason enough to complain, considering what they have lost.

Menippus. And are you really, Pluto, so mad as to approve of their lamentations?

Pluto. Not so: but I would have no dissensions amongst you.

Menippus. Be assured, ye worst of Lydians, Phrygians, and Assyrians, that wherever you go, I will follow and persecute you; will make you the subject of my songs, laughter, and ridicule.

Cræsus. Is not this a shame?

¹ Editions: Bipont edition, 1789-93, ten volumes 8vo. Lehman, Leipsic, 1821-31, nine volumes 8vo. Dindorf, Paris, text and Latin version. The best English version is that of Thomas Franklin, London, 1781, four vols.: but some of Lucian's pieces are omitted, as it was better they should be.

² Menippus was a celebrated philosopher, of the sect of Cynics, so called from *κυνες*, *κυνες*, a dog, from their perpetual snarling at all mankind. This is frequently alluded to throughout the works of Lucian.

Menippus. No : the shame should be yours : when upon earth, you expected to be worshipped ; you trod upon and insulted your fellow-creatures ; and never thought of death : weep now, therefore, and lament your condition, as you deserve.

Cræsus. O gods, my riches, my riches !

Midas. My gold, my gold !

Sardanapalus. My dainties, my dainties !

Menippus. Aye, aye : cry away ; whilst I sing the old adage to you, Know thyself, the best symphony for such lamentations.

ZENOPHANTES AND CALLIDEMIDES.

Callidemides. Ah ! Zenophantes, how came you here ? I, you know, was suffocated by eating too much at Dineas' feast ; you were there, I think, yourself, when I died.

Zenophantes. I was so, Callidemides ; but my accident was a very extraordinary one : Do you know old Ptaodotus ?

Cal. The rich old cuff, without children, whom you used to attend so constantly ?

Zen. The same : I paid my court to him a long time, hoping he would soon tip off, and leave me all his money : but the affair being tediously protracted, and the old fellow threatening to live to the age of Tithonus,¹ I found out a shorter way to his estate, bought some poison, and prevailed on his cup-bearer, whenever he should call for drink, for he toposes freely, to put some into his cup, and be ready to give it him : which, if he performed cleverly, I bound myself by oath to give him his liberty.

Cal. Well, and what happened ? this is an extraordinary affair, indeed.

Zen. Why, when we came in the room after bathing, and the young fellow had got the cups ready, one for Ptaodotus with the poison, and the other for me, how it happened I know not, but by some mistake, he gave me the poisoned cup, and him the other ; he drank up his, and I in a moment fell down dead before him : thus Zenophantes died instead of Ptaodotus.

¹ Son of Laomedon, and brother to Priam, being a beautiful youth, Aurora fell in love with him, and carried him off ; at her request, Jupiter made him immortal ; but his mistress having forgot to ask for perpetual youth, as well as immortality, as he advanced in years he felt all the infirmities of old age, and was, consequently, miserable. Jupiter, at length, says the fable, took pity on him, and turned him into a grasshopper.

You smile, Callidemides : you should not laugh at a friend's misfortune.

Cal. The catastrophe was so ridiculous, I cannot help it : and what said the old man ?

Zen. At first he was shocked at the suddenness of the accident : but when he found out, I suppose, how the affair happened, he laughed himself at the design of his cup-bearer.

Cal. You should not have gone this compendious way to work, seeing the money would have come safer to you in the common course, though you might have waited a little longer for it.

MENIPPUS, MERCURY.

Menippus. Where are your beautiful men and beautiful women, Mercury ? I am a stranger here, but just arrived, and therefore beg you would introduce me to them.

Mercury. Menippus, I have not time for that at present : turn, however, to your right hand, and you will see Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, and Nereus, and Achilles, and Tyro, and Helen, and Leda, and the rest of them, the admiration of former ages.

Menippus. I see nothing but bones, and skulls without hair : they all look alike.

Mercury. Those bones and skulls, which you seem to despise, were the very persons whom the poets so extol.

Menippus. Show me Helen, I beseech you, for I cannot distinguish her.

Mercury. Yonder bald-pate is she.

Menippus. And were a thousand ships manned from every part of Greece, were so many Greeks and Barbarians slain, and so many cities destroyed for her ?

Mercury. You never saw her when she was alive : if you had, you would not have wondered, for, as Homer says :—

No wonder such celestial charms,
For nine long years, should set the world in arms.

When the flower is withered, and has lost its color, it becomes disgusting ; though, whilst it grew and flourished, it was universally admired.

Menippus. All I wonder at, Mercury, is, that the Grecians did not consider how ridiculous it was to give themselves so much trouble about an object of such a short-lived and decaying nature.

Mercury. I have no leisure time to philosophize with you, Menippus; so repose yourself wherever you please: I must go and fetch down some more mortals.

CNEMON¹ AND DAMNIPPUS.

Cnemon. This makes the old saying good, "The kid has slain the lion."²

Damnippus. What is it you are so angry about, Cnemon?

Cnemon. What am I angry for? why, I have been overreached, and left a man heir to my estate, whom I did not care for, instead of those who ought to have inherited it.

Damnippus. How came that about?

Cnemon. I paid my court to Hermolaus, a rich fellow, who had no children, in hopes of his death: he was pleased with my flattery, and seemed to enjoy it; in the mean time, I thought it most advisable to make my will public, wherein I left him all I had; which I did, you may suppose, with a design that he should do the same by me.

Damnippus. And did he?

Cnemon. What he had determined in his will, I am a stranger to: being myself suddenly snatched away by the fall of a house upon me: and now Hermolaus is in possession of all I was worth: like a shark, he has swallowed the bait, hook and all.

Damnippus. Yes, and fisherman too, I think: you have spread a snare, and caught yourself.

Cnemon. I have so: and it is that which makes me miserable.

THE SALE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.³

Jupiter. Prepare the seats there, and get the place ready for the company; bring out the goods in order, but brush them up, first, that they may appear handsome, and invite customers to purchase them. You, Mercury, must be crier, and give

¹ Cnemon is here represented to be in the infernal regions, having just died, and talking with himself: Damnippus meets him, and asks the reason of his dejection.

² A Greek proverb, generally applied to any strange and unexpected event, contrary to the common course of things.

³ In this humorous piece the founders of the different sects are put up for sale, as so many slaves in the market-place; Hermes, or Mercury, being the auctioneer.

notice to the buyers to assemble at the place of sale : we intend to sell philosophers of every sect and denomination whatsoever : if they cannot pay ready money for them, they may give security, and we will trust them till next year.

Mercury. A large crowd is already assembled : we must have no delay.

Jupiter. Begin the sale, then.

Mercury. Whom shall we put up first ?

Jupiter. This Ionian,¹ with the long hair ; he seems to be a respectable personage.

Mercury. You, Pythagoras, come down here, and show yourself to the company.

Jupiter. Now cry him.

Mercury. Here, gentlemen, I present you with the best and most venerable of the whole profession. Who bids for him ? Which of you wishes to be more than man ? Which of you would be acquainted with the harmony of the universe,² and desire to live a second time in the world ?

Bidder. The appearance of him is not amiss ; but what is his principal skill in ?

Mercury. Arithmetic, astronomy, prognostics, geometry, music, enchantment : a tip-top prophet, I assure you.

Bidder. May I ask him a few questions ?

Mercury. Ask him, and welcome.

Bidder. What countryman are you ?

Pythagoras. A Samian.

Bidder. Where were you educated ?

Pythagoras. In Egypt, amongst the wise men there.

Bidder. Well, and if I buy you, what will you teach me ?

Pythagoras. I shall teach you nothing, but recall things to your memory.

Bidder. How will you do that ?

Pythagoras. By first purifying your soul, and washing away the unclean parts of it.

Bidder. But suppose it is purified already, how are you to recall the memory ?

¹ Pythagoras.

² Pythagoras asserted that the world was made according to musical proportion ; and that the seven planets, betwixt heaven and the earth, which govern the nativities of mortals, have a harmonious motion and intervals correspondent to musical diatonics, rendering various sounds according to their several heights, so consonant as to make the sweetest melody, or what we call the harmony of the spheres.

Pythagoras. First by long repose, silence, and saying nothing for five whole years.¹

Bidder. This may be good instruction for the son of Cræsus;² but I want to talk, and not to be a statue. And, after this five years' silence, what is to be done next?

Pythagoras. You will be exercised in music and geometry.

Bidder. An excellent method, indeed; so we must be fiddlers first before we can be wise men.

Pythagoras. Then you must learn figures.

Bidder. I can count already.

Pythagoras. How do you count?

Bidder. One, two, three, four——

Pythagoras. There, now; you see: what you call four are ten,³ the perfect triangle, and our great oath.

Bidder. Now, by the great oath, the holy four, never did I hear such sacred and divine discourse.

Pythagoras. After this, stranger, I will instruct thee concerning the earth, and the water, and the fire, what their action is, what their body, and how they are moved.

Bidder. Have fire, air, and water, a shape, then?

Pythagoras. Most manifestly; for without form or body how could they be moved? hence you will learn that God himself is number and harmony.

Bidder. Wonderful, indeed!

Pythagoras. Besides this, I shall convince you, that you

¹ The injunction of five years' silence, said to be laid down by Pythagoras on all his disciples, probably meant no more than a prohibition from attempting to teach or instruct others, till they had spent that portion of time in fully acquainting themselves with every part of his doctrine: an injunction very proper in every age, and which would not be unserviceable in our own, by preventing many of our raw young divines from exposing themselves in the pulpit, before they have read their Greek Testament.

² This alludes to the following story: The son of Cræsus, king of Lydia, who was born dumb, and had continued so to the age of maturity, attending his father to battle, saw a soldier, in the heat of the engagement, lifting up his sword over the head of Cræsus. The apprehension of a father's imminent danger worked so powerfully on the mind of an affectionate child as on a sudden to loosen his tongue, which had been tied up for so many years, and he cried out immediately, "Soldier, do not kill Cræsus."

³ i. e. 1, 2, 3, 4, make up ten. The Pythagoreans, seeing they could not express incorporeal forms and first principles, had recourse to numbers. Four, or the tetrad, was esteemed the most perfect number, the primary and primogeneous, which they called the root of all things. They also make the "triangle," thus:—



yourself, a seeming individual, appear to be one, and in reality are another.

Bidder. How say you? that I, who now converse with you, am not myself, but another?

Pythagoras. At present you are here, but formerly you appeared in another body, and under another name, and, hereafter, you shall be changed into a different person.

Bidder. Sayest thou that I shall be immortal, and put on different forms? but enough of this. How are you with regard to diet?

Pythagoras. I eat no animal food; but abstain from nothing else, except BEANS.

Bidder. And why do you hate beans?

Pythagoras. They are sacred, and their nature is marvelous: in the first place, they are all over genitals. Moreover, if you take a young bean, and strip the skin off, and leave it in the open air for a certain number of moonlight nights, it will turn to blood. And what is more, the Athenian law¹ enjoins that their magistrates shall be chosen by a ballot of beans.

Bidder. Wonderful is all thou hast said, and worthy of a sacred character. I must buy him by all means. What do you value him at?

Mercury. Ten minæ.²

Bidder. I will give it: he is mine.

Jupiter. Write down the buyer's name, and whence he comes.

Mercury. He seems to be an Italian, and one of those who inhabit that part of Greece which lies round about Croton and Tarentum: the truth is, he is not bought by one, but by three or four hundred of them, who are to possess him in common.

Jupiter. Well, let them take him away: bring out another.

Mercury. Would you have that dirty fellow, from Pontus?

Jupiter. By all means.

Mercury. Hark ye! you round shoulders, with the satchel on your back, come this way, and walk round the bench. Here

¹ The most ancient way of determining matters in courts of justice was by black and white sea-shells; they afterwards used pellets of brass, which were at length exchanged for black and white beans, a mode of balloting which we have ourselves adopted. Lucian, after mentioning other superstitious notions of the Pythagoreans with respect to beans, humorously introduces this, which he supposes might be just as good a reason for abstaining from beans as any of the rest.

² About one hundred and eighty dollars.

is a character for you, gentlemen, manly, noble, free: who bids here?

Bidder. What is that you say, crier? sell a freeman!

Mercury. Yes.

Bidder. And are you not afraid he should summon you to the Areopagus for making him a slave?

Mercury. He never minds being sold; for he thinks himself free in every place.

Bidder. But what use can I make of such a dirty, ill-looking fellow! unless I wanted a digger, or a water-carrier?

Mercury. O, he is fitter for a porter at your door; you will find him faithful as a dog;¹ a dog, indeed, he is called.

Bidder. What sort of a fellow is he; and what does he profess himself?

Mercury. Ask him, that is the best way.

Bidder. I am afraid, by his fierce surly countenance, that he will bark at me when I come near him, or perhaps bite: do you not see how he takes up his staff, knits his brow, and looks angry and threatening?

Mercury. Do not be afraid of him, he is quite tame.

Bidder. In the first place, then, good man, of what country are you?

Diogenes. Of all countries.

Bidder. How is that?

Diogenes. I am a citizen of the world.

Bidder. Whom are you a follower of?

Diogenes. Hercules.

Bidder. I see you resemble him by the club; have you got the lion's skin too?

Diogenes. My lion's skin is this old cloak: I wage war, like him, against pleasures, not, indeed, by command,² but of my own free will, appointed to reform the world.

Bidder. A noble design: but what is your art, and in what does your principal knowledge consist?

Diogenes. I am the deliverer of mankind, the physician of the passions, the prophet of universal truth and liberty.

Bidder. Well, Mr. Prophet, if I buy you, in what manner will you instruct me?

Diogenes. I shall take you first, strip you of all your finery,

¹ Lucian's account of the Cynic philosophers is excellent; their name is from the Greek *kuon*, "a dog."

² The labors of Hercules were all performed by command of Eurystheus, at the instigation of Juno.

put on you an old cloak, keep you poor, make you work hard, lie upon the ground, drink water, and take what food you can get : if you have any riches, at my command you must throw them into the sea : wife, children, and country you must take no notice of, deeming them all trifles : you must leave your father's house, and live in a sepulchre, some deserted tower, or a tub. Your scrip, however, shall be full of lupines, and parchments, scrawled over on the outside.¹ In this condition you shall say you are happier than the great king.² If any body beats or torments you, you shall think it no hardship, nor complain of it.

Bidder. How! not complain when I am beaten! I have not the shell of a crab or a tortoise.

Diogenes. You shall say, with a very little alteration, what Euripides did.

Bidder. What's that?

Diogenes. My mind is hurt, but my tongue shall not complain. But now, mind how you are to behave : you must be bold, saucy, and abusive to every body, kings and beggars alike ; this is the way to make them look upon you, and think you a great man. Your voice should be barbarous, and your speech dissonant, as like a dog as possible ; your countenance rigid and inflexible, and your gait and demeanor suitable to it : everything you say savage and uncouth : modesty, equity, and moderation you must have nothing to do with : never suffer a blush to come upon your cheek : seek the most public and frequented place, but when you are there desire to be alone, and permit neither friend nor stranger to associate with you ; for these things are the ruin and destruction of power and empire.

Bidder. Away with thee : thy tenets are filthy, and abhorrent to humanity.

Diogenes. But hark ye, friend, after all, mine is the easiest way, and you may go it without any trouble : it is a short cut to glory ; you will want no education, learning, or trifles of that sort : be you ever so ignorant, a cobbler, a sausage-monger, a blacksmith, or a sutler, you will not be a whit the less admired, provided you have but impudence enough, and a good knack at abuse.

Bidder. I want you not for such things : you may serve, however, by and by, for a sailor, or a gardener, if he will sell you for two oboli.³

¹ People of fashion never wrote but on the inside of the parchment, though the poorer sort made use of the outside also.

² The king of Persia.

³ An *obolus* was about three cents.

Mercury. Aye, aye, take him; for he is so troublesome, makes such a noise, and is so abusive and insolent to every body, that we shall be glad to get rid of him.

Jupiter. Come, let us have no delays; call out another.

Mercury. Come forth, you Peripatetic¹ there, the beautiful, the rich: now, gentlemen, who buys my wisest of all philosophers, skilled in every science?

Bidder. What is he famous for?

Mercury. Temperance, justice, knowledge of life, and, above all, for his double character.

Bidder. What do you mean?

Mercury. He appears one thing without, and another within; remember, therefore, before you purchase him, some call him esoteric, and some exoteric.

Bidder. What are his principal tenets?

Mercury. That the *summum bonum*² consists in three things, in the soul, in the body, and in externals.

Bidder. He seems to have great knowledge of mankind. What do you ask for him?

Mercury. Twenty minæ.

Bidder. A great price!

Mercury. By no means, friend; for he seems to have something rich about him, so that you would be no loser by the purchase: besides, he can tell you how long a flea lives, to what depth the sea is lighted by the sun, and what sort of soul oysters have.

Bidder. O Hercules! what a curious discussion!

Mercury. Now, whom have we left? O, this sceptic; you Pyrrhia³ there, stand forth, that you may be sold immediately: numbers are going away, I see, and the sale must be amongst a very few. Now, gentlemen, who buys him?

Bidder. I will: but first tell me, you, what do you know?

Philosopher. Nothing.

Bidder. What do you mean?

Philosopher. That nothing appears to me to be certain.

Bidder. And are we nothing ourselves?

Philosopher. That I am not certain of.

Bidder. And do you know yourself to be nothing?

¹ Aristotle.

² Aristotle held that the *summum bonum*, or greatest possible beatitude, consisted in the function of perfect life, according to virtue; and the use of virtue, according to nature, without any impediment.

³ Meaning Pyrrho, the famous sceptic; as he is putting up to sale, he calls him Pyrrhia, the name of a slave.

Philosopher. That I am still more in doubt about.

Bidder. Strange perplexity! but what are those scales for?

Philosopher. In them I weigh the reasons on each side, and when I find the balance equal on both, conclude that I know nothing.

Bidder. And can you do anything else well?

Philosopher. Everything, but overtake a fugitive.

Bidder. And why not that?

Philosopher. Because, friend, I cannot apprehend¹ him.

Bidder. I believe you, for you seem very lazy, and very ignorant: but what is the sum of all your knowledge?

Philosopher. To learn nothing, to hear nothing, and to see nothing.

Bidder. And so, you say, you are deaf and blind.

Philosopher. Aye, and, moreover, without sense or judgment, and in nothing differing from a mere worm.

Bidder. With all these good qualities, I shall certainly buy you: what do you think him worth?

Mercury. An Attic mina.

Bidder. There it is: what say you, friend, have I bought you?²

Philosopher. That remains a doubt.

Bidder. By no means, for I have bought and paid for you.

Philosopher. That I must consider on, and call in question.

Bidder. Follow me, however, as a servant ought.

Philosopher. Who knows whether you speak truth or not?

Bidder. The crier there, my money, and every body here present.

Philosopher. And are there any present?

Bidder. I shall throw you into the mill,³ and convince you that I am your master, by chiromancy.

Philosopher. Of that I beg leave to doubt.

Bidder. By heaven, but I have determined it already.

Mercury. Cease contradicting, and follow your master. I invite you all here, gentlemen, to-morrow, when I shall sell you some common people, lawyers, mechanics, and so forth.

¹ Our word "apprehend" has happily a double sense, like the Greek *καταλαμβάνω*, either "to overtake," "to seize upon," or "to understand." In Philippians iii. 12, it is used in the former sense.

² The sceptic's doubting, after all, whether he was bought or not, and whether any body was present, are fine strokes of true humor. The whole satire on the absurdity of universal scepticism, is, indeed, inimitable.

³ This was a common punishment, both amongst the Greeks and Romans. Terence always sends his slaves *ad pistrinum*.

TRUE WEALTH.

The wealth of the soul is the only true wealth : the rest of things have more of pain than pleasure.

METRICAL VERSION.

The mind's wealth only is the wealth not vain ;
All else brings less of pleasure than of pain.

THE BEARD.¹

If you suppose that the nourishing a beard gives a claim to wisdom, then a well-bearded goat is a skilful Plato.

If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,
Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat.

LIFE.

To the prosperous the whole of life is short ; but to the unfortunate, one night is an endless time.

Short to the happy life's whole span appears ;
But to the wretch one night is endless years.

AGE APING YOUTH.

You dye your head ; but you will not dye your old age, nor will you stretch out the wrinkles of your cheeks. Do not then plaster the whole of your face with paint, so that you have a mask and not a face. For it is of no use. Why are you mad ? A paint and wash will never make Hecuba a Helen.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,
With washes dye your hair ;
But paint and washes both are vain
To give a youthful air.

¹ How many men now-a-days try to make goats of themselves :—

"How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars ;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk."
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Scene ii.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil,
No labor will efface 'em ;
You wear a mask of smoothest oil,
Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,
Which though you much excel in,
You never can contrive to make
Old Hecuba young Helen.

THE PHYSICIAN'S BUSINESS.

A certain physician sent his own son to me to learn from me grammar ; and when he knew, "Sing the wrath of Achilles," and, "He caused ten thousand griefs," and the third line following these, "And he sent untimely many brave souls to Hades," no longer does he send him to me to learn. But the father on seeing me, said—"Thanks to you, my friend ; but my child can learn these things at my house. For I send many souls untimely to Hades ; and for this I want no grammarian."

A doctor, fond of letters, once agreed
Beneath my care his son should learn to read.
The lad soon knew "Achilles' wrath" to sing,
And said by heart, "To Greece the direful spring."
"T is quite enough, my dear," the parent said ;
"For too much learning might confuse your head.
That wrath which hurls to Pluto's gloomy reign,
Go, tell your tutor, I can best explain."

THE TRULY RICH.

The riches of the mind alone are true ;
All other wealth only more trouble brings.
To him the title of a rich man's due,
Who's able to make use of his good things.
But whoso's mind on calculations dwells,
Intent on heaping money upon money,
He, like the bee, adds to the hive new cells,
Out of which others will extract the honey.

ÆLIAN.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A. D. 230.

CLAUDIUS ÆLIANUS, the historian, though a native of Præneste, in Italy, wrote and spoke the Greek language with so much elegance, that he obtained the surname of *Μελιφθόγος*, *Meliphthoggos*, "honey-voiced." He taught rhetoric at Rome, and hence is sometimes ranked among the *Sophists*; but he is most known for his *Περίλη 'Ιστορία*, or "Various History." It contains short narrations, and anecdotes, historical, biographical, antiquarian, &c., selected from various authors, whose names, however, are not given. Its chief value arises from its containing many passages from works of older authors, now lost. He also wrote a History of Animals, in seventeen books, commonly called his *De Animalium Natura*. In both these works he takes an elevated stand, inculcating the best moral and religious principles.¹

THE EGYPTIAN DOG.

This also is wise in the Egyptian dogs: they drink of the river not greedily or freely, stooping and lapping till they have at the same time satisfied their thirst, for they are afraid of the creatures in it; but run along the bank, and catch up drink by stealth at times, till at last they have allayed their thirst by snatches without receiving harm.²

PIETY OF ÆNEAS.

When Troy was taken, the Grecians (as it becomes Greeks) commiserating the condition of the captives, made proclamation by a herald, that every free citizen might carry away with him any one thing he pleased. Hereupon Æneas, neglecting

¹ Editions: Of the "Various History," Gronovius, Leyden, Greek and Latin, Amsterdam, 1731, two volumes; Kuhn, Leipsic, 1780, two volumes. Of *Animals*, J. G. Schneider, Leipsic, 1784, two volumes; F. Jacobs, Jena, 1832, two volumes. Translation: T. Stanley, London, 1665, 8vo.

² Or, in Swift's version:—

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

all other things, carried out his household gods. The Grecians, pleased with the piety of the man, gave him leave to take something else. He then took up his father of a very great age upon his shoulders, and bore him away. They not a little astonished hereat, gave him back all that was his; confessing that to such men as were pious towards the gods, and honored their parents, even those who were by nature their enemies become merciful.

SOCRATES AND ALCIBIADES.

Socrates, perceiving Alcibiades to be exceeding proud of his riches and lands, showed him a map of the world, and bid him find Attica therein; which done, he desired that he would show him his own lands. He answered, "They were not there." "Do you boast," replies Socrates, "of that which you see is no perceivable part of the earth?"

HUMILITY OF PLATO.

Plato, son of Aristo, at the Olympic games fell into company with some strangers who knew him not, but upon whose affections he gained much by his affable conversation; dining and spending the whole day with them, not mentioning either the Academy or Socrates, only saying his name was Plato. When they came to Athens, he entertained them courteously. "Come, Plato," said the strangers, "show us your namesake, the disciple of Socrates; bring us to the Academy, introduce us to him, that we may know him." He, smiling a little, as he was accustomed, said, "I am the man:" whereat they were much amazed, having conversed so familiarly with a person of that note, without knowing him; for he used no boasting or ostentation. Whence it appears, that besides his philosophical discourse, his ordinary conversation was extremely winning.

EQUANIMITY OF SOCRATES.

Xantippe used to say, that when the state was oppressed with a thousand miseries, yet Socrates always went abroad and came home with the same look. For he bore a mind smooth and cheerful upon all occasions, far remote from grief, and above all fear.

LONGINUS.

A. D. 213-273.

DIONYSIUS CASSIUS LONGINUS, the most distinguished Greek philosopher of later times, was born about A. D. 213, and probably at Athens. A wealthy uncle took especial care of his education, and was well repaid for his liberality in the rapid advances made by his nephew in every department of literature. In his study of philosophy he went to the fountain-head itself, acquainting himself thoroughly with the works of Plato. After travelling to Tarsus, Alexandria, and other places where he thought he could add to his stores of knowledge, he returned to Athens, and there opened a school for instruction in philosophy, and also gave public lectures on philosophy, rhetoric, criticism, and grammar. While devoting himself with great zeal to the instruction of his numerous pupils, he was invited, with very princely offers, by Zenobia, the learned, accomplished, and beautiful Queen of Palmyra, to go thither, and superintend the education of her sons. He accepted the invitation; and so charmed was the queen with his wisdom and learning that she made him her prime minister and chief adviser. Among other things, he advised and encouraged her to shake off the Roman yoke, and assert her right to the title of Queen of the East. This, of course, brought down upon her the wrath of the Emperor Aurelian, who marched against her with a large army, defeated her forces first near Antioch, again at Emesa, and pursued her to her capital, Palmyra. Here she fortified herself in every way, determined to stand a siege. Aurelian sent her a haughty letter, demanding her to surrender. To this she sent the following reply, dictated by Longinus :—

ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF THE EAST, TO THE EMPEROR AURELIAN.

“Never was such an unreasonable demand proposed, or such rigorous terms offered by any but yourself. Remember, Aurelian, that in war, whatever is done should be done by valor. You imperiously command me to surrender; but can you forget that Cleopatra chose rather to die with the title of queen, than to live in any inferior dignity? We expect succors from Persia; the Saracens are arming in our cause; even the Syrian

banditti have already defeated your army. Judge what you are to expect from a conjunction of these forces. You shall be compelled to abate that pride, with which, as if you were absolute lord of the universe, you command me to become your captive."

On the receipt of this, Aurelian redoubled his efforts, and finally succeeded in taking the city. Zenobia and Longinus, mounted on camels, endeavored to escape into Persia; but they were pursued by a detachment of the swiftest horse, overtaken, and brought back. And here we must record the unworthy conduct of Zenobia, who charged all her resistance to Aurelian upon Longinus, who was thereupon immediately ordered away to execution by the emperor. He did not reproach Zenobia; but, while comforting his friends, said that he pitied her. He declared that he looked upon death as a blessing, since it rescued his body from slavery, and gave his soul the most desirable freedom. "This world," said he, with his expiring breath, "is nothing but a prison; happy, therefore, is he who gets soonest out of it, and gains his liberty."

The writings of Longinus were very numerous, some on philosophical, but most on critical subjects. The titles of twenty-five different treatises have been collected; but none of all these, except his treatise on the Sublime (*περί ὑψηλότητος*), have come down to us, and even this is not perfect.¹ Yet on this little, this imperfect piece his fame is founded; but founded as on a rock of adamant, for all writers of all ages have been emulous in its praise. "It is one of those valuable remnants of antiquity of which enough remains to engage our admiration, and excite an earnest regret for every particle of it that has perished. It resembles those mutilated statues which are sometimes dug out of mines: limbs are broken off, which it is not in the power of any living artist to replace, because the fine proportion and delicate finishing of the trunk exclude all hope of equalling such masterly performances."²

¹ Editions: Z. Pearce, London, 1724, 4to., and often reprinted in octavo, Greek and Latin; Weiske, Leipsic, 1809, reprinted, London, 1820; F. N. Morris, Greek and Latin, Leipsic, 1769, 8vo., valued for its superior Latin version. Translation: William Smith, London. My edition is 1739; but it has been reprinted many times.

² Life of Longinus, prefixed to his treatise on the Sublime, by Wm. Smith.

SOURCE OF SUBLIME EXPRESSIONS.

Grand and sublime expressions must flow from them, and them alone, whose conceptions are stored and big with greatness. And hence it is, that the greatest thoughts are always uttered by the greatest souls. When Parmenio cried, "I would accept these proposals if I was Alexander," Alexander made this noble reply, "And so would I, if I was Parmenio." His answer showed the greatness of his mind.

So with what majesty and pomp does Homer exalt his deities!

Far as a shepherd, from some point on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,
Thro' such a space of air with thund'ring sound,
At one long leap th' immortal coursers bound.

Pope.

He measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world. And who is there, that considering the superlative magnificence of this thought, would not with good reason cry out, that if the steeds of the Deity were to take a second leap, the world itself would want room for it.

How grand also and pompous are those descriptions of the combat of the gods!

Heav'n in loud thunders bids the trumpet sound,
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head;
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.

Pope.

What a prospect is here, my friend! The earth laid open to its centre, Tartarus itself disclosed to view, the whole world in commotion and tottering on its basis! and what is more, heaven and hell, things mortal and immortal, all combating together, and sharing the danger of this important battle. But yet, these bold representations, if not allegorically understood, are downright blasphemy, and extravagantly shocking. For Homer, in my opinion, when he gives us a detail of the wounds, the seditions, the punishments, imprisonments, tears of the deities, with those evils of every kind under which they lan-

guish, has to the utmost of his power exalted his heroes, who fought at Troy, into gods, and degraded his gods into men. Nay, he makes their condition worse than human; for when man is overwhelmed in misfortunes, death affords a comfortable port, and rescues him from misery. But he represents the infelicity of the gods as everlasting as their nature.

And how far does he excel those descriptions of the combats of the gods, when he sets a deity in his true light, and paints him in all his majesty, grandeur, and perfection, as in that description of Neptune, which has been already applauded by several writers :—

Fierce as he past the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake, earth trembled as he trod,
And left the footsteps of th' immortal God. }
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wond'ring waters leave the axle dry.

Pope.

So likewise the Jewish legislator, no ordinary person, having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law: "And God said—What?—Let there be light, and there was light. Let the earth be, and the earth was."

WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES PRODUCE THE SUBLIME.

As there are no subjects which are not attended by some adherent circumstances, an accurate and judicious choice of the most suitable of these circumstances, and an ingenious and skilful connection of them into one body, must necessarily produce the sublime. For what by the judicious choice, and what by the skilful connection, they cannot but very much affect the imagination.

Sappho is an instance of this, who, having observed the anxieties and tortures inseparable to jealous love, has collected and displayed them all with the most lively exactness. But in what particular has she shown her excellence? In selecting

those circumstances which suit best with her subject, and afterwards connecting them together with so much art :—

Blest as the gods, methinks, is he,
Th' enamored youth that sits by thee,
Hearing thy silver tones the while,
Warmed by thy love-exciting smile.

While gazing on thee, fair and blest,
What transports heav'd my glowing breast !
My faltering accents soon grew weak,
My quivering lips refused to speak.

My voice was lost—the subtle flame
Of love pervaded all my frame ;
O'er my film'd eyes a darkness hung,
“My ears with hollow murmurs rung.”

Cold moisture every pore distill'd,
My frame a sudden tremor chill'd,
My color went—I felt decay,
I sunk—and fell—and swoon'd away.

Are you not amazed, my friend, to find how in the same moment she is at a loss for her soul, her body, her ears, her tongue, her eyes, her color, all of them as much absent from her as if they had never belonged to her ? And what contrary effects does she feel together ? She glows, she chills, she raves, she reasons, now she is in tumults, and now she is dying away. In a word, she seems not to be attacked by one alone, but by a combination of the most violent passions.

CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES.

Cicero and Demosthenes (if we Grecians may be admitted to speak our opinions) differ in the sublime. The one is at the same time grand and concise, the other grand and diffusive. Our Demosthenes uttering every sentence with such force, precipitation, strength, and vehemence, that it seems to be all fire, and bears down everything before it, may justly be resembled to a thunderbolt or a hurricane. But Cicero, like a wide conflagration, devours and spreads on all sides ; his flames are numerous, and their heat is lasting ; they break out at different times in different quarters, and are nourished up to a raging violence by successive additions of proper fuel. I must not, however, pretend to judge in this case so well as you. But

the true season of applying so forcible and intense a sublime as that of Demosthenes is, in the strong efforts of discourse, in vehement attacks upon the passions, and whenever the audience are to be struck at once, and thrown into consternation. And recourse must be had to such diffusive eloquence as that of Cicero, when they are to be soothed and brought over by gentle and soft insinuation.

PLATO'S SUBLIMITY.

Though Plato's style particularly excels in smoothness and an easy and peaceable flow of the words, yet neither does it want an elevation and grandeur; and of this you cannot be ignorant, as you have read the following passage in his *Republic*: "Those wretches" (says he), "who never have experienced the sweets of wisdom and virtue, but spend all their time in revels and debauches, sink downwards day after day, and make their whole life one continued series of errors. They never have the courage to lift the eye upwards towards truth, they never felt the least inclination to it. They taste no real or substantial pleasure, but, resembling so many brutes, with eyes always fixed on the earth, and intent upon their laden tables, they pamper themselves up in luxury and excess. So that, hurried on by their voracious and insatiable appetites, they are continually running and kicking at one another with hoofs and horns of steel, and are imbrued in perpetual slaughter."

This excellent writer, if we can but resolve to follow his guidance, opens here before us another path, besides those already mentioned, which will carry to the true sublime. And what is this path? Why, an imitation and emulation of the greatest orators and poets that ever flourished. And let this, my friend, be our ambition; be this the fixed and lasting scope of all our labors.

HOW SLAVERY DWARFS THE INTELLECT.

We may see all other qualifications displayed to perfection in the minds of slaves; but never yet did a slave become an orator. His spirit being effectually broken, the timorous vassal will still be uppermost; the habit of subjection continually overawes and beats down his genius. For, according to Homer:—

Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

Pope.

Thus I have heard (if what I have heard in this case may deserve credit), that the cases in which dwarfs are kept, not only prevent the future growth of those who are inclosed in them, but diminish what bulk they already have, by too close constriction of their parts. So slavery, be it never so easy, yet is slavery still, and may deservedly be called the prison of the soul, and the public dungeon.

LUXURY AND AVARICE FOES TO GENIUS AND LEARNING.

Complaints against the present times are generally heard, and easily made. But are you sure that this corruption of genius is not owing to the profound peace which reigns throughout the world? Or rather, does it not flow from the war within us, and the sad effects of our own turbulent passions? Those passions plunge us into the worst of slaveries, and tyrannically drag us wherever they please. Avarice (that disease of which the whole world is sick beyond a cure), aided by voluptuousness, holds us fast in chains of thralldom, or rather, if I may so express it, overwhelms life itself, as well as all that live in the depths of misery. For love of money is the disease which renders us most abject, and love of pleasure is that which renders us most corrupt. I have indeed thought much upon it, but after all judge it impossible for the pursuers, or, to speak more truly, the adorers and worshippers of immense riches to preserve their souls from the infection of those vices which are firmly allied to them. For profuseness will be wherever there is affluence. They are firmly linked together, and constant attendants upon one another. Wealth unbars the gates of cities, and opens the doors of houses; profuseness gets in at the same time, and there they jointly fix their residence. After some continuance in their new establishment, they build their nests (in the language of philosophy), and propagate their species. There they hatch arrogance, pride, and luxury, no spurious brood, but their genuine offspring. If these children of wealth be fostered and suffered to reach maturity, they quickly engender the most inexorable tyrants, and make the soul groan under the oppressions of insolence, injustice, and the most seared and hardened impudence. When men are thus fallen, what I have mentioned must needs result from their

depravity. They can no longer endure a sight of anything above their grovelling selves; and as for reputation, they regard it not. When once such corruption infects an age, it gradually spreads and becomes universal. The faculties of the soul will then grow stupid, their spirit will be lost, and good sense and genius must lie in ruins, when the care and study of man is engaged about the mortal, the worthless part of himself, and he has ceased to cultivate virtue, and polish his nobler part—the soul.

COMPENDIUM
OF
CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

PART SECOND.
THE LITERATURE OF ROME.

PART SECOND.

THE LITERATURE OF ROME.

PLAUTUS.
254—184 B. C.

"The comic muse laments her Plautus dead;
Deserted theatres show genius fled;
Mirth, sport, and wit, and poetry bemoan,
And echoing myriads join their plaintive tone."

THE most celebrated comic poet of Rome, T. Maccius Plautus,¹ was born in Sarsina, a small village of Umbria, about 254 B. C. Though his immediate origin was a servile one, his native genius predominated over it, and he soon realized a considerable fortune by the popularity of his plays; but by risking it in trade, or by spending it, according to others, on the splendid dresses which he wore as an actor, he was reduced to the necessity of resorting to manual labor for his daily bread. He commenced his literary career about 224 B. C., when thirty years of age, and after continuing it forty years, died at the advanced age of seventy. Of the particulars of his life scarcely anything is recorded.

What number of plays Plautus wrote it is impossible now to say. In the time of Varro (B. C. 50) there were one hundred and thirty which bore his name, but a large portion of them was considered by the best Roman critics not to be the genuine productions of the poet. At present we possess but twenty of his comedies,² and many of these

¹ He was the son of a freedman; and was called Plautus, from his broad, flat feet, a defect not uncommon among the Umbrians.

² Amongst these may be enumerated the *Amphitryon*, taken from a play of Epicharmus, and imitated by Lodovico Dolce, Molière, and Dryden; the *Menæchmi*, borrowed, it is supposed, from some lost play of Menander or Epicharmus, and known on the English stage as the origin of Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*; the *Aulularia*, or little pot of money, supposed likewise to have been borrowed from the Greek, and freely drawn on by Molière, Fielding, and Goldoni, in their respective comedies of *L'Avare*, *Miser*, and *Vero Amico*; the *Casina*, translated from Diphilus, a Greek writer of the new comedy and a contemporary of Menander, and imitated by Machiavelli

are much mutilated. They are now but little read, as it is impossible for us to enjoy their wit as the Romans did. Tragedy is founded on the great and controlling passions of our nature, and hence is universal in its interest; but the success of comedy is due mainly to its vivid descriptions of the peculiar faults and follies and fashions of a particular people, and hence is more local. Plautus, therefore, enjoyed unrivalled popularity among his countrymen; and not only was he a favorite with the common people, but educated Romans read and admired his works down to the latest times. The purity of his language and the refinement and good humor of his wit are particularly celebrated by the ancient critics.

Plautus is very much indebted both for his plots and sentiments to the Greek comic poets: but notwithstanding their Grecian garb, there is a Roman freshness about his plays that gives them the stamp of originality, while they are highly valuable as illustrative of the private and public life of the Roman people.

THE CAPTIVES.¹

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO and a Slave.

Heg. Mind what I say:—from those two captives there,
Whom yesterday I purchased from the Quæstors,

in his *Clitæ*, and Beaumarchais in his *Marriage de Figaro*.—Plautus, writing for his bread, and consulting rather the humors of the many, than the tastes of the few, has frequently exposed himself to the lash of censure; yet, with all his irregularities and defects, he is absolutely pure as compared with Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Dryden, Wycherly, and other of our dramatic writers in the days of the Stuarts.—*Wm. Peter.*

¹ The subject and plot of the *Captivi* are of a different description from those of Plautus' other comedies. No female characters are introduced; and yet it is the most tender and amiable of Plautus' plays, and may be regarded as of a higher description than his other comedies, since it hinges on paternal affection and the fidelity of friendship. Many of the situations are highly touching, and exhibit actions of generous magnanimity, free from any mixture of burlesque.

Hegio, an Ætolian gentleman, had two sons, one of whom, when only four years old, was carried off by a slave, and sold by him in Elis. A war having subsequently broken out between the Elians and Ætoliens, Hegio's other son was taken captive by the Elians. The father, with a view of afterwards ransoming his son by an exchange, purchased an Elian prisoner, called Philocrates, along with his servant Tyndarus; and the play opens with the master, Philocrates, personating his slave, while the slave, Tyndarus, assumes the character of his master. By this means Tyndarus remains a prisoner under his master's name, while Hegio is persuaded to send the true Philocrates, under the name of Tyndarus, to Elis, in order to effect the exchange of his son. The deception, however, is discovered by Hegio before the return of

Take off the heavy chains with which they're bound,
And put on lighter: let them walk about
Within doors, or abroad, as likes them best:
Yet watch them well.—A free man, made a captive,
Is like a bird that's wild: it is enough,
If once you give it opportunity
To fly away;—you'll never catch it after.

Slave. Freedom to slavery we all prefer.

Heg. You do not think so, or you'd find the means.

Slave. If I have naught to offer else, permit me
To give you for it a fair pair of heels.

Heg. And if you do, I presently shall find
What to bestow on you.

Slave. I'm like the bird
You talk'd of even now.—I'll fly away.

Heg. Indeed! Beware the cage, then, if you do.
No more; mind what I order'd, and begone.

————— I'll now unto my brother's,
Visit my other captives there, and see
If aught has been amiss last night among them;
Thence will I take me home again forthwith.

Erg. It grieves me much, that this unhappy man
Should act so meanly as to trade in slaves,
On the account of his unhappy son;
But, if by this, or any means like this,
He can redeem him, let him deal in men's flesh,
I can endure it.

Heg. Who is it that speaks there?

Erg. 'Tis I, sir—I, that pine at your distress,
Grow thin with it, wax old, and waste away;
Nay, I'm so lean withal, that I am nothing
But skin and bone;—whate'er I eat at home
Does me no good; but be it e'er so little
I taste abroad, that relishes, that cheers me.

Heg. Ergasilus!—Good day.

Erg. (*crying.*) Heav'n's bless you, Hegio!

Heg. Nay, do not weep.

Erg. Must I not weep for him?

For such a youth not weep?

Heg. My son and you,

I know, were ever friends.

Erg. 'Tis then at length

Men come to know their good, when they have lost it;
I, since the foe has made your son a captive,
Find his true value, and now feel his want.

Philocrates; and the father, fearing that he had thus lost all hope of ransoming his child, condemns Tyndarus to labor in the mines. In these circumstances, Philocrates returns from Elis with Hegio's son, and also brings along with him the fugitive slave, who had stolen his other son in infancy. It is then discovered that Tyndarus is this child, who, having been sold to the father of Philocrates, was appointed by him to wait on his son, and had been gradually admitted to his young master's confidence and friendship.

Heg. If you, who stand in no relation to him,
So ill can bear his sufferings, what should I,
Who am his father—he my darling child?

Erg. I stand in no relation to him?—he
In none to me?—Ah, Hegio! say not that—
And do not think so:—if he is to you
A darling child, to me he's more than darling.

Heg. Have a good heart.—I trust, within these few days
My son will be at home again: for lo!

Among my captives I've an Æolian youth
Of noble family and ample state.—

I trust, I shall exchange him for my son.

Erg. Heav'n's grant it may be so!

Heg. But are you ask'd
Abroad to supper?

Erg. Nowhere that I know.—
But why that question?

Heg. As it is my birthday,
I thought of asking you to sup with me.—

Erg. Oh! good, sir, good—

Heg. If you can be content
With little.

Erg. Oh, sir! very, very little:
I love it—'tis my constant fare at home.

Heg. Come, set yourself to sale.

Erg. (loud.) Who'll buy me?

Heg. I—
If no one will bid more.

Erg. Can I expect,
I or my friends, a better offer?—So
I bind me to the bargain, all the same
As though I sold you *terra firma*.

Heg. Say,
A quicksand, rather, that will swallow all.—

But if you come, you'll come in time.

Erg. Nay, now
I am at leisure.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Slaves of HEGIO, with PHILOCRATES and TYNDARUS.

A Slave. If the immortal gods have so decreed
That this affliction you should undergo,
It is your duty patiently to bear it;
Which if you do, the trouble will be lighter.
When at your home, you, I presume, were free:
But since captivity is now your lot,
Submission would become you, and to make
Your master's rule a mild and gentle one
By your good dispositions.—Should a master
Commit unworthy actions, yet his slaves
Must think them worthy ones.

Phil. and Tynd.

Alas! alas!

Slave. Why this bewailing?—tears but hurt your eyes :
Our best support and succor in distress
Is fortitude of mind.

Phil. But oh! it shames us,
That we are thus in chains.

Slave. Yet might it grieve
Our master more, were he to loose your chains,
And let you be at large, when he has bought you.

Phil. What can he fear from us?—We know our duty,
Were we at large.

Slave. You meditate escape :
I know what you'd be at.

Phil. We run away!
Ah! whither should we run?

Slave. To your own country.

Phil. Prithee no more: it would but ill become us
To imitate the part of fugitives.

Slave. Yet, by my troth! was there an opportunity,
I would not be the man that should dissuade you.

Phil. Permit us then to ask one favor of you.

Slave. What is it?

Phil. That you'd give us opportunity
To talk together, so that you yourselves,
Nor any of these captives overhear us.

Slave. Agreed.—(to the slaves.) Move farther off
(to his companions.) We'll too retire,
But let your talk be short.

Phil. 'Twas my intention
It should be so.—A little this way, Tyndarus—
(to the other captives, and retires with them.)

Slave. Go farther from them.

Tynd. We on this account
Are both your debtors.

Phil. Farther off, so please you. (to Tynd.)
A little off, that these may not be witnesses
Of what we have to say, and that our plot
Be not discovered.—For not plann'd with art,
Deceit is no deceit, but if discovered,
It brings the greatest ill to the contrivers.
If you, my Tyndarus, are to pass for me,
And I for you—my master you, and I
Your servant—we have need of foresight, caution,
Wisdom and secrecy—and we must act
With prudence, care, and diligence.—It is
A business of great moment, and we must not
Sleep, or be idle in the execution.

Tynd. I'll be what you would have me.

Phil. So I trust.

Tynd. Now for your precious life you see me stake
My own, that's no less dear to me.

Phil. I know it.

Tynd. But when you shall have gained the point you aim at,
 Forget not then!—It is too oft the way
 With most men;—when they're suing for a favor,
 While their obtaining it is yet in doubt,
 They are most courteous, but when once they've got it,
 They change their manners, and from just become
 Dishonest and deceitful.—I now think you
 All that I wish, and what I do advise
 I would advise the same unto my father.

Phil. And verily, if I durst, I'd call you father;
 For next my father you are nearest to me.

Tynd. I understand.

Phil. Then what I oft have urg'd,
 Remember.—I no longer am your master,
 But now your servant.—This I beg then of you—
 Since the immortal gods will have it so,
 That I, from being once your master, now
 Should be your fellow-slave, I do entreat,
 By Prayer,¹ a favor which I could command,
 Once as my right.—By our uncertain state,
 By all my father's kindness shown unto you,
 By our joint fellowship in slavery,
 Th' event of war, bear me the same regard,
 As once I bore you, when I was your master,
 And you my slave; forget not to remember,
 What once you have been, and who now you are.

Tynd. I know—I now am you, and you are I.

Phil. Forget not—and there's hope our scheme will prosper.

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO speaking to those within.

When I'm inform'd of what I want to know,
 I shall come in again.—Where are those captives,
 I ordered to be brought before the house?

Phil. Chain'd as we are, and wall'd in by our keepers,
 You have provided that we shall not fail
 To answer to your call.

Heg. The greatest care
 Is scarce enough to guard against deceit;
 And the most cautious, even when he thinks
 He's most upon his guard, is often trick'd.
 But have I not just cause to watch you well,
 When I have bought you with so large a sum?

Phil. 'Twould not be right in us to blame you for it;
 Nor, should occasion offer to escape,
 Would it be right in you to censure us,
 That we made use of it.

¹ *Per Precem.* According to Homer, who makes Prayer a goddess, and one of the daughters of Jupiter.

Heg. As you are here,
So in your country is my son confin'd.

Phil. What! Is your son a captive?

Heg. Yes, he is.

Phil. We are not then, it seems, the only oowards.

Heg. (to *Phil.* supposing him servant to *Tynd.*)

Come nearer this way—something I would know
In private of you—and in which affair
You must adhere to truth.

————Which would you choose?
To be a slave, or have your freedom? tell me.

Phil. That I prefer, which nearest is to good,
And farthest off from evil:—though, I own,
My servitude was little grievous to me;
They treated me the same as their own child.

Tynd. (aside.) Bravo!—I would not give a talent now
To purchase even Thales the Milesian;
A very oaf in wisdom match'd with this man:
How cleverly does he adapt his phrase
To suit a slave's condition.

Heg. Of what family
Is this Philocrates?

Phil. The Polyphusian,
A potent and most honorable house!

Heg. What honors held he in his country?

Phil. High ones,
Such as the chief men can alone attain to.

Heg. Seeing his rank's so noble, as you say,
What is his substance?

Phil. As to that, the old one
Is very warm.

Heg. His father's living, then?

Phil. We left him so, when we departed thence;
But whether he is now alive or no,
You must ask further of the nether regions.

Heg. (addressing *Tyndarus* as *Philocrates*.) *Philocrates*, your
servant

Has acted as behoves an honest fellow.
I've learn'd of him your family:—he has own'd it:
Do you the same; 'twill turn to your advantage—
If you confess what, be assur'd, I know
From him already.

Tynd. Sir, he did his duty,
When he confess'd the truth to you—although
I would have fain conceal'd from you my state,
My family, and my means.—But now alas!
Since I have lost my country and my freedom,
Can I suppose it right, that he should dread
Me before you? The power of war has sunk
My fortunes to a level with his own.
Time was, he dar'd not to offend in word,
Though now he may in deed.—Do you not mark,

How Fortune moulds and fashions human beings,
 Just as she pleases? Me, who once was free,
 She has made a slave, from highest thrown me down
 To lowest state:—Accustom'd to command,
 I now abide the bidding of another.—
 Yet if my master bear him with like sway,
 As when myself did lord it over mine,
 I have no dread, that his authority
 Will deal or harshly or unjustly with me.—
 So far I wished you to be made acquainted,
 If peradventure you dislike it not.

Heg. Speak on, and boldly.

Tynd. I ere this was free •

As your own son.—Him has the power of war
 Depriv'd of liberty, as it has me.

He in my country is a slave—as now
 I am a slave in this.—There is indeed
 A God, that hears and sees whate'er we do:—
 As you respect me, so will He respect
 Your lost son.—To the well-deserving, good
 Will happen, to the ill-deserving, ill.—
 Think, that my father feels the want of me,
 As much as you do of your son.

Heg. I know it.—

But say, will you subscribe to the account
 Your servant gave?

Tynd. My father's rich, I own,
 My family is noble;—but, I pray you,
 Let not the thought of these my riches bend
 Your mind to sordid avarice, lest my father,
 Though I'm his only child, should deem it fitter
 I were your slave, clothed, pamper'd at your cost,
 Than beg my bread in my own country, where
 It were a foul disgrace.

Heg. Thanks to the gods,
 And to my ancestors, I'm rich enough;
 Nor do I hold, that every kind of gain
 Is always serviceable.—Gain, I know,
 Has render'd many great.—But there are times,
 When loss should be preferr'd to gain.—I hate it,
 'Tis my aversion, money:—many a man
 Has it enticed oft-times to wrong.—But now
 Attend to me, that you may know my mind.
 My son's a captive and a slave of Elis:—
 If you restore him to me, I require
 No other recompense;—I'll send you back,
 You and your servant:—on no other terms
 Can you go hence.

Tynd. You ask what's right and just,
 Thou best of men!—But is your son a servant
 Of the public, or some private person?

Heg. A private—of Menarchus, a physician.

Phil. O, 'tis his father's client;—and success
Pours down upon you, like a hasty shower.

Heg. Find means then to redeem my son.

Tynd.

I'll find them.

But I must ask you—

Heg.

Ask me what you will,

I'll do't—if to that purpose.

Tynd.

Hear, and judge.

I do not ask you, till your son's return
To grant me a dismission; but, I pray you,
Give me my slave, a price set on his head,
That I may send him forthwith to my father,
To work your son's redemption.

Heg.

I'd despatch

Some other rather, when there is a truce,
Your father to confer with, who may bear
Any commands you shall intrust him with.

Tynd.

'Twould be in vain to send a stranger to him:
You'd lose your labor:—Send my servant:—he'll
Complete the whole, as soon as he arrives.
A man more faithful you can never send,
Nor one my father sooner would rely on,
More to his mind, nor to whose care and confidence
He'd sooner trust your son.—Then never fear:
At my own peril will I prove his faith,
Relying on his nature, since he knows
I've borne me with benevolence towards him.

Heg.

Well—I'll despatch him, if you will—your word
Pawn'd for his valuation.

Tynd.

Prithæe do,

And let him be dismiss'd without delay.

Heg.

Can you show reason, if he don't return,
Why you should not pay twenty minæ for him?¹

Tynd.

No, surely: I agree.

Heg.

Take off his chains—

And take them off from both.

Tynd.

May all the gods

Grant all your wishes! Since that you have deign'd
To treat me with such favor, and releas'd me
From my vile bonds:—I scarce can think it irksome
To have my neck free from this galling collar.

Heg.

The favors we confer on honest souls
Teem with returns of service to the giver.
But now, if you'd despatch him hence, acquaint him,
Give him your orders, and forthwith instruct him
What you would have him say unto your father.
Shall I then call him to you?

Tynd.

Do, sir—call him.

¹ About three hundred and fifty dollars.

THE MISER, OR POT OF GOLD.¹

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter STROBILUS.

'Tis a good servant's duty to behave
As I do—to obey his master's orders
Without delay or grumbling: for whoever
Seeks to demean him to his master's liking,
Ought to be quick in what concerns his master,
And slow to serve himself: his very dreams,
When sleeping, should remind him what he is.
If any serve a master that's in love
(As I do for example), and he find
His passion has subdued him, 'tis his duty
To keep him back, restrain him for his good,
Not push him forward, where his inclinations
Hurry him on. As boys that learn to swim,
Rest on a kind of raft compos'd of rushes,
That they may labor less, and move their hands,

¹ The *Aulularia* is principally occupied with the display of the character of a miser. No vice has been so often pelted with the good sentences of moralists, or so often ridiculed on the stage, as avarice; and of all the characters that have been there represented, that of the miser in the *Aulularia* of Plautus is, perhaps, the most entertaining and best supported. Comic dramas have been divided into those of intrigue and character, and the *Aulularia* is chiefly of the latter description. It is so termed from *Aula*, or *Olla*, the diminutive of which is *Aulula*, signifying the little earthen pot that contained a treasure which had been concealed by his grandfather, but had been discovered by Euclio the miser, who is the principal character of the play. He, having found the treasure, employs himself in guarding it, and lives in continual apprehension, lest it should be discovered that he possesses it. Accordingly, he is brought on the stage driving off his servant, that she may not spy him while visiting this hoard, and afterwards giving directions of the strictest economy. He then leaves home on an errand very happily imagined—an attendance at a public distribution of money to the poor. Megadorus now proposes to marry his daughter, and Euclio comically enough supposes that he has discovered something concerning his newly acquired wealth; but on his offering to take her without a portion, he is tranquillized, and agrees to the match. Knowing the disposition of his intended father-in-law, Megadorus sends provisions to his house, and also cooks, to prepare a marriage feast; but the miser turns them out, and keeps what they had brought. At length his alarm for discovery rises to such a height, that he hides his treasures in a grove, consecrated to Sylvanus, which lay beyond the walls of the city. While thus employed, he is observed by the slave of Lyconides, the young man who had run off with the miser's daughter. Euclio coming to recreate himself with the sight of his gold, finds that it is gone. Returning home in despair, he is met by Lyconides, who, hearing of the projected nuptials between his uncle and the miser's daughter, now apologizes for his conduct; but the miser applies all that he says concerning his daughter to his lost treasure.

And swim more easily; so should a servant
Buoy up his master, that is plung'd in love,
From sinking like a plummet.—Such a one
Will read his master's pleasure in his looks,
And what he orders haste to execute,
As quick as lightning. Whatsoever servant
Acts in this wise, will never feel the lash,
Nor make his fetters bright by constant wear.
My master is enamor'd with the daughter
Of this poor fellow Euclio, and has learn'd
She's to be married to our Megadorus.
He therefore sent me hither as a spy,
To inform him of what passes.—I may seat me
Close by this altar here without suspicion;
Whence I can learn what's doing on all sides.
[Sits down by an altar.

SCENE II.

Enter EUCLIO from the temple of Faith.

Good Faith, discover not to any one,
That here my gold is plac'd: I have no fear,
That any one will find it, it is lodg'd
So privily.—On my troth, if any one
Should find this pot cramm'd full of gold, he'd have
A charming booty on't: but I beseech you
Prevent it, Faith! [Exit.

SCENE III.

STROBILUS, from his lurking-place.

What did I hear him say?—Immortal gods!
That he had hid a pot, brimful of gold,
Here in this temple.—I beseech you, Faith,
Be not to him more faithful than to me.
This is the father, if I don't mistake,
Of her my master is enamor'd with.
I'll in, and rummage the whole temple o'er
To find this treasure, now that he's employ'd.
If I do find it, Faith, I'll offer you
A gallon full of wine, and faithful measure
I'll offer, but I'll drink it all myself. [Goes to the temple of Faith.

SCENE IV.

EUCLIO returning.

'Tis not for nothing that I heard the raven
On my left hand: and once he scrap'd the ground,
And then he croak'd: it made my heart to jump
And flutter in my breast. Why don't I run?

SCENE V.

RUCLIO *dragging out* STROBILUS.

Out, earthworm, out, who but a moment past
Crept under ground, wert nowhere to be seen ;
But now thou dost appear, 'tis over with thee.
Rascal, I'll be thy death.

Strob. What a plague ails you ?
What business have you, you old wretch, with me ?
Why do you lug me so ? what makes you beat me ?

Euc. D'ye ask ? you whipping-stock ! you villainous thief !
Not one alone, but all the thieves together !

Stob. What have I stolen of yours ?

Euc. Restore it to me.

Strob. Restore it ? what ?

Euc. D'ye ask ?

I've taken nothing.

Euc. Come, give me what you've got.

Strob. What are you at ?

Euc. What am I at ?—You shall not carry it off.

Strob. What is it you would have ?

Euc. Come, lay it down.

Strob. Why, we have laid no wager, that I know of.

Euc. Come, come, no joking ; lay it down, I say.

Strob. What, must I lay down ? tell me, name it me :
I have not touch'd, nor taken anything.

Euc. Show me your hands.

Strob. Here they are.

Euc. Show them me.

Strob. Why here they are.

Euc. I see—show me your third hand.

Strob. (*aside.*) Sure the old fellow's crazy ; he's bewitch'd.

Prithes, now don't you use me very ill ?

Euc. Very ill truly, not to have you hang'd—

Which I will do, if now you don't confess.

Strob. Don't confess what ?

Euc. What did you take from hence ?

Strob. May I be curs'd, if I took anything
Belonging to you, or desired it, I—

Euc. Come, come, pull off your cloak.

Strob. (*pulling it off.*) Just as you please.

Euc. You may have hid it under your clothes.

Strob. Search where you will.

Euc. (*aside.*) The rogue, how civil is he
That I may not suspect !—I know his tricks.

Once more show me your right hand.

Strob. Here it is.

Euc. Well—now show me your left.

Strob. Here they are both.

Euc. Come—I will search no further—give it me.

Strob. What must I give you ?

Eucl. Pshaw! don't trifle with me.
You certainly have got it.

Strob. Got? Got what?

Eucl. So—you would have me name it;—but I will not.
Restore whatever you have got of mine.

Strob. You're mad sure.—You have search'd me at your pleasure,
And you have found nothing of yours upon me.

Eucl. Stay, stay—who was that other with you yonder?
(*aside.*) I'm ruin'd! he's at work within; and if
I let him go, this other will escape.

I've search'd him, it is true, and he has nothing.
(*to Strob.*) Go where you will, and may the gods confound you!

Strob. I'm much oblig'd to you for your kind wishes.

Eucl. I'll in, and, if I light on your accomplice,
I'll strangle him.—Out of my sight—begone.

Strob. I go.

Eucl. And never let me see you more.

[*EUCLIO goes into the temple.*]

SCENE VI.

STROBILUS alone.

I'd rather die the worst of deaths, than now
Not lay an ambush for this old man's money.
He will not dare to hide it here, I fancy;
But he will bring it out with him, and change
Its situation.—Hush, the door is opening,
And out he comes, the old hunks, with his treasure.
I'll draw a little nearer to the gate here. [*Skulks on one side.*]

SCENE VII.

EUCLIO returns with his pot of money.

Now—let me see—where can I find a place,
A lonely one, where I may hide this treasure?
(*meditating.*) There is a grove, without the city walls,
That's sacred to Sylvanus, unfrequented,
Thick set with willows: on that spot I'll fix.
Sylvanus will I sooner trust than Faith. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter STROBILUS with the pot of money.

The griffins, dwelling on the golden mountains,
Are not so rich as I.—Of other kings
I speak not, beggarly, poor, abject fellows—
I am King Philip's self.—Fine day for me!
Parting from hence I got there long before him,
Climb'd up a tree, and waited to observe
Where the old fellow would conceal his treasure.
When he was gone, down slid I from the tree,

And dug his pot up full of gold :—I then
Saw him come back to the same place again ;
But me he saw not, for I turn'd a little
Out of his way.—Ah ! here he is himself.
I'll go, and lay this pot up safe at home.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter EUCLIO.

I'm dead ! kill'd ! murder'd !—Whither shall I run ?
Whither not run ?—Stop thief ! stop thief !—Who ? what ?
I know not—I see nothing—I walk blind—
I cannot tell for certain where I'm going,
Or where I am, or who I am.

(to the spectators.) Good people,
I pray you, I implore you, I beseech you,
Lend me your help—show me the man who took it.
See ! in the garb of innocent white they skulk
And sit as they were honest.

(to one of the spectators.) What say you ?
I will believe you :—You're an honest fellow—
I read it in your countenance.—How's this ?
What do you laugh at ?—O, I know you all ;
I know that there are many thieves among you.
Hey !—none of you have got it ?—I am slain !
Tell me who has it then ?—You do not know !
Ah me ! ah wo is me ! I'm lost ! I'm ruin'd !
Wholly undone ! in a most vile condition !
Such grief, such groaning, has this day brought on me,
Hunger and poverty !—I am a wretch,
The vilest wretch on earth !—Oh, what have I
To do with life, depriv'd of such a treasure ?
A treasure that I kept so carefully,
And robb'd myself of comfort !—Others now
Rejoice through my mishap, and make them merry
At my expense.—Oh ! oh ! I cannot bear it.

[Runs about crying, stamping, &c.]

TERENCE.

195-159 B. C.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER¹ was the second and last of the Roman comic poets, of whose works anything more than fragments remains. But few particulars of his life are known. He was born at Carthage,

¹ "Afer," the African, from his birthplace.

B. C. 195, and by birth or purchase became the slave of Publius Terentius Lucanus, a Roman senator. A handsome person and promising talents recommended him to his master, who afforded him the best education of the age, and finally manumitted him; and on his manumission, according to general practice, he assumed the *nomen* of his patron—Terentius. The first play that he offered for representation was the *Andria*, which was so successful as to introduce him at once into the most refined and intellectual circles of Rome. After he had given six comedies to the stage, Terence left Rome for Greece, whence he never returned. The manner of his death, however, is altogether uncertain. According to one report he perished at sea, while on his voyage from Greece to Italy, bringing with him one hundred and eight comedies, which he had translated from Menander; but, according to other accounts, he died in Arcadia, of grief at the loss of those comedies, which he had sent before him by sea to Rome. But to whatever cause his death may be attributed, it happened when he was at the early age of thirty-five.

Of Terence's numerous writings but six comedies remain. They are: 1. *Andria*, the *Woman of Andros*, so called from the birthplace of Glycerium, its heroine; 2. *Hecyra*, the *Step-Mother*; 3. *Heautontimoroumenos*, the *Self-Tormentor*; 4. *Eunuchus*, the *Eunuch*, which at the time was the most popular of Terence's comedies; 5. *Phormio*, so called from a prominent character in the comedy; 6. *Adelphi*, the *Brothers*. These comedies have been translated into most of the languages of modern Europe, and were, in conjunction with those of Plautus, on the revival of the drama, the models of the principal playwrights.

Of the merits of Terence as a writer, there is but one opinion—that his style is the perfection of the Latin language, equally celebrated for its accuracy and its elegance. He also abounds with many high, moral sentiments, that would do honor to any Christian writer of the nineteenth century. But while the moral of his drama is sound and instructive; while his pleasantry has nothing in it to offend good taste; while his dialogue unites clearness, precision, and elegance, we must allow that "we should be better gratified by finding more force of invention in his plots; more interest in his subjects; more genuine spirit in his characters."¹

¹ The best editions of Terence are Lemaire's, Paris, 1827, three volumes; and Stallbaum's, Leipzig, 1830, 8vo. The best English translation is that by George Colman, London, which has been often reprinted. For works illustrative of Terence, the following may be consulted: Dunlop's *History of Roman Literature*; Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*; Hurd's *Dialogues on Poetical Imitation*.

SCENES FROM THE ANDRIA.

The chief of the *Dramatis Personæ* are:—

SIMO, an old man, father of Pamphilus.

SOSIA, the freedman of Simo.

PAMPHILUS, the son of Simo, and in love with Glycerium.

DAVUS, the slave of Pamphilus, shrewd and devoted to the interests of his master.

CHREMES, an old man, father of Chrysis.

GLYCERIUM, "the woman of Andros," the heroine of the play.

CHRYISIS, daughter of Chremes, and reputed sister of Glycerium.

MYRIA, attendant of Glycerium.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SIMO, SOSIA, and Servants with provisions.

Sim. Carry these things in: go! [Exit servants.

Sosia, come here;

A word with you!

Sos. I understand: that these

Be ta'en due care of.

Sim. Quite another thing.

Sos. What can my art do more for you?

Sim. This business

Needs not that art; but those good qualities,

Which I have ever known abide in you,—

Fidelity and secrecy.

Sos. I wait

Your pleasure.

Sim. Since I bought you from a boy,

How just and mild a servitude you've pass'd

With me, you're conscious: from a purchas'd slave

I made you free, because you serv'd me freely:

The greatest recompense I could bestow.

Sos. I do remember.

Sim. Nor do I repent.

Sos. If I have ever done, or now do ought

That's pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad,

And thankful that you hold my service good.

And yet this troubles me: for this detail,

Forcing your kindness on my memory,

Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.

O tell me then at once, what would you, sir?

Sim. I will; and this I must advise you first:

The nuptial you suppose preparing now,

Is all unreal.

Sos. Why pretend it, then?

Sim. You shall hear all from first to last: and thus

The conduct of my son, my own intent,

And what part you're to act, you'll know at once.
 For my son, Sosia, now to manhood grown,
 Had freer scope of living: for before
 How might you know, or how indeed divine
 His disposition, good or ill, while youth,
 Fear, and a master, all constrain'd him?

Sos.

True.

Sim. Though most, as is the bent of youth, apply
 Their mind to some one object, horses, hounds,
 Or to the study of philosophy;
 Yet none of these, beyond the rest, did he
 Pursue; and yet, in moderation, all.
 I was o'erjoy'd.

Sos.

And not without good cause.

For this I hold to be the golden rule
 Of life, "too much of one thing's good for nothing."

Sim.

So did he shape his life to bear himself
 With ease and frank good humor unto all;
 Mixt in what company soe'er, to them
 He wholly did resign himself; and join'd
 In their pursuits, opposing nobody,
 Nor e'er assuming to himself: and thus
 With ease, and free from envy, may you gain
 Praise, and conciliate friends.

Sos.

He rul'd his life

By prudent maxims: for as times go now,
 Compliance raises friends, and truth breeds hate.

Sim.

Meanwhile, 'tis now about three years ago,
 A certain woman from the isle of Andros,
 Came o'er to settle in this neighborhood,
 By poverty and cruel kindred driv'n:
 Handsome and young.

Sos.

Ah! I begin to fear

Some mischief from this Andrian.

Sim.

At first

Modest and thriftily, though poor, she liv'd,
 With her own hands a homely livelihood
 Scarce earning from the distaff and the loom.
 They, who were then her chief gallants, by chance
 Drew thither, as oft happens with young men,
 My son to join their company.
 Strong I believ'd his virtue prov'd, and hence
 Thought him a miracle of continence;
 For he who struggles with such spirits, yet
 Holds in that commerce an unshaken mind,
 May well be trusted with the governance
 Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
 Delighted with his life, but all the world
 With one accord said all good things, and prais'd
 My happy fortunes, who possess a son
 So good, so lib'rally dispos'd.—In short,
 Chremes, seduc'd by this fine character,

Came of his own accord, to offer me
His only daughter with a handsome portion
In marriage with my son. I lik'd the match ;
Betroth'd my son ; and this was pitch'd upon,
By joint agreement, for the wedding-day.

Sos. And what prevents its being so ?

Sim.

I'll tell you.

In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
This neighbor Chrysis dies.

Sos.

In happy hour :

Happy hour for you ! I was afraid of Chrysis.

Sim. My son, on this event, was often there
With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis ;
Assisted to prepare the funeral,
Ever condol'd, and sometimes wept with them.
This pleased me then : for in myself I thought,
Since merely for a small acquaintance-sake
He takes this woman's death so nearly, what
If he himself had lov'd ? What would he feel
For me, his father ? All these things, I thought,
Were but the tokens and the offices
Of a humane and tender disposition.
In short, on his account, e'en I myself
Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
No harm.

Sos. And what—

Sim.

You shall hear all. The corpse

Borne forth, we follow ; when among the women
Attending there, I chanc'd to cast my eyes
Upon one girl, in form—

Sos.

Not bad, perhaps—

Sim. And look, so modest, and so beauteous, Sosia !
That nothing could exceed it. As she seem'd
To grieve beyond the rest, and as her air
Appear'd more liberal and ingenuous,
I went, and ask'd her woman who she was.
Sister, they said, to Chrysis : when at once
It struck my mind ; So ! so ! the secret's out ;
Hence were those tears, and hence all that compassion !

Sos. Alas ! I fear how this affair will end !

Sim. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds : we follow ;

Come to the sepulchre ; the body's plac'd
Upon the pile ; lamented : whereupon
This sister, I was speaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then ! there ! the frighted Pamphilus betrays
His well-dissembled and long-hidden love ;
Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,
Oh, my Glycerium ! what is it you do ?
Why, why endeavor to destroy yourself ?
Then she in such a manner, that you thence
Might easily perceive their long, long love,

Threw herself back into his arms, and wept,
O how familiarly!

Sos. How say you!

Sim.

I

Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had not cause sufficient for reproof.
What have I done? he'd say; or how deserv'd
Reproach? or how offended, father?—Her,
Who meant to cast herself into the flames,
I stopt. A fair excuse!

Sos. You're in the right:
For him, who sav'd a life, if you reprove,
What will you do to him that offers wrong?

Sim. Chremes next day came open-mouth'd to me;
Oh monstrous! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this stranger-woman. I
Deny the fact most steadily, and he
As steadily insists. In short, we part
On such bad terms, as let me understand
He would refuse his daughter.

Sos. Did not you
Then take your son to task?

Sim. Not even this
Appear'd sufficient for reproof.

Sos. How so?

Sim. Father (he might have said), you have, you know,
Prescrib'd a term to all these things yourself.
The time is near at hand, when I must live
According to the humor of another.
Meanwhile, permit me now to please my own!

Sos. What cause remains to chide him then?

Sim.

If he

Refuses, on account of this amour,
To take a wife, such obstinate denial
Must be considered as his first offence.
Wherefore I now, from this mock-nuptial,
Endeavor to draw real cause to chide:
And that same rascal Davus, if he's plotting,
That he may let his counsel run to waste,
Now, when his knaveries can do no harm:
Who, I believe, with all his might and main
Will strive to cross my purposes; and that
More to plague me, than to oblige my son.

Sos. Why so?

Sim. Why so! Bad mind, bad heart. But if
I catch him at his tricks!—But what need words?—
If, as I wish it may, it should appear
That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
Chremes remains to be prevail'd upon,
And will, I hope, consent. 'Tis now your place
To counterfeit these nuptials cunningly;

To frighten Davus ; and observe my son,
What he's about, what plots they hatch together.

Sos. Enough ; I'll take due care. Let's now go in.

Sim. Go first ; I'll follow you. [Exit *SOSIA*.]

Beyond all doubt

My son's averse to take a wife ; I saw
How frighten'd Davus was, but even now,
When he was told a nuptial was preparing—
But here he comes.

SCENE III.

DAVUS alone.

Troth, Davus, 'tis high time to look about you ;
No room for sloth, as far as I can sound
The sentiments of our old gentleman
About this marriage ; which, if not fought off,
And cunningly, spoils me, or my poor master.
I know not what to do ; nor can resolve
To help the son, or to obey the father.
If I desert poor Pamphilus, alas !
I tremble for his life ; if I assist him,
I dread his father's threats : a shrewd old cuff,
Not easily deceiv'd. For first of all,
He knows of this amour ; and watches me
With jealous eyes, lest I devise some trick
To break the match. If he discovers it,
Wo to poor Davus ! nay, if he's inclin'd
To punish me, he'll seize on some pretence
To throw me into prison, right or wrong.

SCENE V.

Enter PAMPHILUS, MYSTIS behind.

Pam. Is this well done ? or like a man ?—Is this
The action of a father ?

Mys. What's the matter ?

Pam. Oh all ye Pow'rs of heaven and earth, what's wrong
If this is not so ?—If he was determin'd
That I to-day should marry, should I not
Have had some previous notice ?—ought not he
To have inform'd me of it long ago ?

Mys. Alas ! what's this I hear ?

Pam. And Chremes too,
Who had refus'd to trust me with his daughter,
Changes his mind, because I change not mine.
Can he then be so obstinately bent
To tear me from Glycerium ? To lose her
Is losing life.—Was ever man so crost,
So curst as I ?—Oh Pow'rs of heaven and earth !
Can I by no means fly from this alliance

With Chremes' family?—so oft contem'd
 And held in scorn!—all done, concluded all!—
 Rejected, then recall'd:—and why?—unless,
 For so I must suspect, they breed some monster:
 Whom as they can obtrude on no one else,
 They bring to me.

Mys. Alas, alas! this speech
 Has struck me almost dead with fear.

Pam. And then
 My father! what to say of him?—Oh shame!
 A thing of so much consequence to treat
 So negligently!—For but even now
 Passing me in the Forum, Pamphilus!
 To-day's your wedding-day, said he: Prepare;
 Go, get you home!—This sounded in my ears
 As if he said, Go, hang yourself!—I stood
 Confounded. Think you I could speak one word?
 Or offer an excuse, how weak soe'er?
 No, I was dumb:—and had I been aware,
 Should any ask what I'd have done, I would,
 Rather than this, do anything.—But now
 What to resolve upon?—So many cares
 Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
 Pulling it diff'rent ways. My love, compassion,
 This urgent match, my rev'rence for my father,
 Who yet has ever been so gentle to me,
 And held so slack a rein upon my pleasures.—
 And I oppose him?—Racking thought!—Ah me!
 I know not what to do.

Mys. Alas, I fear
 Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere best
 He should confer with her; or I at least
 Speak touching her to him. For while the mind
 Hangs in suspense, a trifle turns the scale.

Pam. Who's there? what, Mysis! save you!

Mys. (coming forward.)

Save you! sir.

Pam. How does she?
Mys. How! oppress'd with wretchedness;
 To-day supremely wretched, as to-day
 Was formerly appointed for your wedding.
 And then she fears lest you desert her.

Pam. I!
 Desert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
 A wretched maid, who trusted to my care
 Her life and honor! Her, whom I have held
 Near to my heart, and cherish'd as my wife?
 O leave her modest and well-nurtur'd mind
 Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.

Mys. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
 But if constrain'd—

Pam. Do you think me so vile?
 Or so ungrateful, so inhuman, savage,

That nor long intercourse, nor love, nor shame,
Can make me keep my faith?

Mys. I only know
That she deserves you should remember her.

Pam. I should remember her? Oh, Mysis, Mysis!
The words of Chrysis touching my Glycerium
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and Chrysis thus began:
"My Pamphilus, you see the youth and beauty
Of this unhappy maid: and well you know
These are but feeble guardians to preserve
Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
I do beseech you, by your better angel,
By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
I do conjure you, put her not away,
Nor leave her to distress. If I have ever,
As my own brother, lov'd you; or if she
Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
And ever shown obedience to your will—
I do bequeath you to her as a husband,
Friend, guardian, father: All our little wealth
To you I leave, and trust it to your care."—
She join'd our hands, and died.—I did receive her,
And once receiv'd will keep her.¹

HUMANITY.

Menedemus. Have you such leisure from your own affairs
To think of those that don't concern you, Chremes?

Chremes. I am a man, and feel for all mankind.²

From the Self-Tormentor.

THE MIND IS ITS OWN PLACE.

Clitipho. They say that he is miserable.

Chremes.

Miserable!

Who needs be less so? For what earthly good

Can man possess which he may not enjoy?

Parents, a prosperous country, friends, birth, riches—

¹ Cicero has bestowed great praise on this act. "The picture," he observes, "of the manners of Pamphilus—the death and funeral of Chrysis—and the grief of her supposed sister—are all represented in the most delightful colors."

² The Latin of this noble sentiment, so well known, is *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*, "I am a man, and whatever interests humanity I consider as interesting myself," and the thousands upon thousands in the vast amphitheatre shouted applause. And shall not we who live under a brighter dispensation cherish and act out this truly Christian sentiment?

Yet these all take their value from the mind
Of the possessor: He, that knows their use,
To him they're blessings; he that knows it not,
To him misuse converts them into curses.

From the Self-Tormentor.

WOMEN.

Oh heaven and earth, what animals are women!
What a conspiracy between them all
To do or not, to hate or love alike!
Not one but has the sex so strong within her,
She differs nothing from the rest. Step-mothers
All hate their step-daughters: and every wife
Studies alike to contradict her husband,
The same perverseness running through them all.
Each seems train'd up in the same school of mischief;
And of that school, if any such there be,
My wife, I think, is schoolmistress.

From the Step-Mother.

THE UNFORTUNATE NEGLECTED.

For they, whose fortunes are less prosperous,
Are all, I know not how, the more suspicious;
And think themselves neglected and contemn'd
Because of their distress and poverty.

LUCRETIVS.

95-52 B. C.

Of the great didactic poet of Rome, Titus Lucretius Carnus, we know but little more than that he was born at Rome, educated at Athens, lived a retired life, and died in his forty-fourth year, by his own hand, in a paroxysm of insanity, occasioned, as was supposed, by grief for the banishment of his friend Memmius.

The work which has immortalized the name of Lucretius is a philosophical didactic poem, in hexameter verse, of seven thousand four hundred lines, divided into six books, entitled *De Rerum Natura*, "On the Nature of Things." It was introduced into the world under the auspices and revision of Cicero, whose admiration of the genius of the poet was equalled only by his contempt for his Epicurean principles of

philosophy. Indeed, in his atheistical views he seems to have gone further than Epicurus, maintaining that certain particles of matter, which are the seeds or elemental principles of all things, animate and inanimate, after having been agitated to and fro in the vacuum of space from all eternity, and after having undergone every possible configuration and change of position, settled themselves, by this continued fluctuation and collision, into the organic structure of the universe. To this view of things Cicero opposes this indignant interrogatory: "What can be more foolishly arrogant, than for a man to think that he has an understanding in himself, but that yet in all the universe there is no such thing; or to suppose that those things which by the utmost stretch of his reason he can scarcely comprehend, should be moved and managed without any reason at all."¹

But to do justice to Lucretius we must bear in mind the age in which he lived. In all times men are more or less affected by the opinions around them; and the absurdities of Pagan polytheism, the natural revulsion of the human mind from

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust,

had, doubtless, as strong an influence in driving Lucretius to atheism, as the palpable nonsense and monstrous absurdities of popery, which claimed to be Christianity, had in leading Voltaire and the other infidels of the French Revolution to renounce Christianity itself.²

The first two books of the work of Lucretius are taken up with an explication of his speculative theories on the origin of things. In the third he endeavors to apply his principles, and to show that the soul is material and perishes with the body. The fourth is devoted to the theory of the five senses. The fifth book, generally regarded as the most finished, treats of the origin of the world and of all things therein, of the movements of the heavenly bodies, of the vicissitudes of the seasons, of day and night, of the rise and progress of society, and of the various arts and sciences which embellish and ennoble life. The sixth book explains some of the most striking natural phenomena, especially thunder, lightning, hail, rain, snow, earthquakes, volcanoes, &c., also the nature of diseases, closing with an appalling description of the great plague at Athens.

"As a didactic poet and reasoner in verse, there is no writer, with

¹ Cicero, *De Legibus*, 1, 2.

² And what, in our day, could more tend to promote infidelity than for those who assume to be teachers of religion, to maintain that the Scriptures, claiming to be the revealed will of God, sanction the monstrous barbarism and sin of slavery?"

the exception of Pope, who can be compared with Lucretius. His skill and perspicuity in pressing his inferences and pursuing his strains of argument are assisted by the lucid elegance of his language, and a style emphatical and clear. His luminous and nervous diction, and the grandeur of his versification, throw over the abstruseness of metaphysics a splendid and agreeable coloring; and the unremitted ardor of his manner, no less than the fertility of his matter, enables him to take full and despotic possession of the faculties of the reader. With his fondness for scientific demonstrations drawn from subjects of natural philosophy, and his expertness in logical processes of reasoning, he combines the seldom associated qualities of a rich and excursive imagination, and a genius which delights in glowing creations of imagery, and in bold and magnificent conceptions. His poetry is marked by a peculiar romantic wildness, and a kind of gloomy and melancholy sublimity: yet his fancy is equally conversant with soft and smiling images; and the delicate grouping of some of his figures would furnish subjects for the pencil and the chisel."¹

IN PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

'Tis pleasant, safely to behold from shore
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight:
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war:
But much more sweet thy laboring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
And all the magazines of learning fortified:
From thence to look below on humankind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For wit and power; their last endeavors lend
To outshine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honor, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Enclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires with more than nature needs!
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight,
Which minds unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires,
So bounded are our natural desires,

¹ Elton, vol. ii.

That, wanting all, and setting pain aside,
 With bare privation sense is satisfied.
 If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
 To light the courtly suppers and the balls;
 If the proud palace shines not with the state
 Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
 If well tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
 Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
 Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
 By the cool stream our careless limbs are laid;
 With cheaper pleasures innocently bless'd,
 When the warm spring in gaudy flowers is dress'd.
 Nor will the raging fever's fire abate
 With golden canopies and beds of state;
 But the poor patient will as soon be found
 On the hard mattress, or the mother ground.
 Then, since our bodies are not eas'd the more
 By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
 'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
 As little can relieve the laboring mind:
 Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight
 Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight
 Could, with their sound, and terrible array,
 Expel our fears, and drive the thought of death away.
 But since the supposition vain appears,
 Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
 Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
 But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince;
 Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
 Without respect to purple or to gold;
 Why should not we those pageantries despise,
 Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
 For life is all in wandering errors led;
 And just as children are surpris'd with dread,
 And tremble in the dark, so riper years,
 E'en in broad daylight, are possess'd with fears,
 And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
 As those that in the breasts of children reign.
 These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
 No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
 But nature and right reason must display
 Their beams abroad, and bring the gladsome soul to day.
Dryden.

VERNAL SHOWERS.

When, on the bosom of maternal earth,
 His showers redundant genial Æther pours,
 The dulcet drops seem lost: but harvests rise,
 Jocund and lovely; and, with foliage fresh,
 Smiles every tree, and bends beneath its fruit.

Hence man and beast are nourish'd ; hence o'erflow
Our joyous streets with crowds of frolic youth ;
And with fresh songs the umbrageous groves resound.
Hence the herds fatten, and repose, at ease,
O'er the gay meadows their unwieldy forms ;
While from each full-distended udder drops
The candid milk, spontaneous ; and hence, too,
With tottering footsteps, o'er the tender grass,
Gambol their wanton young, each little heart
Quivering beneath the genuine nectar quaff'd.

John Mason Good.

THE NEW-BORN BABE.

Thus, like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world :
Naked he lies, and ready to expire ;
Helpless of all that human wants require ;
Expos'd upon inhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room ;
Too true a presage of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd :
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food
With broken words ; nor winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year ;
Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war :
Unlabor'd earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.

Dryden.

ANIMALS AND THEIR YOUNG.

The race of man, the beasts that graze, or prey,
The speechless natives of the watery way,
Birds of all wing, or those that joy to rove
In still recesses of th' embowering grove,
Or on the grassy bank their pastime take ;
That sip the fountain, or that skim the lake ;
Not one of all the myriad broods you find,
But some distinction marks him from his kind.
Else, could the young with conscious rapture go
To greet its dam ? or she her nursling know ?
But they no less the lines distinctive scan,
Than reas'ning optics man discern from man.

When, in the fane, the victim-calf expires,
While clouds of fragrance roll from hallow'd fires ;

When purple currents, warm with floating life,
 Pours by the shrine the sacrificial knife,
 Through the green lawns the pensive mother strays,
 Her anxious search the frequent step bewrays :
 Each plain she traverses, each haunt she tries,
 And turns, and wistful turns, her straining eyes :
 Now stops, and tells in moans her ravish'd love
 To listening echoes of the umbrageous grove :
 Oft at the stall, in anguish and despair,
 Her darling seeks ; but finds no darling there.
 The tender shrubs no more with joy she views,
 No herbs, sweet glistening with refreshing dews,
 Can soothe the ranklings of Affliction's dart,
 Plung'd to the last recesses of her heart.
 Of other young no semblance gives relief ;
 No love transferr'd can mitigate her grief.
 See through gay meads the wretched wanderer go,
 A pensive form of unavailing woe !

Gilbert Wakefield.

TWELVE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

The leader *Ram*, all bright with golden wool,
 Looks back, and wonders at the mighty *Bull*,
 Whose back parts first appear : he bending lies
 With threat'ning head, and calls the *Twins* to rise :
 They clasp for fear, and mutually embrace,
 Then comes the *Crab* with an unsteady pace :
 Next him the angry *Lion* shakes his mane :
 The following *Maid* abates his rage again.
 Then day and night are balanc'd in the *Scales* :
 Equal awhile, at length the night prevails :
 And longer grown the heavier *Scale* inclines,
 And draws the *Scorpion* from the winter *signs*.
 The *Centaur* follows, with an aiming eye,
 His bow full drawn, and ready to let fly :
 The twisted *Goat* his horns contracted shows,
 The *Water-Bearer's* urn a flood o'erflows :
 Next their lov'd waves the *Fishes* take their seat,
 Join with the *Ram*, and make the round complete.

Creech.

LOVE UNIVERSAL.

Delight of human kind, and gods above,
 Parent of Rome, propitious queen of love !
 Whose vital pow'r, air, earth, and sea, supplies ;
 And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling skies.
 For ev'ry kind, by thy prolific might,
 Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.

Thee, Goddess, thee, the clouds and tempests fear,
 And at thy pleasing presence disappear :
 For thee the land in fragrant flow'rs is drest,
 For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast,
 And heav'n itself with more serene and purer light is blest. }
 For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
 And a new scene of nature stands display'd,
 When teeming birds, and cheerful greens appear,
 And western gales unlock the lazy year,
 The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
 Whose native songs thy genial pow'r confess :
 Then savage beasts bound o'er their slighted food,
 Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
 All nature is thy gift, earth, air, and sea ;
 Of all that breathes the various progeny,
 Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee. }
 O'er barren mountains, o'er the flow'ry plain,
 The leafy forests, and the liquid main, }
 Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundless reign.
 Through all the living regions thou dost move,
 And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly seeds of love.
Dryden.

CORNELIUS NEPOS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 60 B. C.

Of the date or place of the birth or death of Cornelius Nepos we know nothing, and scarcely more of his life. He was probably a native of Verona, or some neighboring village, and died during the reign of Augustus. He was the contemporary and friend of Cicero, Atticus, and Catullus. Of the many works which he is known to have written, we have only his "Lives of Illustrious Men."¹

ARISTIDES.

Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, a native of Athens, was almost of the same age with Themistocles, and contended with him, consequently, for pre-eminence, as they were determined

¹ "Nepos" has always been a favorite school-book, and hence numerous editions of his *Lives* have been published. Among the best are : Van Stareren, Lugd. Bat., 1773 ; Tzschucke, Gotting., 1804 ; Lemaire, Paris, 8vo., 1820, which is probably the most serviceable edition. Indeed, the scholar can hardly go wrong in procuring any of the Latin authors edited by Lemaire.

rivals one to the other; and it was seen in their case how much eloquence could prevail over integrity; for though Aristides was so distinguished for nprightness of conduct,¹ that he was the only person in the memory of man (as far at least as I have heard) who was called by the surname of Just, yet being overborne by Themistocles with the ostracism, he was condemned to be banished for ten years.

Aristides, finding that the excited multitude could not be appeased, and noticing, as he yielded to their violence, a person writing that he ought to be banished, is said to have asked him "why he did so, or what Aristides had done, that he should be thought deserving of such a punishment?" The person writing replied, that "he did not know Aristides, but that he was not pleased that he had labored to be called Just beyond other men."

He did not suffer the full sentence of ten years appointed by law, for when Xerxes made a descent upon Greece, he was recalled into his country by a decree of the people, about six years after he had been exiled.

He was present, however, in the sea-fight at Salamis, which was fought before he was allowed to return.² He was also commander of the Athenians at Platæa, in the battle in which Mardonius was routed, and the army of the barbarians was cut off. Nor is there any other celebrated act of his in military affairs recorded, besides the account of this command; but of his justice, equity, and self-control, there are many instances. Above all, it was through his integrity, when he was joined in command of the common fleet of Greece with Pausanias, under whose leadership Mardonius had been put to flight, that the supreme authority at sea was transferred from the Lacedæmonians to the Athenians; for before that time the Lacedæmonians had the command both by sea and land. But at this period it happened, through the indiscreet conduct of Pausanias, and the equity of Aristides, that all the states of Greece attached themselves as allies to the Athenians, and chose them as their leaders against the barbarians.

In order that they might repel the barbarians more easily, if perchance they should try to renew the war, Aristides was chosen to settle what sum of money each state should contribute for building fleets and equipping troops. By his appoint-

¹ *Abstinentiâ.*] That is, abstaining from the property of others; moderation; disinterestedness.

² *Præusquam pæni liberaretur.*] Before he was freed from the punishment (of exile).

ment four hundred and sixty talents were deposited annually at Delos, which they fixed upon to be the common treasury; but all this money was afterwards removed to Athens.

How great was his integrity, there is no more certain proof, than that, though he had been at the head of such important affairs, he died in such poverty that he scarcely left money to defray the charges of his funeral. Hence it was that his daughters were brought up at the expense of the country, and were married with dowries given them from the public treasury. He died about four years after Themistocles was banished from Athens.

CIMON.

Cimon, the son of Miltiades, an Athenian, experienced a very unhappy entrance on manhood; for as his father had been unable to pay to the people the fine imposed upon him, and had consequently died in the public gaol, Cimon was kept in prison, nor could he, by the Athenian laws, be set at liberty, unless he paid the sum of money that his father had been fined. He had married, however, his sister by the father's side, named Elpinice, induced not more by love than by custom; for the Athenians are allowed to marry their sisters by the same father; and a certain Callias, a man whose birth was not equal to his wealth, and who had made a great fortune from the mines, being desirous of having her for a wife, tried to prevail on Cimon to resign her to him, saying that if he obtained his desire, he would pay the fine for him. Though Cimon received such a proposal with scorn, Elpinice said that she would not allow a son of Miltiades to die in the public prison, when she could prevent it; and that she would marry Callias if he would perform what he promised.

Cimon, being thus set free from confinement, soon attained great eminence: for he had considerable eloquence, the utmost generosity, and great skill, not only in civil law, but in military affairs, as he had been employed from his boyhood with his father in the army. He in consequence held the people of the city under his control, and had great influence over the troops. In his first term of service, on the river Strymon, he put to flight great forces of the Thracians, founded the city of Amphipolis, and sent thither ten thousand Athenian citizens as a colony. He also, in a second expedition, conquered and took at Mycale a fleet of two hundred ships belonging to the Cyprians and Phœnicians, and experienced like good fortune by

land on the same day; for after capturing the enemy's vessels, he immediately led out his troops from the fleet, and overthrew at the first onset a vast force of the barbarians. By this victory he obtained a great quantity of spoil; and, as some of the islands, through the rigor of the Athenian government, had revolted from them, he secured the attachment, in the course of his return home, of such as were well disposed, and obliged the disaffected to return to their allegiance. Scyros, which the Dolopes at that time inhabited, he depopulated, because it had behaved itself insolently, ejecting the old settlers from the city and island, and dividing the lands among his own countrymen. The Thasians, who relied upon their wealth, he reduced as soon as he attacked them. With these spoils the city of Athens was adorned on the side which looks to the south.

When, by these acts, he had attained greater honor in the state than any other man, he fell under the same public odium as his father, and others eminent among the Athenians; for by the votes of the shells, which they call *the Ostracism*, he was condemned to ten years' exile. Of this proceeding the Athenians repented sooner than himself; for after he had submitted, with great fortitude, to the ill-feeling of his ungrateful countrymen, and the Lacedæmonians had declared war against the Athenians, a desire for his well-known bravery immediately ensued. In consequence, he was summoned back to his country five years after he had been banished from it. But as he enjoyed the guest-friendship of the Lacedæmonians, he thought it better to hasten to Sparta, and accordingly proceeded thither of his own accord, and settled a peace between those two most powerful states.

Being sent as commander, not long after, to Cyprus, with a fleet of two hundred ships, he fell sick, after he had conquered the greater part of the island, and died in the town of Citium.

The Athenians long felt regret for him, not only in war, but in time of peace; for he was a man of such liberality, that though he had farms and gardens in several parts, he never set a guard over them for the sake of preserving the fruit, so that none might be hindered from enjoying his property as he pleased. Attendants always followed him with money, that, if any one asked his assistance, he might have something to give him immediately, lest, by putting him off, he should appear to refuse. Frequently, when he saw a man thrown in his way by chance in a shabby dress, he gave him his own cloak. A dinner was dressed for him daily in such abundance, that he could invite all whom he saw in the forum uninvited; a ceremony

which he did not fail to observe every day. His protection, his assistance, his pecuniary means, were withheld from none. He enriched many; and he buried at his own cost many poor persons, who at their death had not left sufficient for their interment. In consequence of such conduct, it is not at all surprising that his life was free from trouble, and his death severely felt.

EPAMINONDAS.

Epaminondas was the son of Polymnis, a Theban of an honorable family. Though left poor by his ancestors, he was so well educated that no Theban was more so; for he was taught to play upon the harp, and to sing to the sound of its strings, by Dionysius; to play on the flutes by Olympiodorus; and to dance by Calliphron. For his instructor in philosophy he had Lysis of Tarentum, a Pythagorean, to whom he was so devoted that, young as he was, he preferred the society of a grave and austere old man before that of all those of his own age; nor did he part with him until he so far excelled his fellow students in learning, that it might easily be perceived he would in like manner excel them all in other pursuits. After he grew up, and began to apply himself to gymnastic exercises, he studied not so much to increase the strength, as the agility, of his body; for he thought that strength suited the purposes of wrestlers, but that agility conduced to excellence in war. He used to exercise himself very much, therefore, in running and wrestling, as long as he could grapple, and contend standing, with his adversary. But he spent most of his labor on martial exercises.

To the strength of body thus acquired were added many good qualities of the mind; for he was modest, prudent, grave, wisely availing himself of opportunities, skilled in war, brave in action, and possessed of remarkable courage; he was so great a lover of truth, that he would not tell a falsehood even in jest. He was also master of his passions, gentle in disposition, and patient to a wonderful degree, submitting to wrong, not only from the people, but from his own friends; he was a remarkable keeper of secrets, a quality which is sometimes not less serviceable than to speak eloquently; and he was an attentive listener to others, because he thought that by this means knowledge was most easily acquired. Whenever he came into a company, therefore, in which a discussion was going on concerning government, or a conversation was being held on any

point of philosophy, he never went away till the discourse was brought to its conclusion. He bore poverty so easily, that he received nothing from the state but glory. He did not avail himself of the means of his friends to maintain himself; but he often used his credit to relieve others, to such a degree that it might be thought all things were in common between him and his friends; for when any one of his countrymen had been taken by the enemy, or when the marriageable daughter of a friend could not be married for want of fortune, he used to call a council of his friends, and to prescribe how much each should give according to his means; and when he had made up the sum required, he brought the man who wanted it to those who contributed, and made them pay it to the person himself, in order that he, into whose hands the sum passed, might know to whom he was indebted, and how much to each.

His indifference to money was put to the proof by Diomedon of Cyzicus; for he, at the request of Artaxerxes, had undertaken to bribe Epaminondas. He accordingly came to Thebes with a large sum in gold, and, by a present of five talents, brought over Micythus, a young man for whom Epaminondas had then a great affection, to further his views. Micythus went to Epaminondas, and told him the cause of Diomedon's coming. But Epaminondas, in the presence of Diomedon, said to him, "There is no need of money in the matter; for if what the king desires is for the good of the Thebans, I am ready to do it for nothing; but if otherwise, he has not gold and silver enough to move me, for I would not accept the riches of the whole world in exchange for my love for my country. At you, who have made trial of me without knowing my character, and have thought me like yourself, I do not wonder; and I forgive you; but quit the city at once, lest you should corrupt others though you have been unable to corrupt me. You, Micythus, give Diomedon his money back; or, unless you do so immediately, I shall give you up to the magistrates." Diomedon entreating that he might be allowed to depart in safety, and carry away with him what he had brought, "That," he replied, "I will grant you, and not for your sake, but for my own, lest any one, if your money should be taken from you, should say that what I would not receive when offered me, had come into my possession after being taken out of yours." Epaminondas then asking Diomedon "whither he wished to be conducted," and Diomedon having answered, "To Athens," he gave him a guard in order that he might reach that city in safety. Nor did he, indeed, think that precaution sufficient, but also arranged, with

the aid of Chabrias the Athenian, that he should embark without molestation. Of his freedom from covetousness this will be a sufficient proof.

He was also an able speaker, so that no Theban was a match for him in eloquence; nor was his language less pointed in brief replies than elegant in a continued speech. His eloquence shone most at Sparta (when he was ambassador before the battle of Leuctra), where, when the ambassadors from all the allies had met, Epaminondas, in a full assembly of the embassies, so clearly exposed the tyranny of the Lacedæmonians, that he shook their power by that speech not less than by the battle of Leuctra; for he was at that time the cause (as it afterwards appeared) that they were deprived of the support of their allies.

When, towards the close of his career, he was commander at Mantinea, and, pressing very boldly upon the enemy with his army in full array, was recognized by the Lacedæmonians, they directed their efforts in a body against him alone, because they thought the salvation of their country depended upon his destruction, nor did they fall back, until, after shedding much blood, and killing many of the enemy, they saw Epaminondas himself, while fighting most valiantly, fall wounded with a spear hurled from a distance. By his fall the Bœotians were somewhat disheartened; yet they did not quit the field till they had put to flight those opposed to them. As for Epaminondas himself, when he found that he had received a mortal wound, and also that if he drew out the iron head of the dart, which had stuck in his body, he would instantly die, he kept it in until it was told him that "the Bœotians were victorious." When he heard these words, he said, "I have lived long enough; for I die unconquered." The iron head being then extracted, he immediately died.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

106-43 B. C.

THIS most distinguished of all the Romans, not as an orator only, in which character he is more generally known, but as a philosopher, a critic, a general scholar, and a statesman, was born on the 3d of January, 106 B. C. His father, whose name he bore, was a member

of the equestrian order, and lived in easy circumstances near Arpinum; but little after the middle of life he removed to Rome for the purpose of educating his sons, Marcus and Quintus. The very best teachers were procured for them, without regard to expense, among whom was the celebrated poet Archias, of Antioch, whom Cicero in after years defended against the charge of illegally assuming citizenship, in an oration of surpassing eloquence and beauty; and paying to his early teacher a most glowing tribute of affection and gratitude.

In his sixteenth year Cicero received his manly gown, and entered the forum to listen to the speakers of the bar, as his father designed him for the legal profession. From this period more than seven years elapsed before he made his appearance as a public man, wholly devoting this time—even during the bloody struggles between Marius and Sylla—with indefatigable perseverance to those studies which were essential to his success as a lawyer and orator. He also attended the lectures of many of the Greek philosophers and rhetoricians, who had fled to Rome when Athens was invaded by the troops of Mithridates. During those years he wrote his treatise *De Inventione Rhetorica*, his poem *Marius*, and translated the *Economics* of Xenophon.

When tranquillity was restored by the final discomfiture of the Marian party, and the business of the forum was resumed, Cicero came forward as a public pleader, and at once commanded the admiration of his countrymen, not only for his eloquence, but as a protector of the oppressed and the fearless champion of innocence, daring even to come into collision with the tyrant Sylla, in a case where he knew that his client was the injured party. But his health now becoming so feeble as to excite the alarm of his friends, he was persuaded to go abroad. Accordingly he went to Athens, where he spent six months in studying and hearing the lectures of different philosophers; then he made a complete tour of Asia Minor, passed over into Rhodes, and returned to Rome after two years' absence, with his health firmly established, and his mind stored with learning and wisdom. His transcendent natural talents, developed by such elaborate and judicious training under the most celebrated masters, stimulated by burning zeal and sustained by indomitable perseverance, could hardly fail to command success. Accordingly his merits were soon discerned and appreciated; he forthwith took his station in the foremost rank of judicial orators, and ere long stood alone in acknowledged pre-eminence.

Cicero had now reached the age of thirty, when he offered himself for the office of *Quæstor*, and was elected. The island of Sicily was allotted to him, and he discharged the duties of his office for two

years with such singular skill, justice, and integrity, that the Sicilians paid him unusual honors. Some time after his return he conducted the impeachment preferred against Verres for misgovernment and complicated oppression, by the Sicilians, whom he had ruled as *Prætor* for the space of three years. The pleadings in this case form, perhaps, the proudest monument of Cicero's oratorical powers, exhibiting an extraordinary combination of genius, industry, and brilliant oratory, with minute accuracy of inquiry and detail.

At the close of the year 67 B. C., when he was thirty-nine, he was elected first *Prætor* by the suffrages of all the centuries. Being thus called on to preside in the highest civil court, he discharged his duties with marked ability and justice, and won the praise of all. The highest of all offices—the consulship—he kept steadily in view, and in four years he was triumphantly elected to it, notwithstanding he had many and powerful competitors. It may be doubted whether any individual ever rose to power by more virtuous and truly honorable conduct; and the integrity of his public life was only equalled by the purity of his private morals. During his consulship Catiline plotted that infamous conspiracy which would have brought ruin to Rome had it not been for the consummate courage, prudence, caution, and decision manifested throughout by Cicero, under circumstances the most delicate and embarrassing. His fortune had now reached its culminating point of prosperity and glory; it remained so for a short space of time, and then rapidly declined and sunk.

Cicero's consulate was succeeded by the return of Pompey from the east, and the establishment of the First Triumvirate of Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus (B. C. 60), which disappointed his hopes of political greatness, and induced him to resume his forensic and literary labors. Soon after this, the infamous Clodius, who had been elected to the tribuneship, and against whom Cicero had, years before, appeared as a witness in a case of gross immorality, proposed a bill for the banishment of Cicero for the part he took in having Catiline and the conspirators put to death "untried," as stated in the bill. Here the great orator committed a fatal mistake. Instead of taking the bold front of conscious innocence, he changed his attire, assumed the garb of one accused, and went round the forum soliciting the compassion of all whom he met. But all to no purpose: and being forced into exile, he went to Greece, and took up his residence in Thessalonica. It is sad to see how this event, which he might justly consider as one of the most glorious of his life, filled him with the utmost distress and despondency. He wandered about Greece bewailing his miserable fortune, refusing the consolations which his friends attempted to

administer, and shunning the public honors with which the Greek cities were eager to load him; and his correspondence, during the whole of this period, presents the melancholy picture of a mind crushed and paralyzed by a sudden reverse of fortune. "Never did divine philosophy fail more signally in procuring comfort or consolation to her votary."¹

The next year a bill passed the senate for Cicero's recall, and he returned to Rome amid the congratulations and rejoicings of the citizens. But his position was entirely changed, his spirit was broken, and his self-respect destroyed. The vacillating course which he took with the Triumviri, now favoring one, and now another, consenting to praise those actions which he once condemned, we cannot but deeply lament; yet he employed his leisure hours in the composition of his two great political works, the *De Republica* and the *De Legibus*. About five years after his return from exile he was appointed governor of Cilicia, and he discharged the duties of his office with great disinterestedness and integrity, and received from the inhabitants the warmest demonstrations of love and gratitude. He returned to Rome in January, B. C. 49, at the very moment when the civil strife, which had been smouldering so long, was bursting forth into the blaze of war. His vacillating and timid conduct on this occasion, his utter want of firmness, either moral or physical, exhibit him in a most painful and humiliating light. At first he was disposed, both from habit and conviction, to follow Pompey; afterwards he debated whether it would not be best quietly to submit to Cæsar. At last, after many lingering delays, he decided to pass over into Greece and join Pompey's standard. After the battle of Pharsalia (August 9, B. C. 48) he withdrew to Achaia, and thence went to Brundisium, where he remained nearly a year in great suspense and torture, awaiting the pleasure of the conqueror, whom he had so offended and deceived. At length he received a letter from Cæsar, in which he promised to forget the past, and be the same as he ever had been—a promise which he amply redeemed; for, on Cicero's arrival at Rome, Cæsar greeted him with frank cordiality, and treated him ever after with the utmost respect and kindness.

Cicero was now at liberty to follow his own pursuits without interruption, and accordingly, until the death of Cæsar, he devoted himself with exclusive assiduity to literary labors, and during these three years nearly the whole of his important works on rhetoric and philo-

¹ "For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently."

Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Scene 1.

sophy were arranged and published. But the state of his private affairs gave him great pain and perplexity. He felt compelled to divorce his wife Terentia, a woman of most violent temper, and who, by her extravagance, had contributed no little to his present pecuniary embarrassments. Soon after he married his ward Publilia, a young and wealthy maiden, but found little comfort in this new alliance, which was speedily dissolved. But his great and overpowering affliction was the death of his beloved daughter Tullia (early in B. C. 45), to whom he was most tenderly attached; and his grief for a time seemed so violent as almost to affect his mind.

The tumults excited by Antony after the murder of Cæsar (B. C. 44) compelled the leading conspirators to disperse in different directions, and Cicero, feeling that his own position was not free from danger, set out upon a journey to Greece. But he was persuaded to return in the beginning of the year 43 B. C., when Antony had quitted the city, and for four months he was in the height of his glory, for in this time the last twelve "Philippics" were all delivered, and listened to with rapturous applause. But the fatal union of Rome's three most precious scoundrels, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavianus, forming the second Triumvirate, took place on the 27th of November of this year, and Cicero, of course, was among the list of the proscribed. He endeavored to escape by sea, at the earnest entreaty of his friends, and had actually embarked at Antium; but a storm obliged the vessel to put back. Antony's soldiers had been scouring the country in pursuit of him, and at length overtook him as he was conveyed in a litter by a few faithful attendants. They set down the litter, and were preparing to defend him with their lives, when Cicero commanded them to desist; and, leaning out his neck, called upon his executioners to strike. They instantly cut off his head and hands, and conveyed them to Rome, where, by the orders of Antony, they were nailed to the Rostra, after the wife of the foul triumvir had, horrid to relate, first taken the head in her lap, pulled out the tongue, and pierced it through with her bodkin.¹

Thus died the greatest, by far the greatest man Rome ever saw. True he had his weaknesses and his foibles and faults—and who has not?—but take him all in all, for his eloquence, for his learning, for his true patriotism, for the profound and ennobling views he has left us in his critical, oratorical, and philosophical writings, as well as for

¹ For a more minute and a most interesting account of this whole transaction, read Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, three volumes, one of the most valuable and instructive pieces of biography in our language.

his purity in all the domestic relations of life, in the midst of almost universal profligacy, he stands forth upon the page of history as one of the very brightest names the ancients have left us.

The works of Cicero, so numerous and diversified, may be arranged under five separate heads: 1. *Philosophical Works*. 2. *Speeches*. 3. *Correspondence*. 4. *Poems*. 5. *Historical and Miscellaneous Works*. The following are the most important:—

First, his *Philosophical Works*. 1. *De Inventione Rhetorica*, "On the Rhetorical Art;" intended to exhibit, in a compendious form, all that was most valuable in the works of the Grecian rhetoricians. 2. *De Partitione Oratoria Dialogus*, "A Dialogue on the several Divisions of Rhetoric," a sort of catechism of rhetoric. 3. *De Oratore*,¹ "On the True Orator," a systematic work on the art of oratory. This is one of his most brilliant efforts, and so accurately finished in its minute parts, that it may be regarded as a masterpiece of skill in all that relates to the graces of style and composition. 4. *Brutus: de claris Oratoribus*.² This is in the form of a dialogue, and contains a complete critical history of Roman eloquence. 5. *Orator*,³ "The Orator," addressed to Marcus Brutus, giving his views as to what constitutes a perfect orator. 6. *De Republica*, "On the Republic," in six books, designed to show the best form of government and the duty of the citizen; but a considerable portion of this is lost. 7. *De Officiis*;⁴ a treatise on moral obligations, viewed not so much with reference to a metaphysical investigation of the basis on which they rest, as to the practical business of the world, and the intercourse of social and political life. This is one of his most precious legacies. 8. *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*,⁵ "On the Ends of Good and Evil," a series of dialogues dedicated to M. Brutus, in which the opinions of the Grecian schools, especially of the Epicureans, the Stoics, and the Peripatetics, on the Supreme Good, the *Summum Bonum*, that is, the *finis*, "the end" or object towards which all our thoughts, desires, and actions are or ought to be directed, are expounded, compared, and discussed.

¹ The most useful editions of *De Oratore* are those by Pearce, Cambridge and London, 1795; by Wetzel, Brunswick, 1794; by Harles, with the notes of Pearce and others, Leipsic, 1816; O. M. Müller, Leipsic, 1819, 8vo.

² The best edition of *Brutus* is that by Ellendt, with copious and useful prolegomena, Königsburg, 1826, 8vo. The useful school edition by Billerbeck, Hanover, 1828, may also be mentioned.

³ The best edition of the *Orator* is that by Meyer, Leipsic, 1827, 8vo. Billerbeck has also published a good school edition.

⁴ Editions: Gernhard, Leipsic, 8vo., 1811; Beier, two volumes, 8vo., Leipsic, 1820-21.

⁵ Editions: Otto, Leipsic, 8vo., 1831; Madvig, Copenhagen, 8vo., 1839. This is considered the best.

9. *Cato Major, De Senectute*,¹ "On Old Age," written to point out how the burden of old age may be most easily supported. This piece has always been deservedly esteemed as one of the most graceful moral essays bequeathed to us by antiquity.² 10. *Lælius, de Amicitia*,³ "On Friendship," in which he explains his own sentiments with regard to the origin, nature, limits, and value of friendship; traces its connection with the higher moral virtues, and lays down the rules which ought to be observed in order to render it permanent and mutually advantageous. 11. *Tusculanæ Quæstionæ*,⁴ "Tusculan Questions," a series of discussions, in five books, held at his Tusculan villa, on various important points of practical philosophy; such as the nature of death, the immortality of the soul, the duty of enduring pain and being insensible to sorrow, &c. 12. *De Natura Deorum*,⁵ "On the Nature of the Gods," in three books, in which the speculations of the Epicureans and the Stoics on the existence, attributes, and providence of a Divine Being are stated and discussed at length.

Second, *Speeches*. The orations which Cicero is known to have composed amount in all to about eighty, of which fifty-nine, either entire or in part, are preserved. To give an account of each of these would altogether exceed our limits. Some of them are deliberative, others judicial, others descriptive; some were delivered from the rostrum or in the senate; others in the forum or before Cæsar, and all in a style of surpassing grace and beauty, showing a command over his native tongue, a richness of imagination, a brilliancy of wit, and powers of argument, found in but very few. The most celebrated of these are his four orations against Catiline, his Philippics against Antony, his laudatory orations for the Manilian Law, for Marcellus, and for Archias the poet, and his skilful, argumentative oration for Milo.⁶

Third, *Correspondence*. The number of Cicero's letters that have been preserved amount to four hundred and twenty-six, of which three hundred and ninety-six are addressed to Atticus. Greece can

¹ Editions: Gernhard, Leipsic, 8vo., 1819; Otto, Leipsic, 1830.

² Read, in connection, Mrs. Sigourney's charming book, "Past Meridian."

³ Editions: Gernhard, Leipsic, 8vo., 1825; Beier, Leipsic, 12mo., 1828.

⁴ Editions: Orelli, enriched with a collection of the best commentaries, Zurich, 8vo., 1829; Kühner, Jenæ, 8vo., 1835; Moser, Hanover, 3 vols. 8vo., 1836-37, which is the most complete of any.

⁵ The edition of Moser and Creuzer, 8vo., Leipsic, 1818, is now regarded as the best.

⁶ An excellent edition of his Speeches is that of Klotz, Leipsic, 1835, 3 vols. 8vo., with excellent introductions and annotations in the German language. The number of editions of Cicero's "Select Orations" is almost innumerable.

furnish us with more profound philosophy than Rome, and with superior oratory; but the ancient world has left us nothing that can supply the place of these letters. For their rich and varied and graceful style, now argumentative and now witty and playful; for the ample materials which they supply for a history of the Roman constitution during its last struggles, giving us a deep insight into the character and motives of the chief leaders; and as affording a complete key to the character of Cicero himself, their value is altogether inestimable.¹

Fourth, *Poetical Works*. The less that is said of these effusions the better. Most of them belong to his earlier years, and were written for his own improvement or amusement, for when his powers were more mature, his public duties did not give him time for the cultivation of the muses. Not much more can be said, fifthly, of his *Historical Works*. His *Œconomics of Xenophon*, of which but a few fragments remain, was properly not so much a close translation as an adaptation of the treatise of Xenophon to the wants and habits of the Romans.²

INVECTIVE AGAINST CATILINE.

How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted? Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council; takes part in our de-

¹ The most useful edition of Cicero's Letters is that of Schütz, Halle, 1809-12, in 6 vols. 8vo., containing the whole of the Epistles, except those to Brutus, arranged in chronological order, and illustrated with explanatory notes.

² The best editions of the whole works of Cicero are to be found in Valpey's Latin Classics, London, in 159 vols., of which Cicero is comprised in 20 vols.; and in Lemaire's edition of the Latin authors, Paris, called *Bibliotheca Classica Latina*; also, Schütz's edition, in 20 vols. small 8vo., Leipzig; and Orelli's, Turin, 1826-1837, 9 vols. 8vo.

liberations; and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we but *shun* this madman's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless because forbearing. We have a decree—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard—a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late, than any man too cruelly. But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow, long since deserved. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is found so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized, by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason—the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State, than thou in plotting its destruction!

First Oration.

EXPULSION OF CATILINE FROM ROME.

At length, Romans, we are rid of Catiline! We have driven him forth, drunk with fury, breathing mischief, threatening to revisit us with fire and sword. He is gone; he is fled; he has escaped; he has broken away. No longer, within the very walls of the city, shall he plot her ruin. We have forced him from

secret plots into open rebellion. The bad citizen is now the avowed traitor. His flight is the confession of his treason! Would that his attendants had not been so few! Be speedy, ye companions of his dissolute pleasures; be speedy, and you may overtake him before night, on the Aurelian road. Let him not languish, deprived of your society. Haste to join the congenial crew that compose his army; *his* army, I say—for who doubts that the army under Manlius expect Catiline for their leader? And such an army! Outcasts from honor, and fugitives from debt; gamblers and felons; miscreants, whose dreams are of rapine, murder, and conflagration!

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies; and first to that maimed and battered gladiator oppose your consuls and generals; next, against that miserable, outcast horde, lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy! On the one side, chastity contends; on the other wantonness; here purity, there pollution; here integrity, there treachery; here piety, there profaneness; here constancy, there rage; here honesty, there baseness; here continence, there lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice; and, lastly, the contest lies between well-grounded hope and absolute despair. In such a conflict, were even human aid to fail, would not the immortal gods empower such conspicuous virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

Second Oration.

THE TYRANT PRÆTOR, VERRES, DENOUNCED.

An opinion has long prevailed, fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the State, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal or of a prosecutor, but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the quæstorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villanies? The public treasure squan-

dered, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled on! But his prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavins Cosanus? And what was his offence? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions! For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection—you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred—now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate—a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people—in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre, and ruin on the commonwealth.

Oration against Verres.

ADVANTAGES OF AGE.¹

Indeed, old age is so far from being necessarily a state of languor and inactivity, that it generally continues to exert itself in that sort of occupation which was the favorite object of its pursuit in more vigorous years. I will add, that instances might be produced of men who, in this period of life, have successfully applied themselves even to the acquisition of some art or science to which they were before entirely strangers. Thus Solon in one of his poems, written when he was advanced in years, glories that "he learnt something every day he lived."² And old as I myself am, it is but lately that I acquired a knowledge of the Greek language; to which I applied with the more zeal and diligence, as I had long entertained an earnest desire of becoming acquainted with the writings and characters of those excellent men, to whose examples I have occasionally appealed in the course of our present conversation. Thus Socrates, too, in his old age, learnt to play upon the lyre; an art which the ancients did not deem unworthy of their application. If I have not followed the philosopher's example in this instance (which, indeed, I very much regret), I have spared, however, no pains to make myself master of the Greek language and learning.

Inestimable, too, are the advantages of old age, if we contemplate it in another point of view; if we consider it as delivering us from the tyranny of lust and ambition; from the angry and contentious passions; from every inordinate and irrational desire; in a word, as teaching us to retire within ourselves, and look for happiness in our own bosoms. If to

¹ This extract, and the two following, are taken from his *Cato, or an Essay on Old Age*. The chief speaker is the venerable Cato, and the persons whom he addresses are Scipio, the son of the celebrated Paulus Æmilius, and Lælius, the son of Caius Lælius, the friend and companion of P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus.

² Solon was a poet, as well as a legislator. In the earlier part of his life he seems to have devoted his muse to the tender passion; but, as more sober years advanced, his compositions took a graver turn. Accordingly, he not only published several didactic and political poems, but also drew up a system of his laws in metre. The truth is, the human mind is never *stationary*; when it is not progressive, it is necessarily retrograde. He who imagines, at any period of his life, that he can advance no farther in moral or intellectual improvements, is as little acquainted with the extent of his own powers as the ancient voyager was with that of the terrestrial globe, who supposed he had erected pillars at the end of the world, when he had only left a monument how much farther he might have proceeded.

these moral benefits naturally resulting from length of days, be added that sweet food of the mind which is gathered in the fields of science, I know not any season of life that is passed more agreeably than the learned leisure of a virtuous old age.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

And now, among the different sentiments of the philosophers concerning the consequences of our final dissolution, may I not venture to declare my own? and the rather, as the nearer death advances towards me, the more clearly I seem to discern its real nature.

I am well convinced, then, that my dear departed friends, your two illustrious fathers,¹ are so far from having ceased to live, that the state they now enjoy can alone with propriety be called *life*. The soul, during her confinement within this prison of the body, is doomed by fate to undergo a severe penance; for her native seat is in heaven, and it is with reluctance that she is forced down from those celestial mansions into these lower regions, where all is foreign and repugnant to her divine nature. But the gods, I am persuaded, have thus widely disseminated immortal spirits, and clothed them with human bodies, that there might be a race of intelligent creatures, not only to have dominion over this our earth, but to contemplate the host of heaven, and imitate in their moral conduct the same beautiful order and uniformity so conspicuous in those splendid orbs. This opinion I am induced to embrace, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but in just deference, also, to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers. And I am further confirmed in my belief of the soul's immortality, by the discourse which Socrates—whom the oracle of Apollo pronounced to be the wisest of men—held upon this subject just before his death. In a word, when I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endued; its amazing celerity; its wonderful power in recollecting past events, and sagacity in discerning future; together with its numberless discoveries in the several arts and sciences, I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature. And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or

¹ See note on preceding page.

external impulse, it necessarily follows (as it is absurd to suppose the soul would desert itself) that this activity must continue forever. But farther; as the soul is evidently a simple, uncompounded substance, without any dissimilar parts or heterogeneous mixture, it cannot, therefore, be divided; consequently, it cannot perish. I might add, that the facility and expedition with which youth are taught to acquire numberless very difficult arts, is a strong presumption that the soul possessed a considerable portion of knowledge before it entered into the human form, and that what seems to be received from instruction is, in fact, no other than a reminiscence or recollection of its former ideas. This, at least, is the opinion of Plato.

CICERO'S PROSPECTS OF A FUTURE LIFE.

For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers; whose characters I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this, my earnest desire, confined to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected; I ardently wish to visit also those celebrated worthies, of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings.¹ To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing, and I would not be turned back in my journey, even upon the assured condition that my youth, like that of Pelias, should again be restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer upon me a new grant of my life, and replace me once more in the cradle, I would utterly, and without the least hesitation, reject the offer; having well nigh finished my race, I have no inclination to return to the goal. For what has life to recommend it? Or rather, indeed, to what evils does it not expose us? But admit that its satisfactions are many, yet surely there is a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast; for I mean not, in imitation of some very considerable philosophers, to represent the con-

¹ It seems to have strongly entered into the expectations of those eminent sages of antiquity who embraced the doctrine of the soul's immortality, that the felicity of the next life will partly arise, not only from a renewal of those virtuous connections which have been formed in the *present*, but from conversing at large with that whole glorious assembly, whom the poet hath so justly brought together in his description of the mansions of the blest.

dition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation.¹ On the contrary, I am far from regretting that life was bestowed upon me, as I have the satisfaction to think that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never designed for my permanent abode; and I look upon my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn.

O glorious day! when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assembly of departed spirits! Thus to think, and thus to act, has rendered my old age not only no inconvenient state to me, but even an agreeable one. And after all, should this, my firm persuasion of the soul's immortality, prove to be a mere delusion, it is at least a pleasing delusion, and I will cherish it to my latest breath.²

THE NECESSITY OF A FRIEND.

Good gods! is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world can bestow, if offered to him upon the severe terms of his being unconnected with a single mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be beloved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a detested tyrant, who, amidst perpetual suspicions and alarms, passes his miserable days a stranger

¹ Philosophy can never be employed in an office more unsuitable to her proper character and functions, than in setting forth such representations of human life as tend to put mankind out of humor with their present being; and yet into this unworthy service some eminent moralists, both ancient and modern, have not scrupled to compel her! The genuine effects of true wisdom and knowledge are altogether of a different complexion; as those speculative writers whose studies and talents have qualified them for taking the most accurate and comprehensive survey of the natural and moral world, have found the result of their inquiries terminate in the strongest motives for a grateful acquiescence in the beneficent administration of providence.

The truth is, the *natural* evils of life are but few and inconsiderable when compared with those which are of man's own production. Pain and disease, which now make such a variety of dreadful articles in every estimate of human calamities, would scarcely appear to exist, if the contributions of vice and luxury were fairly subtracted from the account.—*Melmoth*.

² This essay, written but a few years before his death, and almost the very last act he exerted in his philosophical character, may be considered as an explicit and unambiguous profession of his belief of the soul's *separate* existence in a future state. And if, after so positive a declaration of his being convinced of the truth of this important doctrine, the sincerity of his faith might nevertheless be called in question, hard indeed would he have found the task to give his inquisitors satisfaction.—*Melmoth*.

to every tender sentiment, and utterly precluded from the heart-felt satisfactions of friendship. For who can love the man he fears? or how can affection dwell with a consciousness of being feared? He may be flattered, indeed, by his followers with the specious semblance of personal attachment: but whenever he falls (and many instances there are of such a reverse of fortune) it will appear how totally destitute he stood of every genuine friend. Accordingly it is reported that Tarquin used to say, in his exile, that "his misfortunes had taught him to discern his real from his pretended friends, as it was now no longer in his power to make either of them any returns." I should much wonder, however, if, with a temper so insolent and ferocious, he ever had a sincere friend.

THE OFFICES OF FRIENDSHIP.

The offices of friendship are so numerous, and of such different kinds, that many little disguests may arise in the exercise of them, which a man of true good sense will either avoid, extenuate, or be contented to bear, as the nature and circumstances of the case may render most expedient. But there is one particular duty which may frequently occur, and which he will at all hazards of offence discharge; as it is never to be superseded consistently with the truth and fidelity he owes to the connection; I mean the duty of admonishing, and even reproving, his friend: an office which, whenever it is affectionately exercised, should be kindly received. It must be confessed, however, that the remark of my dramatic friend is too frequently verified, who observes in his *Andria*, that "obsequiousness conciliates friends, but truth creates enemies." When truth proves the bane of friendship, we may have reason, indeed, to be sorry for the unnatural consequence; but we should have cause to be more sorry, if we suffered a friend, by a culpable indulgence, to expose his character to just reproach. Upon these delicate occasions, however, we should be particularly careful to deliver our advice, or reproof, without the least appearance of acrimony or insult. Let our *obsequiousness* (to repeat the significant expression of Terence) extend as far as gentleness of manners, and the rules of good breeding require; but far let it be from seducing us to flatter either vice or misconduct: a meanness unworthy, not only of every man who claims to himself the title of friend, but of every liberal and ingenuous mind. Shall we live with a friend, upon the same

cautious terms we must submit to live with a tyrant? Desperate indeed must that man's moral disorders be, who shuts his ears to the voice of truth, when delivered by a sincere and affectionate monitor! It was a saying of Cato (and he had many that well deserve to be remembered) that "some men were more obliged to their inveterate enemies, than to their complaisant friends; as they frequently heard the truth from the one, but never from the other." In short, the great absurdity is, that men are apt, in the instances under consideration, to direct both their dislike and their approbation to the wrong object. They hate the admonition, and love the vice: whereas they ought, on the contrary, to hate the vice, and love the admonition.

VIRTUE TO BE LOVED AND SOUGHT FOR ITSELF.

That everything which is honorable is to be sought for its own sake, is an opinion common to us with many other schools of philosophers. For, except the three sects which exclude virtue from the chief good, this opinion must be maintained by all philosophers, and above all by us, who do not rank anything whatever among goods except what is honorable. But the defence of this opinion is very easy and simple indeed; for who is there, or who ever was there, of such violent avarice, or of such unbridled desires as not infinitely to prefer that anything which he wishes to acquire, even at the expense of any conceivable wickedness, should come into his power without crime (even though he had a prospect of perfect impunity), than through crime? and what utility, or what personal advantage do we hope for, when we are anxious to know whether those bodies are moving whose movements are concealed from us, and owing to what causes they revolve through the heavens? And who is there that lives according to such clownish maxims, or who has so rigorously hardened himself against the study of nature, as to be averse to things worthy of being understood, and to be indifferent to and disregard such knowledge, merely because there is no exact usefulness or pleasure likely to result from it? Or, who is there who—when he comes to know the exploits, and sayings, and wise counsels of our forefathers, of the Africani, or of that ancestor of mine whom you are always talking of, and of other brave men, and citizens of pre-eminent virtue—does not feel his mind affected with pleasure? and who that has been brought up in a respectable family, and educated

as becomes a freeman, is not offended with baseness as such, though it may not be likely to injure him personally? Who can keep his equanimity while looking on a man who, he thinks, lives in an impure and wicked manner? Who does not hate sordid, fickle, unstable, worthless men? But what shall we be able to say (if we do not lay it down that baseness is to be avoided for its own sake) is the reason why men do not seek darkness and solitude, and then give the rein to every possible infamy, except that baseness of itself detects them by reason of its own intrinsic foulness? Innumerable arguments may be brought forward to support this opinion; but it is needless, for there is nothing which can be less a matter of doubt than that what is honorable ought to be sought for its own sake; and, in the same manner, what is disgraceful ought to be avoided.

But after that point is established, which we have previously mentioned, that what is honorable is the sole good; it must unavoidably be understood that that which is honorable, is to be valued more highly than those intermediate goods which we derive from it. But when we say that folly, and rashness, and injustice, and intemperance are to be avoided on account of those things which result from them, we do not speak in such a manner that our language is at all inconsistent with the position which has been laid down, that that alone is evil which is dishonorable.

De Finibus.

THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE INNATE.

So vehement a love of knowledge and science is innate in us, that no one can doubt that the nature of man is drawn to them without being attracted by any external gain. Do we not see how boys cannot be deterred even by stripes from the consideration and investigation of such and such things? How, though they may be beaten, they still pursue their inquiries, and rejoice in having acquired some knowledge? How they delight in telling others what they have learnt? How they are attracted by processions, and games, and spectacles of that kind, and will endure even hunger and thirst for such an object? Can I say no more? Do we not see those who are fond of liberal studies and arts regard neither their health nor their estate; and endure everything because they are charmed with the intrinsic beauty of knowledge and science; and that they put the pleasures which they derive from learning in the scale against the greatest care and labor? And Homer him-

self appears to me to have had some such feeling as this, which he has developed in what he has said about the songs of the Sirens: for they do not seem to have been accustomed to attract those who were sailing by with the sweetness of their voices, or with any novelty or variety in their song, but the profession which they made of possessing great knowledge; so that men clung to their rocks from a desire of learning. For thus they invite Ulysses (for I have translated several passages of Homer, and this among them):—

Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
Oh, cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear:
Our song instructs the soul and charms the ear.
Approach, thy soul shall into raptures rise;
Approach, and learn new wisdom from the wise.
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achieved at Ilium in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies—
Oh stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise.¹

Homer saw that the story would not be probable if he represented so great a man as caught by mere songs; so they promise him knowledge, which it was not strange that a man desirous of wisdom should consider dearer than his country. And, indeed, to wish to know everything of every kind, is natural to the curious; but, to be attracted by the contemplation of greater objects, to entertain a general desire for knowledge, ought to be considered a proof of a great man.

What ardor for study do you not suppose there must have been in Archimedes, who was so occupied in drawing some mathematical figures in the sand, that he was not aware that his city was taken? And what a mighty genius was that of Aristoxenus, which, we see, was devoted to music? What fondness, too, for study, must have inspired Aristophanes, to dedicate his whole life to literature! What shall we say of Pythagoras? Why should I speak of Plato and of Democritus, by whom, we see, that the most distant countries were travelled over, on account of their desire for learning? And those who are blind to this have never loved anything very worthy of being known. And here I may say, that those who say that those studies which I have mentioned are cultivated for the sake of the pleasures of the mind, do not understand that they are desirable for their own sakes, because the mind is delighted

¹ Pope's Homer, *Odys.* xii. 231.

by them, without the interruption of any ideas of utility, and rejoices in the mere fact of knowledge, even though it may possibly produce inconvenience. But why need we seek for more instances to prove what is so evident? For let us examine our own selves, and inquire how the motions of the stars, and the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and the knowledge of all those things which are hidden from us by the obscurity of nature, affect us; and why history, which we are accustomed to trace back as far as possible, delights us; in the investigation of which we go over again all that has been omitted, and follow up all that we have begun. Nor, indeed, am I ignorant that there is a use, and not merely pleasure, in history. What, however, will be said, with reference to our reading with pleasure imaginary fables, from which no utility can possibly be derived? Or to our wishing that the names of those who have performed any great exploits, and their family, and their country, and many circumstances besides, which are not at all necessary, should be known to us? How shall we explain the fact, that men of the lowest rank, who have no hope of ever performing great deeds themselves, artisans in short, are fond of history; and that we may see that those persons also are especially fond of hearing and reading of great achievements, who are removed from all hope of ever performing any, being worn out with old age? It must, therefore, be understood, that the allurements are in the things themselves which are learnt and known, and that it is they themselves which excite us to learning and to the acquisition of information.

De Finibus.

DEATH NO EVIL.

Death, which threatens us daily from a thousand accidents, and which, by reason of the shortness of life, can never be far off, does not deter a wise man from making such provision for his country and his family, as he hopes may last forever; and from regarding posterity, of which he can never have any real perception, as belonging to himself. Wherefore a man may act for eternity, even though he be persuaded that his soul is mortal; not, indeed, from a desire of glory, which he will be insensible of, but from a principle of virtue, which glory will inevitably attend, though that is not his object. The process, indeed, of nature is this; that just in the same manner as our birth was the beginning of things with us, so death will be the

end; and as we were no ways concerned with anything before we were born, so neither shall we be after we are dead; and in this state of things where can the evil be? since death has no connection with either the living or the dead; the one have no existence at all, the other are not yet affected by it.

Away, then, with those follies which are little better than the old woman's dreams, such as that it is miserable to die before our time. What time do you mean? That of nature? But she has only lent you life, as she might lend you money, without fixing any certain time for its repayment. Have you any grounds of complaint, then, that she recalls it at her pleasure? for you received it on these terms. They that complain thus, allow, that if a young child dies, the survivors ought to bear his loss with equanimity; that if an infant in the cradle dies, they ought not even to utter a complaint; and yet nature has been more severe with them in demanding back what she gave. They answer by saying, that such have not tasted the sweets of life; while the other had begun to conceive hopes of great happiness, and indeed had begun to realize them. Men judge better in other things, and allow a part to be preferable to none; why do they not admit the same estimate in life? Though Callimachus does not speak amiss in saying, that more tears had flowed from Priam than his son; yet they are thought happier who die after they have reached old age. It would be hard to say why; for I do not apprehend that any one, if a longer life were granted to him, would find it happier. There is nothing more agreeable to a man than prudence, which old age most certainly bestows on a man, though it may strip him of everything else; but what age is long? or what is there at all long to a man? Does not

Old age, though unregarded, still attend
On childhood's pastimes, as the cares of men?

But because there is nothing beyond old age, we call that long; all these things are said to be long or short, according to the proportion of time they were given us for. Aristotle saith, there is a kind of insect near the river Hypanis, which runs from a certain part of Europe into the Pontus, whose life consists but of one day; those that die at the eighth hour, die in full age; those who die when the sun sets are very old, especially when the days are at the longest. Compare our longest life with eternity, and we shall be found almost as short-lived as those little animals.

Let us, then, despise all these follies—for what softer name

can I give to such levities?—and let us lay the foundation of our happiness in the strength and greatness of our minds, in a contempt and disregard of all earthly things, and in the practice of every virtue. For at present we are enervated by the softness of our imaginations, so that, should we leave this world before the promises of our fortune-tellers are made good to us, we should think ourselves deprived of some great advantages, and seem disappointed and forlorn. But if, through life, we are in continual suspense, still expecting, still desiring, and are in continual pain and torture, good gods! how pleasant must that journey be which ends in security and ease! How pleased am I with Theramenes! of how exalted a soul does he appear! For, although we never read of him without tears, yet that illustrious man is not to be lamented in his death, who, when he had been imprisoned by the command of the thirty tyrants, drank off, at one draught, as if he had been thirsty, the poisoned cup, and threw the remainder out of it with such force, that it sounded as it fell; and then, on hearing the sound of the drops, he said, with a smile, “I drink this to the most excellent Critias,” who had been his most bitter enemy; for it is customary among the Greeks, at their banquets, to name the person to whom they intend to deliver the cup. This celebrated man was pleasant to the last, even when he had received the poison into his bowels, and truly foretold the death of that man whom he named when he drank the poison, and that death soon followed. Who that thinks death an evil, could approve of the evenness of temper in this great man at the instant of dying? Socrates came, a few years after, to the same prison and the same cup, by as great iniquity on the part of his judges as the tyrants displayed when they executed Theramenes. What a speech is that which Plato makes him deliver before his judges, after they had condemned him to death!¹

Tusculan Disputations.

LETTER TO TREBATIUS.

[B. C. 54.]

I perceive by your letter, that my friend Cæsar looks upon you as a most wonderful lawyer: and are you not happy in being thus placed in a country where you make so considerable a figure upon so small a stock? But with how much greater advantage would your noble talents have appeared had you

¹ See pages 119, 120, and 121.

gone into Britain? Undoubtedly there would not have been so profound a sage in the law throughout all that extensive island.

Since your epistle has provoked me to be thus jocose, I will proceed in the same strain, and tell you there was one part of it I could not read without some envy. And how indeed could it be otherwise, when I found, that, whilst much greater men were in vain attempting to get admittance to Cæsar, you were singled out from the crowd, and even summoned to an audience?¹ But after giving me an account of affairs which concern others, why were you silent as to your own; assured as you are that I interest myself in them with as much zeal as if they immediately related to myself? Accordingly, as I am extremely afraid you will have no *employment* to keep you warm in your winter quarters, I would by all means advise you to lay in a sufficient quantity of fuel. Both Mucius and Manilius² have *given their opinions* to the same purpose; especially as your *regimentals*, they apprehend, will scarce be ready soon enough to secure you against the approaching cold. We hear, however, that there has been *hot* work in your part of the world; which somewhat alarmed me for your safety. But I comforted myself with considering, that you are not altogether so desperate a soldier as you are a lawyer. It is a wonderful consolation indeed to your friends, to be assured that your passions are not an overmatch for your prudence. Thus, as much as I know you love the water,³ you would not venture, I find, to cross it with Cæsar: and though nothing could keep you from the combats⁴ in Rome, you were much too wise, I perceive, to attend them in Britain.

But pleasantry apart: you know without my telling you, with what zeal I have recommended you to Cæsar; though

¹ Trebatius, it is probable, had informed Cicero, in the letter to which this is an answer, that he had been summoned by Cæsar to attend him as his assessor upon some trial; which seems to have led this author into the railleries of this and the preceding passages.

² Mucius and Manilius, it must be supposed, were two lawyers and particular friends of Trebatius.

³ The art of swimming was among the number of polite exercises in ancient Rome, and esteemed a necessary qualification for every gentleman. It was indeed one of the essential arts in military discipline, as both the soldiers and officers had frequently no other means of pursuing or retreating from the enemy. Accordingly, the *Campus Martius*, a place where the Roman youth were taught the science of arms, was situated on the banks of the Tiber; and they constantly finished their exercises of this kind, by throwing themselves into the river.

⁴ Alluding to his fondness of the gladiatorial games.

perhaps you may not be apprised that I have frequently, as well as warmly, written to him upon that subject. I had for some time, indeed, intermitted my solicitations, as I would not seem to distrust his friendship and generosity: however, I thought proper in my last to remind him once more of his promise. I desire you would let me know what effect my letter has produced: and at the same time give me a full account of everything that concerns you. For I am exceedingly anxious to be informed of the prospect and situation of your affairs; as well as how long you imagine your absence is likely to continue. Be persuaded, that nothing could reconcile me to this separation, but the hopes of its proving to your advantage. In any other view I should not be so impolitic as not to insist on your return: as you would be too prudent, I dare say, to delay it. The truth is, one hour's gay or serious conversation together, is of more importance to us, than all the foes and all the friends that the whole nation of Gaul can produce. I entreat you, therefore, to send me an immediate account in what posture your affairs stand: and be assured, as honest Chremes says to his neighbor in the play:—

Whatever cares thy lab'ring bosom grieve,
My tongue shall smoothe them, or my hand relieve.

Farewell.

LETTER TO TERENTIA AND TULLIA.

Minturnæ, Jan. the 25th. [B. C. 53.]

In what manner it may be proper to dispose of yourselves, during the present conjuncture, is a question which must now be decided by your own judgments as much as by mine. Should Cæsar advance to Rome without committing hostilities, you may certainly for the present at least remain there unmolested: but if this madman should give up the city to the rapine of his soldiers, I must doubt whether even Dolabella's credit and authority will be sufficient to protect you. I am under some apprehension likewise, lest whilst you are deliberating in what manner to act, you should find yourself so surrounded with the army as to render it impossible to withdraw, though you should be ever so much inclined. The next question is (and it is a question which you yourselves are best able to determine), whether any ladies of your rank venture to continue in the city: if not, will it be consistent with your character to appear singular in that point? But be that as it will, you cannot, I

think, as affairs are now situated, be more commodiously placed, than either with me or at some of our farms in this district; supposing, I mean, that I should be able to maintain my present post. I must add, likewise, that a short time, 'tis to be feared, will produce a great scarcity in Rome. However, I should be glad you would take the sentiments of Atticus, or Camillus, or any other friend whom you may choose to consult upon this subject. In the meanwhile, let me conjure you both to keep up your spirits. The coming over of Labienus to our party has given affairs a much better aspect. And Piso having withdrawn himself from the city, is likewise another very favorable circumstance: as it is a plain indication that he disapproves the impious measures of his son-in-law.

I entreat you, my dearest creatures, to write to me as frequently as possible, and let me know how it is with you, as well as what is going forward in Rome. My brother and nephew, together with Rufus, affectionately salute you. Farewell.

LETTER TO PAPIRIUS PÆTUS.

[B. C. 42.]

Your letter gave me a double pleasure: for it not only diverted me extremely, but was a proof likewise that you are so well recovered as to be able to indulge your usual gayety. I was well contented at the same time to find myself the subject of your raillery; and, in truth, the repeated provocations I had given you were sufficient to call forth all the severity of your satire. My only regret is, that I am prevented from taking my intended journey into your part of the world; where I proposed to have made myself, I do not say your guest, but one of your family. You would have found me wonderfully changed from the man I formerly was, when you used to cram me with your cloying antepasts.¹ For I now more prudently sit down to table with an appetite altogether unimpaired, and most heroically make my way through every dish that comes before me, from the egg² that leads the van, to the roast veal

¹ These antepasts seem to have been a kind of collation preparatory to the principal entertainment. They generally consisted, it is probable, of such dishes as were provocatives to appetite: but prudent economists, as may be collected from the turn of Cicero's raillery, sometimes contrived them in such a manner as to damp rather than improve the stomach of their guests.

² The first dish at every Roman table was constantly eggs; which maintained their post of honor even at the most magnificent entertainments.

that brings up the rear.¹ The temperate and unexpensive guest whom you were wont to applaud, is now no more. I have bidden a total farewell to all the cares of the patriot; and have joined the professed enemies of my former principles; in short, I am become an absolute Epicurean. You are by no means, however, to consider me as a friend to that injudicious profusion, which is now the prevailing taste of our modern entertainments: on the contrary, it is that more elegant luxury I admire, which you formerly used to display when your finances were more flourishing, though your farms were not more numerous than at present. Be prepared, therefore, for my reception accordingly; and remember you are to entertain a man who has not only a most enormous appetite, but who has some little knowledge, let me tell you, in the science of elegant eating. You know there is a peculiar air of self-sufficiency, that generally distinguishes those who enter late into the study of any art. You will not wonder, therefore, when I take upon me to inform you, that you must banish your cakes and your sweetmeats, as articles that are now utterly discarded from all fashionable bills of fare. I am become indeed such a proficient in this science, that I frequently venture to invite to my table those refined friends of yours, the delicate Virrius and Camillus. Nay, I am bolder still, and have presumed to give a supper even to Hirtius himself; though, I must own, I could not advance so far as to honor him with a peacock. To tell you the truth, my honest cook had not skill enough to imitate any other part of his splendid entertainments, except only his smoking soups.

But to give you a general sketch of my manner of life; I spend the first part of the morning in receiving the compliments of several, both of our dejected patriots and our gay victors: the latter of whom treat me with great marks of civility and esteem. As soon as that ceremony is over, I retire to my library; where I employ myself either with my books or my pen. And here I am sometimes surrounded by an audience, who look upon me as a man of most profound erudition, for no other reason, perhaps, than because I am not altogether so ignorant as themselves. The rest of my time I wholly devote to indulgences of a less intellectual kind. I have sufficiently indeed paid the tribute of sorrow to my unhappy country; the miseries whereof I have longer and more bitterly lamented, than ever tender mother bewailed the loss of her only son.

¹ It appears by a passage which Manutius cites from Tertullian, that the Romans usually concluded their feasts with broiled or roast meat.

Let me desire you, as you would secure your magazine of provisions from falling into my hands, to take care of your health; for I have most unmercifully resolved that no pretence of indisposition shall preserve your larder from my depredations. Farewell.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

100-44 B. C.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR was born on the 12th of July, B. C. 100. At the age of seventeen he provoked the anger of Sylla by marrying Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, who was the most bitter opponent of the tyrant. Sylla commanded him to put her away, but unlike Piso and Pompey, who submissively obeyed a like command, he boldly refused, and consequently was proscribed, deprived of his wife's dower, and his own fortune. His life, of course, being in great danger, he was obliged to conceal himself for some time, and with great difficulty obtained, through his kindred, pardon from Sylla, who remarked, "There are many Mariuses in that boy." This was the first proof which Cæsar gave of the resolution and decision of character which distinguished him through life.

But to go into the details of his political and military life would occupy too much space in a work of this character, and would be quite foreign to its design. His rapid course through the various minor offices to the highest in the state—the consulship; his various efforts to gain the favor of the populace by entertainments and feasts; his great military success in Spain, in Gaul, and in Britain; his returning to Rome with his victorious troops, contrary to the command of the Senate; his pursuit of his great rival, Pompey, into Greece, and final victory over him at Pharsalia, B. C. 48; his return to Rome, and assuming the supreme dictatorship, and his assassination in the Senate-house on the Ides of March (the 15th) B. C. 44; all these incidents of his eventful life, and many others scarcely inferior, with their details, form a most interesting and instructive page in the history of the world. But while we leave these to the political historian,¹ we may remark upon his character. In a moral point of view it presents

¹ Read that admirable book, before commended, "Middleton's Life of Cicero," which might better be termed "Cicero and his Times."

no aspect for admiration; in licentiousness it was as low as that of most of the Romans in his day. He had, however, some redeeming traits; he was manly, generous, forgiving. While indifferent as to the means by which he acquired power, when it was once obtained, no man ever displayed more moderation and wisdom in its exercise. With a magnanimity which victors rarely exhibit, and least of all, those engaged in civil wars, he freely forgave all who had borne arms against him, and declared he should make no difference between the Pompeians and Cæsarians.

In the character of a legislator he showed great wisdom. As soon as he had obtained supreme power he proceeded to correct the various evils that had crept into the state, and to obtain the enactment of several wise laws, suitable to the altered condition of the Commonwealth. Though previously he had been more extravagant in his expenditure than any other Roman general, he now attempted by severe laws to restrain the extravagance which pervaded all classes of society. A most important change was introduced by him in the reformation of the calendar, which was not only of vast importance to his country and to the civilized world, but its benefits have extended to the present day. What consummate folly, then, to say nothing of the wickedness, was displayed by the conspirators who put him to death; for instead of the wise, the noble, the magnanimous, they exalted to supreme power one of the basest men in all Rome—Augustus, who, as one of the second Triumvirate, consented to the murder of his intimate and noble friend Cicero.

As to his intellectual character, Cæsar was gifted by nature with the most varied talents, and was distinguished by an extraordinary genius, and by attainments in very diversified pursuits. He was, at one and the same time, a general, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, an historian, a philologist, a mathematician, and an architect. He seemed equally fitted to excel in all, and has given proofs that he would have surpassed most men in any subject to which he should devote the energies of his great mind; and Middleton says he was the only man in Rome capable of rivalling Cicero as an orator. During his whole busy life he found time for literary pursuits, and always took pleasure in the society and conversation of men of learning.

Cæsar wrote many works on different subjects, but they are now all lost but his "Commentaries." These relate to the history of the first seven years of the Gallic War in seven books, and the history of the Civil War down to the commencement of the Alexandrine in three books. The purity of his Latin, and the clearness and beauty of his

style were celebrated by the ancients themselves, and have rendered his "Commentaries" a most popular and desirable book with all students of the Latin language.¹

PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS OF BRITAIN.

The interior portion of Britain is inhabited by those of whom they say that it is handed down by tradition that they were born in the island itself: the maritime portion by those who had passed over from the country of the Belgæ for the purpose of plunder and making war; almost all of whom are called by the names of those states from which being sprung they went thither, and having waged war, continued there and began to cultivate the lands. The number of the people is countless, and their buildings exceedingly numerous, for the most part very like those of the Gauls: the number of cattle is great. They use either brass² or iron rings, determined at a certain weight, as their money. Tin is produced in the midland regions; in the maritime, iron; but the quantity of it is small: they employ brass, which is imported. There, as in Gaul, is timber of every description, except beech and fir. They do not regard it lawful³ to eat the hare, and the cock, and the goose; they, however, breed them for amusement and pleasure. The climate is more temperate than in Gaul, the cold being less severe.

The most civilized of all these nations are they who inhabit Kent, which is entirely a maritime district, nor do their customs differ much from those of the Gauls. Most of the inland inhabitants do not sow corn, but live on milk and flesh, and are clad with skins. All the Britains, indeed, dye themselves with woad, which occasions a bluish color, and thereby they have a more terrible appearance in fight. They wear their hair long, and have every part of their body shaved except their head and upper lip.

THE DRUIDS.

The Druids do not go to war, nor pay tribute together with the rest; they have an exemption from military service and a

¹ Editions: Ondendorff, Stuttgart, 8vo., 1822; Morris, re-edited by Oberlin, Leipzig, 1819, 8vo.

² Tacitus, in his life of Agricola, mentions silver and gold as the productions of Britain.

³ The *nefas*, or impiety of eating those animals does not appear, however, to arise from their having been victims offered in sacrifice.

dispensation in all matters. Induced by such great advantages, many embrace this profession of their own accord, and many are sent to it by their parents and relations. They are said there to learn by heart a great number of verses; accordingly some remain in the course of training twenty years. Nor do they regard it lawful to commit these to writing, though in almost all other matters, in their public and private transactions, they use Greek characters. That practice they seem to me to have adopted for two reasons; because they neither desire their doctrines to be divulged among the mass of the people, nor those who learn to devote themselves the less to the efforts of memory, relying on writing; since it generally occurs to most men, that, in their dependence on writing, they relax their diligence in learning thoroughly, and their employment of the memory. They wish to inculcate this as one of their leading tenets, that souls do not become extinct,¹ but pass after death from one body to another; and they think that men by this tenet are in a great degree excited to valor, the fear of death being disregarded. They likewise discuss and impart to the youth many things respecting the stars and their motion, respecting the extent of the world and of our earth, respecting the nature of things; and respecting the power and the majesty of the immortal gods.²

THE GAULS.

The nation of the Gauls is extremely devoted to superstitious rites; and on that account they who are troubled with unusually severe diseases and they who are engaged in battles and dangers, either sacrifice men as victims, or vow that they will sacrifice them, and employ the Druids as the performers of those sacrifices; because they think that unless the life of a man be offered for the life of a man, the mind of the immortal gods cannot be rendered propitious, and they have sacrifices of that kind ordained for national purposes. Others have figures of vast size, the limbs of which formed of osiers they fill with living men, which being set on fire, the men perish enveloped in the flames. They consider that the oblation of such as have

¹ Between the Druidical and the Pythagorean Metempsychosis there was this difference, that the latter maintained the migration of the soul into irrational animals, while the former restricted the dogma to the passage of the soul from man to man.

² Other ancient writers have referred to the sciences of the Druids.

been taken in theft, or in robbery, or any other offence, is more acceptable to the immortal gods; but when a supply of that class is wanting, they have recourse to the oblation of even the innocent.

They worship as their divinity, Mercury¹ in particular, and have many images of him, and regard him as the inventor of all arts; they consider him the guide of their journeys and marches, and believe him to have very great influence over the acquisition of gain and mercantile transactions. Next to him they worship Apollo, and Mars, and Jupiter, and Minerva; respecting these deities they have for the most part the same belief as other nations: namely, that Apollo averts diseases; that Minerva imparts the invention of manufactures; that Jupiter possesses the sovereignty of the heavenly powers; that Mars presides over wars. To him, when they have determined to engage in battle, they commonly vow those things which they shall take in war. When they have conquered, they sacrifice whatever captured animals may have survived the conflict, and collect the other things into one place. In many states you may see piles of these things heaped up in their consecrated spots; nor does it often happen that any one, disregarding the sanctity of the case, dares either to secrete in his house things captured, or take away those deposited; and the most severe punishment, with torture, has been established for such a deed.

All the Gauls assert that they are descended from the god Dis, and say that this tradition has been handed down by the Druids. For that reason they compute the divisions of every season, not by the number of days, but of nights; they keep birthdays and the beginnings of months and years in such an order that the day follows the night. Among the other usages of their life, they differ in this from almost all other nations, that they do not permit their children to approach them openly until they are grown up so as to be able to bear the service of war; and they regard it as indecorous for a son of boyish age to stand in public in the presence of his father.

Whatever sums of money the husbands have received in the name of dowry from their wives, making an estimate of it, they add the same amount out of their own estates. An account is

¹ The student must not imagine that Cæsar found the names *Mercurius*, *Apollo*, &c., existing among the Gauls, as those of their *deities* here spoken of; but it is to be understood that Cæsar applied to the *divinities* of the Gauls the names of those in the Roman mythology, whose attributes generally corresponded with them severally.

of all this money conjointly, and the profits are laid by : whichever of them shall have survived the other, to that one the portion of both reverts, together with the profits of the previous time. Husbands have power of life and death over their wives as well as over their children : and when the father of a family, born in a more than commonly distinguished rank, has died, his relations assemble, and, if the circumstances of his death are suspicious, hold an investigation upon the wives in the manner adopted towards slaves ; and, if proof be obtained, put them to severe torture, and kill them. Their funerals, considering the state of civilization among the Gauls, are magnificent and costly ; and they cast into the fire all things, including living creatures, which they suppose to have been dear to them when alive ; and, a little before this period, slaves and dependants, who were ascertained to have been beloved by them, were, after the regular funeral rites were completed, burnt together with them.

THE GERMANS.

The Germans differ much from these usages, for they have neither Druids to preside over sacred offices, nor do they pay great regard to sacrifices. They rank in the number of the gods those alone whom they behold, and by whose instrumentality they are obviously benefited, namely, the sun, fire, and the moon ; they have not heard of the other deities even by report. Their whole life is occupied in hunting and in the pursuits of the military art ; from childhood they devote themselves to fatigue and hardships. Those who have remained chaste for the longest time, receive the greatest commendation among their people : they think that by this the growth is promoted, by this the physical powers are increased and the sinews are strengthened.

They do not pay much attention to agriculture, and a large portion of their food consists in milk, cheese, and flesh ; nor has any one a fixed quantity of land or his own individual limits ; but the magistrates and the leading men each year apportion to the tribes and families, who have united together, as much land as, and in the place in which, they think proper, and the year after compel them to remove elsewhere. For this enactment they advance many reasons—lest seduced by long-continued custom, they may exchange their ardor in the waging of war for agriculture ; lest they may be anxious to acquire

extensive estates, and the more powerful drive the weaker from their possessions ; lest they construct their houses with too great a desire to avoid cold and heat ; lest the desire of wealth spring up, from which cause divisions and discords arise ; and that they may keep the common people in a contented state of mind, when each sees his own means placed on an equality with those of the most powerful.

It is the greatest glory to the several states to have as wide deserts as possible around them, their frontiers having been laid waste. They consider this the real evidence of their prowess, that their neighbors shall be driven out of their lands and abandon them, and that no one dare settle near them ; at the same time they think that they shall be on that account the more secure, because they have removed the apprehension of a sudden incursion. When a state either repels war waged against it, or wages it against another, magistrates are chosen to preside over that war with such authority, that they have power of life and death. In peace there is no common magistrate, but the chiefs of provinces and cantons administer justice and determine controversies among their own people. Robberies which are committed beyond the boundaries of each state bear no infamy, and they avow that these are committed for the purpose of disciplining their youth and of preventing sloth. And when any of their chiefs has said in an assembly "that he will be their leader, let those who are willing to follow, give in their names;" they who approve of both the enterprise and the man, arise and promise their assistance and are applauded by the people ; such of them as have not followed him are accounted in the number of deserters and traitors, and confidence in all matters is afterwards refused them. To injure guests they regard as impious ; they defend from wrong those who have come to them for any purpose whatever, and esteem them inviolable ; to them the houses of all are open and maintenance is freely supplied.¹

BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.

There was so much space left between the two lines, as sufficed for the onset of the hostile armies : but Pompey had

¹ "No nation," says Tacitus, speaking of them in his *Germania*, "more freely exercises entertainment and hospitality. To drive any one whomsoever from their houses, they consider a crime."

ordered his soldiers to await Cæsar's attack, and not to advance from their position, or suffer their line to be put into disorder. And he is said to have done this by the advice of Caius Triarius, that the impetuosity of the charge of Cæsar's soldiers might be checked, and their line broken, and that Pompey's troops remaining in their ranks, might attack them while in disorder; and he thought that the javelins would fall with less force if the soldiers were kept in their ground, than if they met them in their course; at the same time he trusted that Cæsar's soldiers, after running over double the usual ground, would become weary and exhausted by the fatigue. But to me Pompey seems to have acted without sufficient reason: for there is a certain impetuosity of spirit and an alacrity implanted by nature in the hearts of all men, which is inflamed by a desire to meet the foe. This a general should endeavor not to repress, but to increase; nor was it a vain institution of our ancestors, that the trumpets should sound on all sides, and a general shout be raised; by which they imagined that the enemy were struck with terror, and their own army inspired with courage.

But our men, when the signal was given, rushed forward with their javelins ready to be launched, but perceiving that Pompey's men did not run to meet their charge, having acquired experience by custom, and being practised in former battles, they of their own accord repressed their speed, and halted almost midway, that they might not come up with the enemy when their strength was exhausted, and after a short respite they again renewed their course, and threw their javelins, and instantly drew their swords, as Cæsar had ordered them. Nor did Pompey's men fail in this crisis, for they received our javelins, stood our charge, and maintained their ranks: and having launched their javelins, had recourse to their swords. At the same time Pompey's horse, according to their orders, rushed out at once from his left wing, and his whole host of archers poured after them. Our cavalry did not withstand their charge: but gave ground a little, upon which Pompey's horse pressed them more vigorously, and began to file off in troops, and flank our army. When Cæsar perceived this, he gave the signal to his fourth line, which he had formed of the six cohorts. They instantly rushed forward and charged Pompey's horse with such fury, that not a man of them stood; but all wheeling about, not only quitted their post, but galloped forward to seek a refuge in the highest mountains. By their retreat the archers and slingers, being left destitute and defenceless, were all cut to pieces. The cohorts, pursuing their success, wheeled about

upon Pompey's left wing, whilst his infantry still continued to make battle, and attacked them in the rear.

At the same time Cæsar ordered his third line to advance, which till then had not been engaged, but had kept their post. Thus, new and fresh troops having come to the assistance of the fatigued, and others having made an attack on their rear, Pompey's men were not able to maintain their ground, but all fled,¹ nor was Cæsar deceived in his opinion, that the victory, as he had declared in his speech to his soldiers, must have its beginning from those six cohorts, which he had placed as a fourth line to oppose the horse. For by them the cavalry were routed; by them the archers and slingers were cut to pieces; by them the left wing of Pompey's army was surrounded, and obliged to be the first to flee. But when Pompey saw his cavalry routed, and that part of his army on which he reposed his greatest hopes thrown into confusion, despairing of the rest, he quitted the field, and retreated straightway on horseback to his camp, and calling to the centurions, whom he had placed to guard the prætorian gate, with a loud voice, that the soldiers might hear: "Secure the camp," says he, "defend it with diligence, if any danger should threaten it; I will visit the other gates, and encourage the guards of the camp." Having thus said, he retired into his tent in utter despair, yet anxiously waiting the issue.

Cæsar having forced the Pompeians to flee into their entrenchment, and thinking that he ought not to allow them any respite to recover from their fright, exhorted his soldiers to take advantage of fortune's kindness, and to attack the camp. Though they were fatigued by the intense heat, for the battle had continued till mid-day, yet, being prepared to undergo any labor, they cheerfully obeyed his command. The camp was bravely defended by the cohorts which had been left to guard it, but with much more spirit by the Thracians and foreign auxiliaries. For the soldiers who had fled for refuge to it from the field of battle, affrighted and exhausted by fatigue, having thrown away their arms and military standards, had their thoughts more engaged on their further escape than on the defence of the camp. Nor could the troops who were posted on the battlements long withstand the immense number of our darts, but fainting under their wounds, quitted the place, and

¹ Historians state that Cæsar on this occasion advised his soldiers to aim at the faces of Pompey's cavalry, who, being composed principally of the young noblemen of Rome, dreaded a scar in the face more than death itself.

under the conduct of their centurions and tribunes, fled, without stopping, to the high mountains which joined the camp.

In Pompey's camp you might see arbors in which tables were laid; a large quantity of plate set out; the floors of the tents covered with fresh sods; the tents of Lucius Lentulus and others shaded with ivy; and many other things which were proofs of excessive luxury, and a confidence of victory; so that it might readily be inferred, that they had no apprehensions of the issue of the day, as they indulged themselves in unnecessary pleasures, and yet upbraided with luxury Cæsar's army, distressed and suffering troops, who had always been in want of common necessaries. Pompey, as soon as our men had forced the trenches, mounting his horse, and stripping off his general's habit, went hastily out of the back gate of the camp, and galloped with all speed to Larissa. Nor did he stop there, but with the same dispatch, collecting a few of his flying troops, and halting neither day nor night, he arrived at the sea-side, attended by only thirty horse, and went on board a victualling barque, often complaining, as we have been told, that he had been so deceived in his expectation, that he was almost persuaded that he had been betrayed by those from whom he had expected victory, as they began the flight.

CATULLUS.

85—45 B. C.

Caius (or Quintus) VALERIUS CATULLUS was born, according to the most probable accounts, in the year B. C. 85. Very few particulars of his life are known. His father was a person of some consideration, and his son must have possessed a moderate independence, since, in addition to his paternal residence on the beautiful promontory of Sirmio, he was the proprietor of a villa in the vicinity of Tibur, and performed a voyage from the Pontus in his own yacht. Early in life he took up his residence at Rome, and lived on terms of intimacy with many of the most dissipated, as well as the most distinguished literary and political characters of the day, and plunged into all the voluptuousness and debauchery of the times. He, therefore, soon became pecuniarily embarrassed, and to better his fortunes he travelled into Bithynia with Memmius, governor of that province. This

movement did not seem to answer the purpose intended, and he died an untimely death at the age of forty.

Most of the compositions of Catullus which have reached us are pieces of gallantry, or satirical epigrams, with a few of a more elevated cast. They exhibit the sensual grossness which is imbibed from depraved habits and loose imaginations, in singular contrast with gleams of sentiment and taste, and the polish of intellectual cultivation. Many of his amatory trifles are quite unrivalled in the elegance of their playfulness, and no author has excelled him in the purity and neatness of his style, the delightful ease and racy simplicity of his manner, and his graceful turns of thought and happiness of expression. But many of his poems are stained by gross coarseness and sensuality, which will forever be a bar to their being generally read.

TO LESBIA'S¹ SPARROW.

Sparrow, my dear lady's joy,
 Who with thee delights to toy,
 Thee within her breast to fold,
 And her fair forefinger hold
 Out for thee to bite its tip,
 Whilst I sit by with quivering lip,
 And she, with playful arts like these,
 Affects to keep a bright-eyed ease,
 And hide her passion's pleasing pain,
 That runs, like fire, through every vein!
 With thee, like her, I fain would play,
 And chase my bosom's grief away;
 And thou shouldst welcome be to me,
 As in the legend old, we see,
 The magic apple was to her,
 Whose icy heart no youth could stir—
 The golden fruit, which loosed the zone,
 And bade her Love's dominion own.

Martin.

ELEGY ON THE SPARROW.

Loves and Graces, mourn with me,
 Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
 Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
 Sparrow, that was all her bliss;

¹ The lady-love who is the theme of the greater number of Catullus' amatory effusions is styled Lesbia, but her real name was Clodia, of whom nothing in praise could be said but that she possessed beauty and accomplishments.

Than her very eyes more dear—
 For he made her dainty cheer,
 Knew her well, as any maid
 Knows her mother—never stray'd
 From her lap, but still would go
 Hopping round her to and fro,
 And to her, and none but she,
 Piped and chirrup'd prettily.
 Now he treads that gloomy track,
 Whence none ever may come back.
 Out upon you, and your power,
 Which all fairest things devour,
 Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er
 Ye took my bird, that was so fair!
 Oh vilely done! Oh, dismal shades!
 On you I charge it, that my maid's
 Dear little eyes are swollen and red,
 With weeping for her darling dead.

Martin.

TO LESBIA.

No nymph, amid the much-lov'd few,
 Is lov'd as thou art lov'd by me:
 No love was e'er so fond, so true,
 As my fond love, sweet maid, for thee!

Yes, e'en thy faults, bewitching dear!
 With such delights my soul possess;
 That whether faithless, or sincere,
 I cannot love thee more, nor less!

TO HIMSELF.

Then didst thou freely taste the bliss,
 On which impassioned lovers feed;
 When she repaid thee kiss for kiss,
 Oh, life was then a heaven indeed!

'Tis past! Forget as she forgot!
 Lament no more—but let her go!
 Tear from thy heart each tender thought,
 That round her image there did grow!

Girl, fare thee well! Catullus ne'er
 Will sue, where love is met with scorn;
 But, false one, thou with none to care
 For thee, on thy lone couch shalt mourn!

Think what a waste thy life shall be!
Who'll woo thee now? who praise thy charms?
Who shall be all in all to thee,
Thy heart's love nestling in thy arms?

Who now will give thee kiss for kiss?
Whose lip shalt thou in rapture bite?
And in thy lone hours think of this,
My heart has cast thee from it quite.

Martin.

TO LESBIA FAITHLESS.

You told me—ah, well I remember the hour!
That still to Catullus thy heart should be true,
That, blest with his heart's love, thy best, brightest dower,
Even Jove at thy feet unregarded might sue.
Then I loved thee, and oh! what a passion was mine!
Undimmed by dishonor, unsullied by shame,
Oh, 'twas pure as a sire round his child might entwine,
To guard its dear head with the sheltering flame.

Now I know thee, how faithless, how worthless thou art!
That the stain of dishonor is dark on thy brow,
And though thou may'st still be the queen of my heart,
How changed the emotions I feel for thee now!
No more the pure being my fancy adored,
With incense sent up from love's hallowing fire,
Thou hast fallen, and my heart, to thy infamy lower'd,
Is cursed with the rage of degrading desire.

Martin.

TO MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO,

WHO HAD PLEADED SUCCESSFULLY FOR CATULLUS.

Tully, most eloquent, most sage,
Of all the Roman race,
That deck the past or present age,
Or future days may grace.

Oh! may Catullus thus declare
An overflowing heart;
And, though the worst of poets, dare
A grateful lay impart?

'Twill teach thee how thou hast surpast
All others in thy line;
Far, far as he in his is last,
Art thou the first in thine.

Hon. G. Lamb.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.¹

Sweet Sirmio! Thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles,
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles.

How gladly back to thee I fly!
Still doubting, asking—Can it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When anxious long, the lighten'd mind
Lays down its load of care at last;

When tired with toil, o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long wished-for bed once more.

This, this it is, that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track;
Shine out, my beautiful, mine own
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.

And thou, fair lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heaven, like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out with me!

Thomas Moore.

CAIUS SALUSTIUS CRISPUS.

86—34 B. C.

SALUSTIUS, or more familiarly, Sallust, was born B. C. 86, at Aminternum, in the country of the Sabini. At about the age of twenty-seven he obtained the Quæstorship, and about six years after he was elected Tribune of the people. Two years after he was expelled from

¹ A narrow neck or tongue of land projecting out into Lacus Benacus, Verona. It is said now to be a very conspicuous and picturesque object in all views of the lake.

the senate; some say for immoral conduct. This is not very probable, as the majority of the senate were not any very remarkable patterns of virtue themselves. But he belonged to the faction of Cæsar, and this was most probably the cause why he was thus treated. In B. C. 47 he was Prætor elect, and thus restored to his rank. He accompanied Cæsar in his African war, B. C. 46, and was left there as governor of Numidia, in which capacity he was charged with having oppressed the people, and enriched himself by unjust means. The truth of this charge is somewhat confirmed by the fact of his becoming suddenly immensely rich, as was shown by the magnificent palace he built in the suburbs of Rome, surrounded by delightful pleasure gardens, which were afterwards celebrated as the "Gardens of Sallust." He passed quietly through the troublesome period that followed Cæsar's death, and died B. C. 34.

The only works of Sallust that have come down to us are his History of the Conspiracy of Catiline, and his History of the War against Jugurtha, King of Numidia—two most important and prominent topics in the history of Rome. His style is concise and compressed, and was carefully formed on that of Thucydides. But he by no means equals the great Greek historian in profundity of thought or profound philosophical deductions. His art is generally apparent, and his reflections are of an artificial, constrained character. He excels in drawing portraits to the life. In the Catiline conspiracy, the parallel drawn between Cato and Cæsar is one of great power and nice discrimination, but so concise as to be hardly translatable. The portrait of Catiline conveys a vivid idea of his mind and person—his profligate, untamable spirit, infinite resources, unwearied application, and prevailing address; and his description of him on the battle field, in the agonies of death, with

"Hate's last lightning quivering from his eyes,"

is one of great power. The introductory sketch of the genius and manners of Jugurtha is no less able and spirited than the character of Catiline. The portraits of the other principal characters who figured in the Jugurthine war are also admirably brought out: that of Marius in particular is happily touched.¹

¹ The editions of Sallust are very numerous. Among the best modern editions are those of F. D. Gerlach, Basel, 1831, three volumes 4to.; and of Kritz, Leipzig, 1828-1834, two volumes 8vo. An excellent edition with English notes is that by Charles Merivale, B. D. Cambridge (Eng.), 1852.

CHARACTER OF THE LATER ROMAN REPUBLIC.

When, by perseverance and integrity, the republic had increased its power; when mighty princes had been vanquished in war;¹ when barbarous tribes and populous states had been reduced to subjection; when Carthage, the rival of Rome's dominion, had been utterly destroyed, and sea and land lay everywhere open to her sway, fortune then began to exercise her tyranny, and to introduce universal innovation. To those who had easily endured toils, dangers, and doubtful and difficult circumstances, ease and wealth, the objects of desire to others, became a burden and a trouble. At first the love of money, and then that of power, began to prevail, and these became, as it were, the sources of every evil. For avarice subverted honesty, integrity, and other honorable principles, and, in their stead, inculcated pride, inhumanity, contempt of religion, and general venality. Ambition prompted many to become deceitful; to keep one thing concealed in the breast, and another ready on the tongue; to estimate friendships and enmities, not by their worth, but according to interest; and to carry rather a specious countenance than an honest heart. These vices at first advanced but slowly, and were sometimes restrained by correction; but afterwards, when their infection had spread like a pestilence, the state was entirely changed, and the government, from being the most equitable and praiseworthy, became rapacious and insupportable.

At first, however, it was ambition, rather than avarice, that influenced the minds of men; a vice which approaches nearer to virtue than the other. For of glory, honor, and power, the worthy is as desirous as the worthless; but the one pursues them by just methods; the other, being destitute of honorable qualities, works with fraud and deceit. But avarice has merely money for its object, which no wise man has ever immoderately desired. It is a vice which, as if imbued with deadly poison, enervates whatever is manly in body or mind. It is always unbounded and insatiable, and is abated neither by abundance nor by want.

But after Lucius Sylla, having recovered the government by force of arms, proceeded, after a fair commencement, to a pernicious termination, all became robbers and plunderers;

¹ Namely—Perses, Antiochus, Mithridates, Tigranes, and others.

some set their affections on houses, others on lands; his victorious troops knew neither restraint nor moderation, but inflicted on the citizens disgraceful and inhuman outrages. Their rapacity was increased by the circumstance that Sylla, in order to secure the attachment of the forces which he had commanded in Asia, had treated them, contrary to the practice of our ancestors, with extraordinary indulgence, and exemption from discipline; and pleasant and luxurious quarters had easily, during seasons of idleness, enervated the minds of the soldiery. Then the armies of the Roman people first became habituated to licentiousness and intemperance, and began to admire statues, pictures, and sculptured vases; to seize such objects alike in public edifices and private dwellings; to spoil temples; and to cast off respect for everything, sacred and profane. Such troops, accordingly, when once they obtained the mastery, left nothing to the vanquished. Success unsettles the principles even of the wise, and scarcely would those of debauched habits use victory with moderation.

When wealth was once considered an honor, and glory, authority, and power attended on it, virtue lost her influence, poverty was thought a disgrace, and a life of innocence was regarded as a life of ill-nature. From the influence of riches, accordingly, luxury, avarice, and pride prevailed among the youth; they grew at once rapacious and prodigal; they undervalued what was their own, and coveted what was another's; they set at naught modesty and continence; they lost all distinction between sacred and profane, and threw off all consideration and self-restraint.

It furnishes much matter for reflection, after viewing our modern mansions and villas extended to the size of cities, to contemplate the temples which our ancestors, a most devout race of men, erected to the gods. But our forefathers adorned the fanes of the deities with devotion, and their homes with their own glory, and took nothing from those whom they conquered but the power of doing harm. Their descendants, on the contrary, the basest of mankind, have even wrested from their allies, with the most flagrant injustice, whatever their brave and victorious ancestors had left to their vanquished enemies; as if the only use of power were to inflict injury.

For why should I mention those displays of extravagance, which can be believed by none but those who have seen them; as that mountains have been levelled, and seas covered with edifices, by many private citizens; men whom I consider to have made a sport of their wealth, since they were impatient to

squander disreputably what they might have enjoyed with honor.

But the love of irregular gratification, open debauchery, and all kinds of luxury, had spread abroad with no less force. Men forgot their sex; women threw off all the restraints of modesty. To gratify appetite, they sought for every kind of production by land and by sea; they slept before there was any inclination for sleep; they no longer waited to feel hunger, thirst, cold, or fatigue, but anticipated them all by luxurious indulgence. Such propensities drove the youth, when their patrimonies were exhausted, to criminal practices; for their minds, impregnated with evil habits, could not easily abstain from gratifying their passions, and were thus the more inordinately devoted in every way to rapacity and extravagance.

CHARACTER OF CATILINE.

Lucius Catiline was a man of noble birth, and of eminent mental and personal endowments; but of a vicious and depraved disposition. His delight, from his youth, had been in civil commotions, bloodshed, robbery, and sedition; and in such scenes he had spent his early years. His constitution could endure hunger, want of sleep, and cold, to a degree surpassing belief. His mind was daring, subtle, and versatile, capable of pretending or dissembling whatever he wished. He was covetous of other men's property, and prodigal of his own. He had abundance of eloquence, though but little wisdom. His insatiable ambition was always pursuing objects extravagant, romantic, and unattainable.

Since the time of Sylla's dictatorship, a strong desire of seizing the government possessed him, nor did he at all care, provided that he secured power for himself, by what means he might arrive at it. His violent spirit was daily more and more hurried on by the diminution of his patrimony, and by his consciousness of guilt; both which evils he had increased by those practices which I have mentioned above. The corrupt morals of the state, too, which extravagance and selfishness, pernicious and contending vices, rendered thoroughly depraved, furnished him with additional incentives to action.

In so populous and so corrupt a city as Rome then was, Catiline, as it was easy to do, kept about him, like a body-guard, crowds of the unprincipled and desperate. For all those shameless, libertine, and profligate characters, who had

dissipated their patrimonies by gaming, luxury, and sensuality; all who had contracted heavy debts, to purchase immunity for their crimes or offences; all assassins or sacrilegious persons from every quarter, convicted or dreading conviction for their evil deeds; all, besides, whom their tongue or their hand maintained by perjury or civil bloodshed; all, in fine, whom wickedness, poverty, or a guilty conscience disquieted, were the associates and intimate friends of Catiline. And if any one, as yet of unblemished character, fell into his society, he was presently rendered, by daily intercourse and temptation, similar and equal to the rest. But it was the young whose acquaintance he chiefly courted; as their minds, ductile and unsettled from their age, were easily ensnared by his stratagems. For as the passions of each, according to his years, appeared excited, he furnished mistresses to some, bought horses and dogs for others, and spared, in a word, neither his purse nor his character, if he could but make them his devoted and trustworthy supporters.

His crimes appear to me to have been the chief cause of hurrying forward the conspiracy. For his guilty mind, at peace with neither gods nor men, found no comfort either waking or sleeping; so effectually did conscience desolate his tortured spirit. His complexion, in consequence, was pale, his eyes haggard, his walk sometimes quick and sometimes slow; and distraction was plainly apparent in every feature and look.

The young men, whom, as I said before, he had enticed to join him, he initiated, by various methods, in evil practices. From among them he furnished false witnesses, and forgers of signatures; and he taught them all to regard, with equal unconcern, honor, property, and danger. At length, when he had stripped them of all character and shame, he led them to other and greater enormities. If a motive for crime did not readily occur, he incited them, nevertheless, to circumvent and murder inoffensive persons, just as if they had injured him; for, lest their hand or heart should grow torpid for want of employment, he chose to be gratuitously wicked and cruel.

Depending on such accomplices and adherents, and knowing that the load of debt was everywhere great, and that the veterans of Sylla, having spent their money too liberally, and remembering their spoils and former victory, were longing for a civil war, Catiline formed the design of overthrowing the government. There was no army in Italy; Pompey was fighting in a distant part of the world; he himself had great hopes

of obtaining the consulship; the senate was wholly off its guard; everything was quiet and tranquil; and all these circumstances were exceedingly favorable for Catiline.

CATO'S SPEECH IN THE SENATE UPON THE PUNISHMENT DUE THE
CONSPIRATORS.

"My feelings, Conscript Fathers, differ extremely from some of those who have spoken, when I contemplate our circumstances and dangers, and when I revolve in my mind the sentiments of some who have spoken before me. Those speakers, as it seems to me, have considered only how to punish the traitors who have raised war against their country, their parents, their altars, and their homes; but the state of affairs warns us rather to secure ourselves against them, than to take counsel as to what sentence we should pass upon them. Other crimes you may punish after they have been committed; but as to this, unless you prevent its commission, you will, when it has once taken effect, in vain appeal to justice. When the city is taken, no power is left to the vanquished.

"But, in the name of the immortal gods, I call upon you who have always valued your mansions and villas, your statues and pictures, at a higher price than the welfare of your country; if you wish to preserve those possessions, of whatever kind they are, to which you are attached; if you wish to secure quiet for the enjoyment of your pleasures, arouse yourselves, and act in defence of your country. We are not now debating on the revenues, or on injuries done to our allies, but our liberty and our life are at stake.

"Often, Conscript Fathers, have I spoken at great length in this assembly; often have I complained of the luxury and avarice of our citizens, and, by that very means, have incurred the displeasure of many. I, who never excused to myself, or to my own conscience, the commission of any fault, could not easily pardon the misconduct, or indulge the licentiousness, of others. But though you little regarded my remonstrances, yet the republic remained secure; its own strength was proof against your remissness. The question, however, at present under discussion, is not whether we live in a good or bad state of morals; nor how great, or how splendid, the empire of the Roman people is; but whether these things around us, of whatever value they are, are to continue our own, or to fall, with ourselves, into the hands of the enemy.

"In such a case, does any one talk to me of gentleness and compassion? For some time past, it is true, we have lost the real names of things; for to lavish the property of others is called generosity, and audacity in wickedness is called heroism; and hence the state is reduced to the brink of ruin. But let those, who thus misname things, be liberal, since such is the practice, out of the property of our allies; let them be merciful to the robbers of the treasury; but let them not lavish our blood, and, whilst they spare a few criminals, bring destruction on all the guiltless.

"Caius Cæsar, a short time ago, spoke in fair and elegant language, before this assembly, on the subject of life and death; considering as false, I suppose, what is told of the dead; that the bad, going a different way from the good, inhabit places gloomy, desolate, dreary, and full of horror. He accordingly proposed *that the property of the conspirators should be confiscated, and themselves kept in custody in the municipal towns*; fearing, it seems, that, if they remain at Rome, they may be rescued either by their accomplices in the conspiracy, or by a hired mob; as if, forsooth, the mischievous and profligate were to be found only in the city, and not through the whole of Italy; or as if desperate attempts would not be more likely to succeed where there is less power to resist them. His proposal, therefore, if he fears any danger from them, is absurd; but if, amidst such universal terror, he alone is free from alarm, it the more concerns me to fear for you and myself.

"Be assured, then, that when you decide on the fate of Lentulus and the other prisoners, you at the same time determine that of the army of Catiline, and of all the conspirators. The more spirit you display in your decision, the more will their confidence be diminished; but if they shall perceive you in the smallest degree irresolute, they will advance upon you with fury.

"Do not suppose that our ancestors, from so small a commencement, raised the republic to greatness merely by force of arms. If such had been the case, we should enjoy it in a most excellent condition; for of allies and citizens, as well as arms and horses, we have a much greater abundance than they had. But there were other things which made them great, but which among us have no existence; such as industry at home, equitable government abroad, and minds impartial in council, uninfluenced by any immoral or improper feeling. Instead of such virtues, we have luxury and avarice; public distress, and private superfluity; we extol wealth, and yield

to indolence; no distinction is made between good men and bad; and ambition usurps the honors due to virtue. Nor is this wonderful; since you study each his individual interest, and since at home you are slaves to pleasure, and here to money or favor; and hence it happens that an attack is made on the defenceless State.

"But on these subjects I shall say no more. Certain citizens, of the highest rank, have conspired to ruin their country; they are engaging the Gauls, the bitterest foes of the Roman name, to join in a war against us; the leader of the enemy is ready to make a descent upon us; and do you hesitate, even in such circumstances, how to treat armed incendiaries arrested within your walls? Yes! have mercy upon them, I beg of you; they are young men who have been led astray by ambition; send them away, even with arms in their hands. But such mercy, and such clemency, if they turn those arms against you, will end in misery to yourselves. The case is, assuredly, dangerous, but you do not fear it; yes, you fear it greatly, but you hesitate how to act, through weakness and want of spirit, waiting one for another, and trusting to the immortal gods, who have so often preserved your country in the greatest dangers. But the protection of the gods is not obtained by vows and effeminate supplications; it is by vigilance, activity, and prudent measures, that general welfare is secured. When you are once resigned to sloth and indolence, it is in vain that you implore the gods; for they are then indignant, and threaten vengeance.

"In the days of our forefathers, Titus Manlius Torquatus, during a war with the Gauls, ordered his own son to be put to death, because he had fought with an enemy contrary to orders. That noble youth suffered for excess of bravery; and do you hesitate what sentence to pass on the most inhuman of traitors? Perhaps their former life is at variance with their present crime. Spare, then, the dignity of Lentulus, if he has ever spared his own honor or character, or had any regard for gods or for men. Pardon the youth of Cethegus, unless this be the second time that he has made war upon his country. As to Gabinus, Statilius, Cœparius, why should I make any remark upon them? Had they ever possessed the smallest share of discretion, they would never have engaged in such a plot against their country.

"In conclusion, Conscript Fathers, if there were time to amend an error, I might easily suffer you, since you disregard words, to be corrected by experience of consequences. But

we are beset by dangers on all sides ; Catiline, with his army, is ready to devour us ; whilst there are other enemies within the walls, and in the heart of the city ; nor can any measures be taken, or any plans arranged, without their knowledge. The more necessary is it, therefore, to act with promptitude. What I advise, then, is this : that since the State, by a treasonable combination of abandoned citizens, has been brought into the greatest peril ; and since the conspirators have been convicted on the evidence of Titus Volturcius, and the deputies of the Allobroges, and on their own confession, of having concerted massacres, conflagrations, and other horrible and cruel outrages, against their fellow-citizens and their country, punishment be inflicted, according to the usage of our ancestors, on the prisoners who have confessed their guilt, as on men convicted of capital crimes."

VIRGIL.

70-19 B. C.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was born at the small village of Andes, near Mantua, on the 15th of October, B. C. 70. His father, Virgilius Maro, was an opulent farmer, and gave his son a liberal Greek and Latin education at Cremona and Milan, and bequeathed to him the family estate at Mantua. But the second Triumvirate, in order to retain their soldiers in allegiance, gave them eighteen of the principal towns in Italy which had adhered to the republican cause, and among these were Venusium and Cremona ; and the neighborhood of Mantua to the latter place insured it a fate scarcely less deplorable at the hands of the lawless soldiery. Virgil was thus placed in the same circumstances as Horace ;—and Tibullus and Propertius shared a similar misfortune. By whose intercession he regained his patrimony, authors are not agreed. Asinius Pollio, and Mæcenas, the celebrated patron of literature, have the best authorities in their favor. This is the subject of the first Eclogue : the poet is probably represented in the character of Tityrus, and the poem presents a lively picture of the surprise and gratitude of an outcast who finds himself suddenly restored to his domestic comforts, and the hapless condition of the houseless Melipœus, taking his last survey of his desolate hearth. But the poet's estate was again seized by the

rapacious military, and he himself was compelled to seek his safety by flight to Rome. However, he finally succeeded in again recovering his property.

Virgil became acquainted with Mæcenas about the year B. C. 40; and Horace, in his first satire, describing the journey from Rome to Brundisium (written probably in B. C. 38), mentions Virgil as one of the party. He commenced his most finished work, his *Georgics*, about the year B. C. 37, or when he was forty-three years of age. This was written at the suggestion of Mæcenas, who wished him to try his strength on something higher than his *Eclogues*. His largest work, the *Æneid*, he began about B. C. 27, and finished the greater part of it in five or six years. When Augustus was returning from Samos, where he had spent the winter of B. C. 20, he met Virgil at Athens. The poet had intended to make a tour of Greece, but he changed his plan, and accompanied the emperor to Megara, and thence to Italy. His health, which had been long declining, was now completely broken, and he died soon after his arrival at Brundisium, on the 22d of September, B. C. 19, not having quite completed his fifty-first year. It is said that in his last illness he wished to burn the *Æneid*, to which he had not given the finishing touches, but his friends would not allow this to be done.

The poet left behind a considerable property. He used his wealth liberally, and his library was accessible to all students. It was his custom to send to his parents a present of money every year as long as they lived. He was modest and retiring, and his moral character was free from reproach. He was happy alike in his fortune and his friends. Munificent patronage gave him ample means of enjoyment and of leisure, and he had the friendship of all the most accomplished men of his day. His fame, which was established in his lifetime, was cherished after his death as an inheritance in which every Roman had a share; and his works became school-books even before the death of Augustus, and have remained such ever since.

The ten short pastoral poems of Virgil, called sometimes *Bucolica*,¹ and sometimes *Eclogues*, or "Selections," were his earliest works, and were probably all composed between B. C. 41 and B. C. 37. They are written in imitation of Theocritus, with the exception of the fourth, entitled *Pollio*. This is a most extraordinary poem, allegorical, mythical, half historical and prophetic, and has been the subject of endless conjecture. Whom it was intended to commemorate is yet unsettled;

¹ From *βοῦς*, an ox, and *κόλλω*, to tend; literally, one who tends cattle, a herdsman.

some say young Marcellus, others a son of Pollio, and others a son of Augustus; while some have said even Augustus himself. What is principally worthy of notice in the poem, is its striking coincidence with the sacred Scriptures. We know that the Romans had access to the Scriptures of the Old Testament through the Septuagint, notwithstanding the universal contempt entertained for the Jews; and that much of the fabulous history of the heathen world is corrupted from the Hebrew Scriptures. That Virgil was acquainted with the prophetic writings of Isaiah no one, I think, who reads the Pollio can doubt. So thought Pope, and hence his masterly imitation and paraphrase in his *Messiah*.

The *Georgica* (Georgics), or "Agricultural Poems," is a didactic poem in four books, dedicated to Mæcenas. In the first book he treats of the cultivation of the soil; in the second, of fruit trees; in the third, of horses and other cattle; and in the fourth, of bees. It gives us the most finished specimen of the Latin hexameter which we have. It is acknowledged by scholars to stand at the head of all Virgil's works, and is certainly the most elaborate and extraordinary instance of power in embellishing a most barren subject, which human genius has ever afforded. The commonest precepts of farming are delivered with an elegance which could scarcely be attained by a poet who should endeavor to clothe in verse the sublimest maxims of philosophy.

At what time Virgil projected the *Æneid* is uncertain, but from a very early age he appears to have had a strong desire of composing an epic poem which would be an enduring monument of his fame. And he has succeeded, for this poem is ranked as one of the great epics of the world. It is divided into twelve books, and originates from an old Roman tradition that *Æneas* and his company of Trojans settled in Italy, and founded the Roman nation. In the first three books we have the story of *Æneas*, who was driven by a storm on the coast of Africa, and hospitably received by Dido, queen of Carthage, to whom he relates the fall of Troy and his own wanderings. In the fourth book the poet has elaborated the attachment of Dido to *Æneas*, the departure of the latter in obedience to the will of the gods, and the love of Dido, which ended in hatred and suicide. The fifth book contains the visit to Sicily, and the sixth the landing of *Æneas* at Cumæ, in Italy, and his descent into the infernal regions, where he sees his father Anchises, and has a prophetic vision of the glorious destinies of his race, and of the future heroes of Rome. The

¹ From the Greek *γεωργος*, a tiller of the ground, a husbandman.

last six books recount the struggles of Æneas in Italy, and are modelled on the battles of the *Iliad*. Latinus, the king of the Latini, offers the Trojan hero his daughter Lavinia in marriage; she had been betrothed to Turnus, the warlike king of the Rutuli; and hence the contest between the two, which ended in the death of Turnus, who falls by the hand of Æneas, as Hector fell by the hand of Achilles.¹

"Availing himself of the pride and superstition of the Roman people, which never abounded more than during the Augustan age, the poet traces the origin and establishment of the 'eternal city' to those heroes and actions which had enough in them of what was human and ordinary to excite the sympathy of his countrymen; intermingled with persons and circumstances of an extraordinary and superhuman character, to awaken their admiration and their awe. No subject could have been more happily chosen. It has been admired too for its perfect unity of action; for while the episodes command the richest variety of description, they are always subordinated to the main object of the poem, which is to impress the *divine* authority under which Æneas first settled in Italy. The wrath of Juno, upon which the whole fate of Æneas seems at first suspended, is at once that of a woman and a goddess: the passion of Dido, and her general character, bring us nearer the present world; but the poet is continually introducing higher and more effectual influences, until, by the intervention of the father of gods and men, the Trojan name is to be continued in the Roman, and thus heaven and earth are appeased.

"The style, for sweetness and for beauty, occasionally, and in the author's finished passages, surpasses almost every other production of antiquity. The first six books of the *Æneid* are the most elaborate part of the poem. The imperfections of the work are alleged to be want of originality in some of the principal scenes, and defectiveness in the exhibition of character. That of Dido is by far the most decided and complete."²

¹ The editions of Virgil are almost without number: among the best may be mentioned that of C. G. Heyne (on which great pains and labor were bestowed), fourth edition, by G. P. E. Wagner, Leipsic, 1830, four volumes; A. Forbiger, three volumes 8vo., Leipsic, 1845-1846. Among the numerous translations may be mentioned Dryden and Ogilby's. The *Æneid*, by C. Pitt, and the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, by Joseph Warton, were published by Dodsley, London, 1783, four volumes 8vo.

² *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

ECOLOGUE IV.

POLLIO.¹

Sicilian Muses, raise a loftier song;
 The shrubs and lowly shades have pleased too long;
 In sylvan strains a nobler theme declare,
 Sublimar shades, and worth a consul's care.
 At length arriv'd, in op'ning grace behold
 That great last age by Cumæ's Maid foretold!
 Its term attain'd, and reflux to its source,
 Lo! Time's vast tide begins anew its course.
 The Virgin rules: see, Saturn's reign reviv'd!
 And a new offspring, from high heav'n deriv'd,
 That boy, by whom the iron race shall cease,
 And yield the world to golden days of peace.
 O chaste Lucina! thou but speed his birth,
 And lo, thine own Apollo rules the earth!
 Pollio! thine eye shall see the youth assume
 That proudest glory of his mighty doom;
 And the new age its splendid course shall date
 From the bright epoch of thy Consulate!
 Thenceforth, of conscious crime, if aught remain,
 Awaken'd mercy shall remit the pain.
 To Him a life, the life of Gods, is giv'n,
 Born to hold converse with the powers in heav'n;
 While, o'er a peaceful and a smiling earth
 He sways his sceptre in his Father's worth.

L

Child! unto thee shall the uncultured field
 In festive grace a natal offering yield;²

¹ This version of the "Pollio" is taken from "Observations in Illustration of Virgil's celebrated Fourth Eclogue, by Granville Penn, London, 1810," pp. 444. Mr. Penn thinks that it "was written in honor of the birthday of Octavianus, afterwards Augustus Cæsar, when he had recently laid the first solid foundation of sovereign power, upon which he shortly after erected the Imperial Monarchy of Rome." But, though the classical scholar will be well repaid for the perusal of his book, yet the authorities are against him; for it is an undoubted fact that from the time of the poet down, the ancients never thought of any other child than a son of Asinius Pollio for this Eclogue. This Pollio (B. C. 76-A. D. 4) was a Roman consul, and it was during his consulship that Virgil addressed to him this celebrated poem. He deserves honorable mention in the literary history of Rome, not so much on account of his works (all now lost) as for the encouragement he gave to literature. He was not only a patron of Virgil and Horace, and other great poets and writers, but he has the honor of having been the first to establish a public library at Rome.

² 'Tis impossible to forbear observing the great similitude of this passage, and that famous one of Isaiah:—

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose"—chap. xxxv. var. 1. "The glory

With wreathed Ivy, Baccar's flowers entwine;
 And Colocasias with Acanthus join.
 The burthen'd Goats shall bear their milky store
 Unurged, unsought, spontaneous, to thy door:
 No Lion fierce the roving herd dismay:
 Thy cradle-twigs shall sprout with blossoms gay.
 Thine infant sport no noxious bane disturb,
 The serpent dead, and dead each pois'nous herb:
 Assyrian blooms shall shed, in eastern pride,
 Their spicy fragrancy on ev'ry side.

II.

But when thy growing years have learn'd to read
 Thy father's acts, and each heroic deed;
 Soon as thy tutor'd mind is taught to know
 The meed that virtue only can bestow;
 Shall the full plain its yellow harvests send,
 And the wild brakes with purple clusters bend;
 From the hard oak the honey's stream distill,
 In luscious drops, like ev'ning dews.] But still,
 Some trace of iron times will yet remain;
 For man will yet defy the stormy main,
 Encircle towns with walls, and rudely tear
 Earth's parent bosom with the iron share.
 Again, the chosen chiefs will Tiphys guide
 In fleeting Argo thro' the briny tide;
 Man still will seek his fellow to destroy;
 Again, Achilles strive to ruin Troy.

III.

Hence, when thine age, confirmed in manhood's force,
 Hath reach'd that destin'd period of thy course,
 No vessel more shall cross the wat'ry plain;
 The sea no more shall lure with hope of gain.
 Spontaneous, in each clime each soil shall grow
 All that earth's amplest bounty can bestow.

of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together"—chap. xi. ver. 13. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed: their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play upon the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den"—chap. xi. vers. 6, 7, 8.

"How much inferior is Virgil's poetry to Isaiah's. The former has nothing comparable to these beautiful strokes: 'that a little child shall lead the lion;—that the very trees of the forest shall come to pay adoration.' Virgil says only *accidet et serpens*; Isaiah adds a circumstance inimitably picturesque, that the sucking child shall play upon the hole of the asp; and that the weaned child, a little older and beginning to make use of its hands, shall put his fingers on the adder's den. There are certain critics who would never cease to admire these circumstances and strokes of nature, if they had not the ill fortune to be placed in the Bible."—*Watson*.

The glebe no more shall show the harrow'd line ;
 No more the pruner's blade shall wound the vine ;
 Freed from all toil, the sturdy hind shall lead
 His steers, disyoked, to frolic in the mead.
 The wool no more shall shine with tint untrue ;
 The glowing Ram shall flame in native hue,
 And blushing flocks, with rich resplendent hide,
 Purple and croceous, clothe the mountain's side.
 Let golden years like these forever run !
 Said the Fates smiling, as the threads they spun.

Take now the honors which to Thee are giv'n,
 Offspring of Jove, O favor'd Child of Heav'n !
 See the whole world, in each revolving clime,
 With joy expectant of that coming time !

O may my lengthen'd life's protracted end
 To scenes like these of future bliss extend ;
 And I, retaining yet my powers of verse,
 Thy matchless fame be able to rehearse !
 Not Orpheus' strains, not Linus' should excel
 The song prepared thy lofty deeds to tell,
 Tho' either bard his parent God inspire,
 And prompt the numbers, and accord the lyre.
 Tho' Pan in Arcady contest the lays,
 In Arcady should Pan resign the bays.

Come, boy, no more thy mother's hopes beguile ;
 Come ! learn to know thy Mother by her smile :
 Ten long and lingering months have amply brought
 Their lot of sickly care and anxious thought.
 He who ne'er knew a parent's smile of love
 Shall ne'er hold commerce with the powers above.¹

Granville Penn.

PRAISES OF ITALY.

But neither Media's groves, her teeming mold,
 Fair Ganges' flood, nor Hermus thick with gold ;
 Nor all the stores Panchala's glebe expands,
 Where spices overflow the fragrant sands ;
 Nor Bactrian, nor Arabian fields can vie
 With the blest scenes of beauteous Italy.
 Bulls breathing fire her furrows ne'er have known,
 Ne'er with the dreadful dragon's teeth were sown,

¹ The concluding lines,

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem, &c.,

are better rendered by Dryden :—

Know, then, dear boy, thy mother by her smile ;
 Enough ten months have given of pain and toil.
 Know her, dear boy—who ne'er such smile has known,
 Nor board nor bed divine 'tis his to own.

The last sentiment alludes to the fact that it was deemed an evil omen for an infant, that his parents did not smile upon him at his birth.

Whence sprung an iron crop, an armed train,
 With helm and spear embattled on the plain.
 But plenteous corn she boasts, and gen'rous wine,
 The luscious olive, and the joyful kine.
 Hence o'er the plain the warrior-steed elate,
 Prances with portly pace in martial state;
 Hence snowy flocks wash'd in thy sacred stream,
 Clitumnus, and of victims the supreme
 The mighty bull, have led thro' shouting trains
 Rome's pompous triumphs to the lofty fanes.
 The fields here Spring's perpetual beauties crown,
 Here Summer shines in seasons not her own.
 Twice teem the cattle each revolving year,
 And twice the trees their blushing burthen bear.
 Behold, around what far-fam'd cities rise,
 What stately works of Daedal artifice!
 With tow'rd towns here craggy cliffs are crown'd,
 Here rivers roll old moss-grown ramparts round.
 And shall my song her twofold ocean boast,
 That pours its riches forth on either coast?
 Her spacious lakes; first, mighty Larius, thee?
 And thee, Benaous, roaring like a sea?
 Her ports and harbors, and the Lucrine mounds,
 From which the beating main indignant bounds;
 Where Julius' flood of bonds impatient raves,
 And how Avernus' straits confine the Tuscan waves?
 Her fields with brass and silver veins have glow'd,
 Her pregnant rocks with gold abundant flow'd.
 She birth to many a race, in battle brave,
 The Marsian, and the Sabine soldier, gave.
 Hers are Liguria's sons, untaught to yield,
 And hers the Volsci, skill'd the spear to wield;
 The Decian hence, and Marian heroes came,
 Hence sprung thy line, Camillus, mighty name:
 Hence rose the Scipios, undismay'd in fight,
 And thou, great Cæsar, whose victorious might,
 From Rome's high walls, on Asia's utmost plains,
 Aw'd into peace fierce India's rage restrains.

All hail, Saturnian soil! immortal source
 Of mighty men and plenty's richest stores!
 For thee my lays inquisitive impart
 This useful argument of ancient art;
 For thee, I dare unlock the sacred spring,
 And thro' thy streets Ascrean numbers sing.

Georgics II. Warton.

PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

Thrice happy swains! whom genuine pleasures bless,
 If they but knew and felt their happiness!
 From wars and discord far, and public strife,
 Earth with salubrious fruits supports their life:

Tho' high-arch'd domes, tho' marble halls they want,
And columns cased in gold and elephant,
In awful ranks where brazen statues stand,
The polish'd works of Grecia's skilful hand ;
Nor dazzling palace view, whose portals proud
Each morning vomit out the cringing crowd ;
Nor wear the tissu'd garment's cumb'rous pride,
Nor seek soft wool in Syrian purple dy'd,
Nor with fantastic luxury defile
The native sweetness of the liquid oil ;
Yet calm content, secure from guilty cares,
Yet home-felt pleasure, peace, and rest, are theirs ;
Leisure and ease, in groves, and cooling vales,
Grottoes, and bubbling brooks, and darksome dales ;
The lowing oxen, and the bleating sheep,
And under branching trees delicious sleep !
There forests, lawns, and haunts of beasts abound,
There youth is temperate, and laborious found ;
There altars and the righteous gods are fear'd,
And aged sires by duteous sons rever'd.
There Justice linger'd ere she fled mankind,
And left some traces of her reign behind !

Georgics II. Warton.

VARIOUS EMPLOYMENTS OF THE BEE COMMUNITY.

If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care :
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave, experienced bee ;
That in the field ; this in affairs of state,
Employed at home, abides within the gate,
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall :
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The laboring youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies ;
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs :
He spoils the saffron flowers, he sips the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common, common is their sleep ;
They shake their wings when morn begins to peep ;
Rush through the city gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day :
Then, having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night ;
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.

Georgics IV. Dryden.

ÆNEAS AT THE COURT OF DIDO.

While thus, in wildering thought, abstract he stood
Still gazing, to the temple Dido came
On foot, in radiant beauty, by a crowd
Of noble youths escorted: on the bank
Of famed Eurotas so, or Cynthus' heights,
Amid her circling choir of Oreads, sports
Quivered Diana, and o'ertops them all,
While, through Latona's heart, thrills silently
A mother's joy: so lovely, Dido looked;
Amid th' attendant crowds so graceful walked
In joyous dignity, surveying all
Her infant realm and city rising round:
The temple then she enters, and her seat
Taking upon a throne, beneath the dome
High raised, and round with men-at-arms begirt,
Justice and laws dispenses; and to all,
Apportioned, or by lot, assigns their tasks
Several; when to the temple see approach,
By concourse vast accompanied, Antheus,
Sergestus, brave Cloanthus, and the chiefs
Whom, to far distant shores, the storm so late
Had wide dispersed. Joy fills Æneas' heart,
Mingling with fear; their friendly hands in his
Joy bids him clasp, but fear, cautious, forbids,
Uncertain yet the issue; motionless,
Therefore, he stands, in cloudy darkness mantled,
He and Achates, and conjectures much
His friends' adventures; where their ships they left,
And why they come; for chosen men they were,
Each vessel representing, and by crowds
Of shouting Tyrians, to the temple, came
Surrounded, the queen's clemency to sue.

Admitted now, and leave obtained to speak,
Thus, with composed aspect, Ilioneus
Placid began: "Great queen! by Jove ordained
To found a city, and proud nations rule
With just dominion, hear our humble prayer,
And from our ships avert the threatened flames.
O spare us Trojans! spare a pious race,
After long wanderings, on thy coasts at last
Cast by the stormy winds and boisterous sea!
Think not we aimed at plunder, or your hearths
With hostile fire and sword to desolate;
For such high enterprise, nor energy
Have we, nor strength;—unhappy, exiled sons
Of conquered Troy. A land there is, which Greeks
Hesperia call, once by the Oenotrian race

Inhabited, an ancient, fertile land,
Powerful in arms, and from their leader's name,
Called, by its present children, Italy:
As thitherward we steered, Orion, wrapt
In clouds and storms, arose, and the wild South
Upon our vessels bursting, these on rocks
Hidden, dashed headlong, on false quicksands those,
Until the envious waves o'ermastered all
Our gallant fleet; escaping to your shores,
We few have landed; but what shores, what land,
What savage people this, which disallows
To shipwrecked mariners its sheltering strand?
As enemies ye treat us, and forbid
On your seaboard to rest our weary limbs:
If man ye spurn, nor fear his just revenge,
Yet recollect that gods there are above,
Who keep a strict account of right and wrong.
A prince we boasted once, more pious none
Lived under cope of heaven, for justice more,
Or deeds of arms, renowned: him if the Fates
Preserve still living, nor his eyes yet sealed
In night eternal we have naught to fear;
And much thou mayest rejoice, some time, that thou,
Granting our prayer, hast of Æneas taken,
In kindly offices, the fore-advantage:
A welcome waits us too in Sicily's
Cities and plains, where, of our Trojan blood,
The good Acestes rules, illustrious:
We ask but to refit our shattered fleet,
Some planks, some oars here in your woods to cut;
Then with our missing ships, perhaps, and prince
Recovered happily, our course pursue
To Italy and Latium; but if lost
Is our best hope, and with thy son, o'erwhelmed
In Libya's sea, thou liest, O mighty stay
Of Troy's unhappy fortunes! then we bend
Towards the Sicanian straits our backward course;
There seek our country, in Acestes there
Our benefactor seek, and future king."
He ceased, and loud his Dardan followers all
Murmured assent. With modest eye abased,
Dido, in brief, replies: "Dismiss your fears,
Your anxious cares dismiss, ye sons of Troy:
A stern necessity compels me use
This strict precaution, and with frontier guards,
My empire's tender infancy surround.
Of the Eneadæ who hath not heard?
Of Troy? its race of heroes, and its war
Disastrous? Not to pity's call quite deaf
Our Carthaginian hearts, nor so remote
From this our Tyrian city doth the sun
His morning course begin; whether ye seek

Famous Hesperia and old Saturn's plains,
 Or Eryx territory and the good
 Acestes, safe ye are while here, and safe,
 With all my furthering aid, ye shall pursue
 Your onward voyage: if to settle here
 Ye rather choose, high on our Libyan strand
 Draw up your ships, and our new city share,
 Trojan with Tyrian joined, one family:
 And much I wish the same tempestuous South
 Had hither driven Æneas, whom to seek,
 Through all my coasts and Libya's confines round
 I will send envoys, lest perhaps, escaped
 The sea, in mountain or wild wood he strays."

Cheered by these courteous words, Achates now
 And sire Æneas from th' insphering cloud
 Burn to break forth, and first Achates said:
 "What think'st thou, goddess-born? all seems secure;
 Thy fleet, thy friends recovered; one alone
 Missing, whom in the yawning sea engulfed
 We saw: in all things else thy mother's words
 Stand verified." He said, and suddenly
 Into thin air the opening cloud dissolved,
 And forth Æneas stood, his face and bust
 In brilliant light refulgent, like a god;
 For Venus' self had breathed upon his hair
 In graceful curls down flowing, and the light
 Of rosy youth into his eyes infused,
 And glowing cheeks: like polished ivory,
 Dazzling he stood, or silver, or the stone
 Of Paros chased in yellow rim of gold;
 And thus the queen, and wondering crowd, addressed:
 "Him whom ye seek, Trojan Æneas see,
 In safety, rescued from the Libyan waves!
 O thou! whom sole the woes of Troy have touched
 With gentle pity, who thy homes and hearths
 Would'st share with us, the miserable wreck
 Which Grecian swords have spared, and stormy seas;
 Nor I Æneas, nor unanimous Troy,
 O'er the terraqueous globe now wide dispersed,
 May thank thee, gracious Dido, worthily:
 The gods, if gods there be who show respect
 To human virtue, the great gods above,
 And thine own conscious rectitude, shall pay
 Our heavy debt. Happy the age that bore,
 The parents happy that such goodness bred!
 Long as the river to the sea shall run,
 And the slow mountain shadow o'er the vale
 Glide punctual; long as the nutrient sky
 Shall feed the stars, so long thy glorious name,
 Honor, and praise shall last, what land soe'er,
 What fated haven of rest, Æneas calls."
 He said, and with his right hand, greeting, caught

Ilioneus, Serestus with his left ;
Then salutation like to Gyas gave,
And brave Cloanthus, and the other chiefs.

Æneid I. 625—780.

ÆNEAS ESCAPING FROM THE FLAMES OF TROY.

Now rushing forth, in radiant arms, I wield
The sword once more, and gripe the pond'rous shield.
When, at the door, my weeping spouse I meet,
The fair Creüsa, who embrac'd my feet,
And clinging round them, with distraction wild,
Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child :
And oh ! she cries, if bent on death thou run,
Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and son ;
Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,
Defend these walls, and try thy valor here ;
Ah ! who shall guard thy sire, when thou art slain,
Thy child, or me, thy consort once in vain ?
Thus while she raves, the vaulted dome replies
To her loud shrieks, and agonizing cries.

When lo ! a wond'rous prodigy appears,
For while each parent kiss'd the boy with tears,
Sudden a circling flame was seen to spread
With beams refulgent round Iulus' head ;
Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,
And harmless fires around his temples blaze.
Trembling and pale we quench with busy care
The sacred fires, and shake his flaming hair.
But old Anchises lifts his joyful eyes,
His hands and voice, in transport, to the skies.

Almighty Jove ! in glory thron'd on high,
This once regard us with a gracious eye ;
If e'er our vows deserv'd thy aid divine,
Vouchsafe thy succor, and confirm thy sign.
Scarce had he spoke, when sudden from the pole,
Full on the left, the happy thunders roll ;
A star shot sweeping through the shades of night,
And drew behind a radiant trail of light,
That o'er the palace, gliding from above,
To point our way, descends in Ida's grove ;
Then left a long-continu'd stream in view,
The track still glittering where the glory flew.
The flame past gleaming with a bluish glare,
And smokes of sulphur fill the tainted air.

At this convinc'd, arose my reverend sire,
Address'd the gods, and hail'd the sacred fire.
Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay,
But instant follow where you lead the way.
Ye gods, by these your omens, you ordain
That from the womb of fate shall rise again,

To light and life, a glorious second Troy;
Then save this house, and this auspicious boy:
Convinc'd by omens so divinely bright,
I go, my son, companion of thy flight.
Thus he—and nearer now in curling spires
Through the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires.
Haste, then, my sire, I cried, my neck ascend,
With joy beneath your sacred load I bend;
Together will we share, where'er I go,
One common welfare, or one common wo.
Ourselves with care will young Iulus lead;
At safer distance you my spouse succeed;
Heed too these orders, ye attendant train;
Without the wall stands Ceres' vacant fane,
Rais'd on a mount; an aged cypress near,
Preserv'd for ages with religious fear;
Thither, from different roads assembling, come,
And meet embodied at the sacred dome:
Thou, thou, my sire, our gods and relics bear;
These hands, yet horrid with the stains of war,
Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day,
When the pure stream shall wash the guilt away.

Now, with a lion's spoils bespread, I take
My sire, a pleasing burthen, on my back;
Close clinging to my hand, and pressing nigh,
With steps unequal tripp'd Iulus by; —
Behind, my lov'd Creüsa took her way;
Through every lonely dark recess we stray:
And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,
Their flying darts, and whole embodied war,
Now take alarm, while horrors reign around,
At every breeze, and start at every sound.
With fancied fears my busy thoughts were wild
For my dear father, and endanger'd child.

Now, to the city gates approaching near,
I seem the sound of trampling feet to hear.
Alarm'd my sire look'd forward thro' the shade,
And, fly my son, they come, they come, he said;
Lo! from their shields I see the splendors stream;
And ken distinct the helmet's fiery gleam.
And here, some envious god, in this dismay,
This sudden terror, snatch'd my sense away.
For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
Studious to wander from the beaten road;
I lost my dear Creüsa, nor can tell
From that sad moment, if by fate she fell;
Or sunk fatigu'd; or straggled from the train;
But ah! she never blest these eyes again!
Nor, till to Ceres' ancient wall we came,
Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the dame.
There all the train assembled, all but she,
Lost to her friends, her father, son, and me.

What men, what gods did my wild fury spare?
At both I rav'd, and madden'd with despair.
In Troy's last ruins did I ever know
A scene so cruel! such transcendent wo!
Our gods, my son, and father to the train
I next commend, and hide them in the plain; }
Then fly for Troy, and shine in arms again.
Resolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
And tempt the dangers that I scap'd before.
Now to the gate I run with furious haste,
Whence first from Ilion to the plain I past;
Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,
And tread my former footsteps o'er again.
Surrounding horrors all my soul affright;
And more, the dreadful silence of the night.
Next to my house I flew without delay,
If there, if haply there she bent her way.
In vain—the conquering foes were enter'd there;
High, o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air;
Fierce to devour, the fiery tempest flies,
Swells in the wind, and thunders to the skies.
Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,
And search'd her father's regal walls in vain.
Ulysses now and Phoenix I survey,
Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey:
In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,
Refulgent robes, and bowls of massy gold;
A pile of tables on the pavement nods,
Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods.
A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound,
Stood with their captive children trembling round.
Yet more—I boldly raise my voice on high,
And in the shade on dear Creüsa cry;
Call on her name a thousand times in vain,
But still repeat the darling name again.
Thus while I rave and roll my searching eyes,
Solemn and slow I saw her shade arise,
The form enlarg'd majestic mov'd along;
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue;
Thus as I stood amaz'd, the heavenly fair
With these mild accents sooth'd my fierce despair.
Why with excess of sorrow raves in vain
My dearest Lord, at what the gods ordain?
Oh! could I share thy toils!—but fate denies;
And Jove, dread Jove, the sov'reign of the skies.
In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to sweep
Seas after seas, and plough the wat'ry deep.
Hesperia shall be thine, where Tiber glides
Thro' fruitful realms, and rolls in easy tides.
There shall thy fates a happier lot provide,
A glorious empire, and a royal bride.
Then let your sorrows for Creüsa cease
For know, I never shall be led to Greece;

Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's shame,
 A slave to some imperious Argive dame.
 No!—born a princess, sprung from heav'n above,
 Allied to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,
 Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in these abodes,
 To serve the glorious mother of the gods.
 Farewell; and to our son thy care approve,
 Our son, the pledge of our commutual love.
 Thus she; and as I wept, and wish'd to say
 Ten thousand things, dissolv'd in air away.
 Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw;
 Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew,
 Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
 Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.
 Now, day approaching, to my longing train,
 From ruin'd Ilion I return again;
 To whom, with wonder and surprise, I find
 A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;
 A host of willing exiles round me stand,
 Matrons, and men, a miserable band;
 Eager the wretches pour from every side,
 To share my fortunes on the foamy tide;
 Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,
 To lead and fix them on some foreign shore:
 And now, o'er Ida with an early ray
 Flames the bright star, that leads the golden day.
 No hopes of aid in view, and every gate
 Possessed by Greece, at length I yield to fate.
 Safe o'er the hill my father I convey,
 And bear the venerable load away.

Æneid II. Pitt.

DIDO'S PASSION FOR ÆNEAS.

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
 She fed within her veins a flame unseen;
 The hero's valor, acts, and birth, inspire
 Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
 His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
 Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
 Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
 The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
 Her sister first with early care she sought,
 And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:
 "My dearest Anna! what new dreams affright
 My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night
 Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
 With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
 His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
 A man descended from the gods declare.
 Fear ever argues a degenerate kind;
 His birth is well asserted by his mind.

Then, what he suffer'd when by Fate betray'd,
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
 Of hapless marriage—never to be ours'd
 With second love, so fatal was my first—
 To this one error I might yield again :
 For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,
 This only man is able to subvert
 The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
 And, to confess my frailty—my shame—
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same, }
 Too like the sparkles of my former flame. }
 But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
 And let me through the dark abyss descend—
 First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
 Drive down this body to the nether sky, }
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie— }
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
 No! he who had my vows shall ever have :
 For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave." }
Æneid IV. Dryden.

ÆNEAS MEETS THE SHADE OF DIDO IN THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
 Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood ;
 Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
 Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
 (Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,
 Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light)
 With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade ;
 And as his love inspired him, thus he said :
 "Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
 Of rumor true, in your reported death,
 And I, alas! the cause?—By heaven, I vow,
 And all the powers that rule the realms below,
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
 Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by Fate—
 Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might
 Have sent me to these regions void of light,
 Through the vast empire of eternal night. }
 Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows!
 'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!"
 In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
 With tears and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 She fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,

And, what he says and swears, regards no more,
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
 But whirl'd away to shun his hateful sight,
 Hid in the forest, and the shades of night;
 Then sought Sicheus through the shady grove,
 Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.

Æneid VI. Dryden.

THE PUNISHMENTS OF THE GUILTY IN HELL.

Now to the left, Æneas darts his eyes,
 Where lofty walls with triple ramparts rise.
 There rolls swift Phlegethon, with thund'ring sound,
 His broken rocks, and whirls his surges round.
 On mighty columns rais'd, sublime are hung
 The massy gates, impenetrably strong.
 In vain would men, in vain would gods essay,
 To hew the beams of adamant away.
 Here rose an iron tow'r: before the gate,
 By night and day, a wakeful fury sate,
 The pale Tisiphoné; a robe she wore,
 With all the pomp of horror, dy'd in gore.
 Here the loud scourge and louder voice of pain,
 The crashing fetter, and the ratt'ling chain,
 Strike the great hero with the frightful sound,
 The hoarse, rough, mingled din, that thunders round:
 Oh! whence that peal of groans? what pains are those?
 What crimes could merit such stupendous woes?

Thus she—brave guardian of the Trojan state,
 None that are pure must pass that dreadful gate.
 When plac'd by Hecat o'er Avernus' woods,
 I learnt the secrets of those dire abodes,
 With all the tortures of the vengeful gods. }
 Here Rhadamanthus holds his awful reign,
 Hears and condemns the trembling impious train.
 Those hidden crimes the wretch till death suppress,
 With mingled joy and horror in his breast,
 The stern dread judge commands him to display,
 And lays the guilty secrets bare to day;
 Her lash Tisiphoné that moment shakes;
 The ghost she scourges with a thousand snakes;
 Then to her aid, with many a thund'ring yell,
 Calls her dire sisters from the gulfs of hell.

Near by the mighty Tityus I beheld,
 Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er the infernal field;
 He cover'd nine large acres as he lay,
 While with fierce screams a vulture tore away
 His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoking prey; }
 Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plung'd in vain,
 For still the fruitful fibres spring again, }
 Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain.

She dwells forever in his roomy breast,
Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest ;
But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immortal feast. }
Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,
Ixion's torments, or Perithoüs' fate ?
On high a tottering rocky fragment spreads,
Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.
Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes
In regal pomp successive banquets rise,
While lucid columns, glorious to behold,
Support th' imperial canopies of gold.
The queen of furies, a tremendous guest,
Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,
Which if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,
Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears.
They that on earth had low pursuits in view,
Their brethren hated, or their parents slew,
And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their store,
But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor ;
Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled ;
Or perish'd in the foul adulterous bed ;
Or broke the ties of faith with base deceit ;
Imprison'd deep, their destin'd torments wait.
But what their torments, seek not thou to know,
Or the dire sentence of their endless wo.
Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,
Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel ;
There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,
Chain'd down forever in a chair of fire.
There Phlegyas feels unutterable wo,
And roars incessant thro' the shades below ;
Be just, ye mortals ! by these torments aw'd,
These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.
This wretch his country to a tyrant sold,
And barter'd glorious liberty for gold.
Laws for a bribe he past, but past in vain,
For those same laws a bribe repeal'd again.
To some enormous crimes they all aspir'd ;
All feel the torments that those crimes requir'd !
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
A voice of brass, and adamantine lungs,
Not half the mighty scene could I disclose,
Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful woes !

Æneid VI. Pitt.

TIBULLUS.

54-18 B. C.

Albius! in whom my satires find
 A critic, most sincere and kind,
 What dost thou now on Pedan plains?
 Write verse, outvying Cassius' strains?
 Steal, silent, through the healthful wood,
 With thoughts that fit the wise and good?
 Thou art not body without mind;
 The gods to thee a form assign'd,
 But form, with sense and worth combin'd; }
 Have given thee wealth, with art to know
 How best to use what they bestow.
 Then what could fondest nurse—what more—
 For her dear foster-child—haplore,
 Of wit and eloquence possess,
 In health, grace, fame, and station blest,
 A hospitable board, with friends,
 And means sufficient for his ends?

Horace. Book I. Epistle IV.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS, associated with Horace in the bonds of friendship and by the sympathies of liberal pursuits, was the son of a Roman knight, and was born at Rome, according to the most probable accounts, about the year 54 B. C. Of his youth and education nothing is known. He served under Valerius Messala in the Gallic wars, and on his return from his third military expedition he retired to his patrimonial estate near Pedum, between Præneste and Tibur. This property, like the estates of Virgil and Horace, had been either entirely or partially confiscated during the civil wars; yet Tibullus retained or recovered part of it, and spent there the best part of his short, but peaceful and happy life. It was here that he elaborated those beautiful productions which have immortalized his name, and which breathe, in the refined language of his period, the spirit of unambitious domestic enjoyment, the pure love of nature and country life, and the delights of peace, retirement, affection, and friendship. It was here that he lived in the society of the most eminent contemporary poets, and here that he died about the year 18 B. C.

Tibullus is confessedly the master of that species of elegy which turns on love. His thoughts are natural, tender, and mingled with a soft characteristic melancholy. He abounds with delicate strokes of sentiment and expression; his language is pure and free from conceit; and his style has an easy and flowing simplicity, without any of the slovenly familiarity of Ovid. If he has not escaped the taint of Roman manners, he is at least free from the grosser license of his contemporaries; and his pastoral imagery, although perhaps recurring with

something of a monotonous frequency, yet gives an air of purity to his passion.¹

TO DELIA.

Let others heap of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labor still for more;
Let them disquieted with dire alarms
Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms;
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure and indolently blest;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
In Summer pleas'd, attend the harvest toils,
In Autumn, press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid or lamb which wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck, with ripen'd fruits, Pomona's bower.
At night how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber, assisted by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
But idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains, shun the Dog-star's heat:
For what reward so rich could Fortune give
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let great Messala shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils,
Me beauty holds in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love! to pass my tranquil days
How would I slight ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love! to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy would I think the woodland bed!
Hard were his heart who thee, my fair! could leave
For all the honors prosp'rous war can give;
Though through the vanquish'd east he spread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name;

¹ Elton. Editions: Lachmann, Berolini, 1829. Lachmann's edition, with commentary by Ludolphus Dissenus, Gottingen, 1835.

Though bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
 With martial pride he prest the foaming steed.
 No pomps like these my humble vows require;
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
 Thee, may my closing eyes in death behold!
 Thee may my falt'ring hand yet strive to hold!
 Then, Delia! then thy heart will melt in wo,
 Then, o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
 Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
 But ah! fair mourner! I conjure thee, spare
 Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair;
 Wound not thy form, lest on th' Elysian coast
 Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now, nor death nor parting should employ
 Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
 We'll live, my Delia! and from life remove
 All care, all business, but delightful love.
 Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
 Which youth alone can taste, alone can give:
 Then let us snatch the moment to be blest;
 This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

Lord Lyttleton.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

How blest the man in Saturn's golden days,
 Ere distant climes were join'd by lengthen'd ways.
 Secure the pines upon the mountains grew,
 Nor bounding barks o'er ocean's billows flew;
 Then every clime a wild abundance bore,
 And man liv'd happy on his native shore;
 Then had no steer submitted to the yoke;
 Then had no steed to feel the bit been broke;
 No house had gates, (blest times!) and, in the grounds
 No scanty landmarks parcell'd out the bounds;
 From every oak redundant honey ran,
 And ewes spontaneous bore their milk to man;
 No deathful arms were forg'd, no war was wag'd,
 No rapine plunder'd, no ambition rag'd.
 How chang'd, alas! Now cruel Jove commands;
 Gold fires the soul, and falchions arm our hands;
 Each day the main unnumber'd lives destroys,
 And slaughter, daily, o'er her myriads joys.
 Yet spare me, Jove; I ne'er disown'd thy sway;
 I ne'er was perjur'd—spare me, Jove, I pray.
 But, if the Sisters have pronounc'd my doom,
 Be this inscrib'd upon my humble tomb:
 "Following Messala over earth and wave,
 Here rests Tibullus, in his early grave."

Grainger.

TO NEÆRA.

Why should my vows, Neæra! fill the sky,
And the sweet incense blend with many a prayer?
Not forth to issue on the gazing eye
From marble vestibule of mansion fair.

Not that unnumber'd steers may turn my field,
And the kind earth its copious harvests lend:
But that with thee the joys of life may yield
Their full satiety, till life has end.

And, when my days have measured out their light,
And, naked, I must Lethe's bark survey;
I on thy breast may close my fading sight,
And feel my dying age fall soft away.

For what avails the pile of massive gold?
What the rich glebe by thousand oxen plough'd?
Roofs, that the Phrygian pillars vast uphold,
Tænarian shafts, Carystian columns proud?

Mansions, whose groves might seem some temple's wood;
The gilded cornice, or the marble floor?
Pearls glean'd from sands of Persia's ruddy flood,
Sidon's red fleece, and all the crowd adore?

For envy clings to these: the crowd still gaze,
Charm'd with false shows, and love with little skill:
Not wealth the cares of human souls allays,
Since Fortune shifts their happiness at will.

With thee, oh sweet Neæra! want were bliss;
Without thee I the gifts of kings disdain:
Oh clear the light! blest day, that brings me this;
Thrice blest, that yields thee to my arms again!

If to my vows for this thy sweet return,
Love's God kind listen, nor avert his ear;
Then Lydia's river, rolling gold, I'll spurn:
Kingdoms and wealth of worlds shall poor appear.

Seek these who may: a frugal fare be mine:
With my dear consort let me safely dwell:
Come, Juno! to my timid prayers ineline!
Come, Venus! wafted on thy scalloped shell!

But, if the Sister Fates refuse my boon,
Who draw the future day with swift-spun thread,
Hell to its gulfy rivers call me soon,
To sluggish lurid lakes, where haunt the dead.

Elton.

TO SULPICIA.

"Never shall woman's smile have power
 To win me from those gentle charms!"—
 Thus swore I in that happy hour
 When Love first gave them to my arms.

And still alone thou charm'st my sight—
 Still, though our city proudly shine
 With forms and faces fair and bright,
 I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me
 And could'st no heart but mine allure!—
 To all men else unpleasing be,
 So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh love like mine ne'er wants the zest
 Of others' envy, others' praise;
 But, in its silence safely blest,
 Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power
 All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued—
 My light, in even the darkest hour,
 My crowd in deepest solitude!

No; not though Heaven itself sent down
 Some maid of more than heavenly charms,
 With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
 Would I for her forsake those charms.

Thomas Moore.

CONTENT.

Let the rich miser gather golden gain,
 And live the large possessor of the plain:
 To me the fates with sparing hand dispense,
 The humbler sweets of ease and innocence:
 Pleas'd with the joys of a secure retreat,
 While constant fires supply the cheerful seat.
 I nor paternal wealth, nor fields require,
 Nor harvests, bounteous to my wealthy sire:
 A small estate my humble wish can please,
 And a soft bed to stretch my limbs at ease.

Dart.

PROPERTIUS.

52-12 B. C.

SEXTUS AURELIUS PROPERTIUS was born about the year 52 B. C., in Umbria, but at what place is not known. We have no account of his early life, but it seems that he was destined for the legal profession, which he abandoned for that of poetry. He was driven by rapacious soldiery from his country possessions, and came to Rome, where he associated with Mæcenas and the chief literary men of his time. Very few particulars of his life are known; but it is evident that he began to write poetry at a very early age. The real name of his "Cynthia," whom he so frequently addresses, was Hostia, a poetess of no mean talents, and skilled in music, dancing, and needlework. After her death he married, and left a family of children. In what year he died is not exactly known; but it was not far from 12 B. C.

As an amatory elegiac poet Propertius takes a high rank, and among the ancients, opinions differed whether the preference should be given to him or to Tibullus. His genius, however, did not fit him for the sublime heights of poetry, and he had the good sense not to attempt them. Though he excels Ovid in warmth of passion, he never indulges in the grossness which disfigures some of the compositions of that poet. "Considered as a writer of amorous elegy," says Mr. Elton, "Propertius has not the unstudied easy elegance of Tibullus. His compositions have an air of labor and ostentatious erudition: he affects a close and obscure style; delights in Grecisms and remote terms; and clogs his subject by thick-sown allusions to the fables of heroic mythology. Yet, notwithstanding this appearance of art, a vehemence of feeling continually breaks out, which partakes strongly of the enthusiasm of true poetry; and his starts and transitions, though they have been blamed, without consideration, as irregularly digressive, naturally express the emotions of love. It is in the stormier moments of passion, in the pangs of jealousy, and the torments of despair, that the excellence of Propertius mostly consists: a vein of sarcasm and bitter irony runs through many of his elegies; and this is the cause why his poems have more of spirit and variety than the smoother elegies of Tibullus. Compared generally as poets, the genius of Propertius is of a more lofty stamp than that of Tibullus."¹

¹ The best editions of Propertius are those of Kuinoel, Leipzig, 1804, two volumes 8vo.; Paldamus, Halle, 1827, 8vo.; Hertzburg, Halle, 1844-5, in four thin volumes 8vo.

TO CYNTHIA.

Then, soon as night o'ershades my dying eyes,
Hear my last charge : let no procession trail
Its lengthen'd pomp, to grace my obsequies,
No trump with empty moan my fate bewail.

Let not the ivory stand my bier sustain,
Nor on the embroider'd vests my corse recline ;
Nor odor-breathing censers crowd the train :
The poor-man's mean solemnities be mine.

Enough of state—enough, if of my verse
Three slender rolls be borne with pious care :
No greater gift, attendant on my hearse,
Can soothe the breast of hell's imperial fair.

But thou, slow-following, beat thy naked breast,
Nor weary faint with calling on the dead :
Be thy last kisses to my cold lips prest,
While alabaster vases unguents shed.

When flames the pyre, and I am embers made,
My relics to an earthen shell convey :
Then plant a laurel, which the tomb may shade,
Where my quench'd ashes rest, and grave the lay :—

“What here a heap of shapeless ashes lies,
Was once the faithful slave of Love alone :”
Then shall my sepulchre renown'd arise
As the betroth'd Achilles' blood-stain'd stone.

And thou, whene'er thou yieldest thus to fate,
Oh, dear one ! seek the memorable way,
Already trod ; the mindful stones await
Thy second coming, and for thee they stay.

Meantime, whilst life endures, oh, warn'd beware
Lest thou the buried lover should'st despise :
Some conscious spark e'en mouldering ashes share :
The senseless clay is touch'd by injuries.

Ah ! would some kinder Fate, while yet I lay
In cradled sleep, had bid me breathe my last !
What boots the breath of our precarious day ?
Nestor is dead, his three long ages past.

On Ilium's rampart had the Phrygian spear
Abridged his age, and sent a swifter doom :
He ne'er had seen his son's untimely bier,
Nor cried, "Oh death! why art thou slow to come?"

Thou thy lost friend shalt many a time deplore ;
And love may ever last for those who die :
Witness Adonis, when the ruthless boar
Smote in th' Idalian brake his snowy thigh :

'Tis said, that Venus wept her lover lost,
Trode the dank soil, and spread her streaming hair :
Thou too in vain would'st call upon my ghost :
These moulder'd bones are dumb to thy despair.

Elton.

THE EFFIGY OF LOVE.

Had he not hands of rare device, whose'er
First painted Love in figure of a boy ?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
Who blessings lose, whilst lightest cares employ.

Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
And bade through human hearts the godhead fly ;
For we are tost upon a wavering main ;
Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.

Nor, without cause, he grasps those barbed darts,
The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast ;
Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes our hearts ;
And those inflicted wounds forever last.

In me are fix'd those arrows, in my breast ;
But sure his wings are shorn, the boy remains ;
For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest ;
Still, still I feel him warring through my veins.

In these scorched vitals dost thou joy to dwell ?
Oh shame ! to others let thy arrows flee ;
Let veins untouch'd with all thy venom swell ;
Not me thou torturest, but the shade of me.

Destroy me—who shall then describe the fair ?
This my light Muse to thee high glory brings :
When the nymph's tapering fingers, flowing hair,
And eyes of jet, and gliding feet she sings.

Elton.

TO CYNTHIA,
WHEN IN THE COUNTRY.

Though, with unwilling eyes, from Rome I see
Thy mourn'd departure, my regretted love!
Yet I rejoice that, e'en remote from me,
Thy feet the solitary woodlands rove.

In the chaste fields no soft seducer sighs
With blandishments, that force thee to thy shame;
No wanton brawls before thy windows rise;
Nor scared thy sleep with those that call thy name.

Thou art in solitude—and all around
Lone hills, and herds, and humble cots appear;
No theatres can here thy virtue wound,
No fanes, the cause of sin, corrupt thee here.

Thou shalt behold the steers the furrows turn;
The curved knife, dexterous, prune the foliaged vine;
Thy grains of incense in rude chapel burn,
And see the goat fall at a rustic shrine;

Or, with bare leg, the rural dance essay,
But safe from each strange lover's prying sight:
And I will seek the chase: alternate pay
To Venus vows, and join Diana's rite.

Chide the bold hound; in woodland covert lie,
And hang the antler'd spoil on pine-tree boughs;
But no huge lion in his lair defy,
Nor savage boar, with nimble onset, rouse.

My prowess be to seize the timid hare,
Or from my reedy quiver pierce the bird;
Nigh where Clitumnus winds his waters fair
Through arching trees, and laves the snow-white herd.

Whate'er thy sports, remember, sweetest soul!
A few short days will bring me to thy side;
For not the lonely woods, the rills that roll
Down mossy crags in smooth, meandering tide,

Can so divert the jealousy of fear,
But that I name thee by some fancied name,
While earnest in thy praise; lest they, that hear,
Should seek thee absent, and seduce to shame.

Elon.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

65—8 B. C.

Then sportive Horace caught the generous fire ;
 For Satire's bow resigned the sounding lyre :
 Each arrow polished in his hand was seen,
 And as it grew more polished grew more keen.
 He seemed to sport and trifle with the dart,
 But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

Pope. Essay on Satire.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense ;
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.

Pope. Essay on Criticism.

Then Horace touched the graceful Lesbian lyre,
 And Sappho's sweetness joined with Pindar's fire.

Fenton.

· ALL the material facts of the personal history of Horace are to be gathered from allusions scattered throughout his poems. He was born sixty-five years before Christ. His father was a freedman, and it is said had been a slave of some member of the family of the Horatii, whose name, in accordance with a common usage, he had assumed. He had, however, been emancipated before his son was born, and had realized a moderate independence in the vocation of collector of money due on sales by auction. He had purchased a small property near Venusia, on the banks of the Aufidus—a most picturesque region of mountain, forest, and stream, where the poet was born. In his father's house, and in the dwellings of the Apulian peasantry around him, Horace had opportunities of becoming familiar with the simple virtues of the poor—their independence, integrity, chastity, and homely worth—which he loved to contrast with the luxury and vices of imperial Rome.

Although ill able to afford the expense, his father took him to Rome when about twelve years old, and gave him the best education the capital could supply. He also went with him to all his classes, and gave to his son's studies a practical bearing, by directing his attention to the follies and vices of the luxurious and dissolute society around him, and showing their incompatibility with the dictates of reason and common sense. The manly and admirable character of his father gave a tone and strength to his own, which in the midst of manifold temptations kept him true to himself and to his genius ; and to the end of life the poet showed his deep gratitude for the bias thus early communicated.

About the age of seventeen he lost this excellent father, and soon after he repaired to Athens to complete his education in the Greek literature and philosophy under native teachers. In the political lull between the battle of Pharsalia (B. C. 48) and the death of Julius Cæsar (B. C. 44), Horace was enabled to devote himself without interruption to the tranquil pursuits of the scholar. But when, after the latter event, Brutus came to Athens, and the youth of Rome, fired with zeal for the cause of Republican liberty, joined his standard, Horace accepted the office of Tribune in the army which was destined to encounter the legions of Antony and Octavianus. But for military life he possessed no aptitude, moral or physical, and when, on the plains of Philippi, the Republican party sustained a total defeat, he showed that he was not a good "murdering machine," called in common parlance a soldier, by leaving his shield behind him on the battle field. But while the victors and the vanquished on that field have alike almost passed into oblivion, and exert no influence upon the world, the exquisite lyric strains of Horace are still the delight of every cultivated mind.¹

On his return to Italy Horace found his paternal estate confiscated. His life was spared, but nothing was left him to sustain it but his pen and good spirits. He had to write for bread—*Paupertas impulit audax ut versus facerem*²—and in so doing gained much reputation, and sufficient means to purchase the place of scribe in the Quæstor's office. He now made his acquaintance with Virgil and Varius, and by them was introduced to that munificent patron of scholars, Mæcenas, who gave to our poet a place next to his heart, while he, in return, is never weary of acknowledging how much he owes to his illustrious friend. From him he received the gift of the Sabine farm,³ which at once afforded him a competency and all the pleasures of a country life. Never was a gift better bestowed or better requited. It at once prompted much of that poetry which has given fame to Mæcenas, and has afforded ever fresh delight to successive generations.

The life of Horace, from the time of his intimacy with Mæcenas, appears to have been one of comparative ease and of great social enjoyment. Augustus soon admitted him to his favor, and in the profound admiration of him as a poet, could not but see that his own name would be most favorably known in the immortality of the poet's

¹ "Troy's doubtful walls in ashes pass'd away,
Yet frowns on Greece in Homer's deathless lay;
Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fane,
Stands all immortal in her Maro's strains."

² "Pinching poverty compelled me to write poetry."—*Epist. II. ii. 51.*

³ It was in the valley of Urtica, twelve miles from Tibur.

writings. Horace now enjoyed the choicest society of Rome—a society which included Virgil, Varius, Plotius, Tibullus, Pollio, and a host of others—ripe scholars, and eminent in the political world. It is to this period that the composition of his principal odes is to be attributed, to which, of all his writings, he appears to have ascribed the greatest value, and to have rested upon them his claim to posthumous renown. And he was right in his estimation of them; for in airy and playful grace, in variety of imagery, and exquisite felicity of expression (*curiosa felicitas*), the odes are still unsurpassed by the writings of any period or language. “If they want for the most part the inspiration of a great motive, or the fervor and resonance of the finest lyrics of Greece, they possess in perfection the power of painting an image or expressing a thought in the fewest and fittest words, combined with a melody of cadence always delightful. It is these qualities, and a prevailing vein of genial and sober wisdom, which imbue them with a charm quite peculiar, and have given them a hold upon the minds of educated men, which no change of taste has shaken.¹

“Horace’s *Satires* and *Epistles* are less read, yet they are, perhaps, intrinsically more valuable than his lyric poetry. Never were the maxims of social prudence and practical good sense inculcated in so pleasing a form as in the *Epistles*. The vein of his *Satire* is delicate yet racy; he keeps the intellect on the alert and amuses the fancy, while he rarely offends by indelicacy or outrages by coarseness. For

¹ The following happy remarks on the Roman Satirists, are by Professor Sanborn, formerly Professor of Latin in Dartmouth College, and now in the University of St. Louis: “The principal Roman satirists were Horace, Juvenal, and Persius. Horace is merry; Persius serious; Juvenal indignant. Thus, wit, philosophy, and lofty scorn mark their respective pages. The satire of Horace was playful and good-natured. His arrows were always dipped in oil. He was a fine specimen of an accomplished gentleman. His sentiments were evidently modified by his associates. He was an Epicurean and a stoic by turns. He commended and ridiculed both sects. He practised economy, and praised liberality. He lived temperate, and sang the praises of festivity. He was the favorite of the court and paid for its patronage in compliments and panegyrics, unsurpassed in delicacy of sentiment and beauty of expression. Horace is every man’s companion. He has a word of advice and admonition for all. His criticisms constitute most approved canons of the rhetorician; his sage reflections adorn the page of the moralist; his humor and wit give point and force to the satirist, and his graver maxims are not despised by the Christian philosopher. Juvenal is fierce and denunciatory. His characteristics are energy, force, and indignation; his weapons are irony, wit, and sarcasm; he is a decided character, and you must yield and submit, or resist. His denunciations of vice are startling. He hated the Greeks, the aristocracy and woman with intense hatred. No author has written with such terrible bitterness of the sex. Unlike other satirists, he never relents. His arrow is ever on the string, and whatever wears the guise of woman is his game. The most celebrated of the modern imitators of Horace and Juvenal are Swift and Pope.”

fierceness of invective or loftiness of moral tone, he is inferior to Juvenal: he deals with the weaknesses and follies, rather than with the vices or crimes of mankind, and his appeals are directed to their judgment and practical sense rather than to their conscience. As a living and brilliant commentary on life; as a storehouse of maxims of practical wisdom, couched in language the most apt and concise; as a picture of men and manners which will be always fresh and always true, because they were true once, and because human nature will always reproduce itself under analogous circumstances, his *Satires* and still more his *Epistles* will have a permanent value for mankind."

At no time very robust, Horace's health appears to have declined for some years before his death. He was doomed to see some of his most valued friends drop into the grave before him. Mæcenas' health was a source of deep anxiety to him; and one of the most exquisite Odes (ii. 17) addressed to that valued friend, bears in it the tone of one weary of life, and utters a prophecy not a little remarkable:—

"Ah! if untimely fate should snatch thee hence,
Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on, with deaden'd sense,
And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no! One day beholds thy death and mine!

"Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath!
Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand linked in hand, whene'er thou leadeest, both
The last sad road below!"

This prophecy seems to have been realized almost to the letter. The same year (B. C. 8) witnessed the death of both Mæcenas and Horace. The former died in the middle of the year; the latter on the 27th of November, and was buried on the Esquiline Hill, near his patron and friend Mæcenas.¹

¹ The best edition of Horace that I have ever seen is the large octavo edition of 1082 pages, by Professor Anthon, which, with its valuable prolegomena and excursus, and its learned historical, geographical, and critical notes, leaves nothing more to be desired by the scholar. Of the translations, Francis' for a long time held undisputed sway, and being the only complete translation of the poet, acquired almost the dignity of an English classic. Of late years, however, many versions of the Odes, quite superior to his, have appeared: among these are the versions of H. G. Robinson, Whyte Melville, R. W. O'Brien, F. W. Newman, Lord Ravensworth, and Theodore Martin. The two last possess eminent merit, and to the admirable life of Horace prefixed by Mr. Martin to his edition, I am much indebted for the sketch I have given.

TO MÆCENAS.

Oh thou, whose line illustrious springs
From old Etruria's hero kings,
Mæcenas! patron, friend, and guide,
What various aims mankind divide!
One loves to drive, with scourge and rein,
The chariot o'er Olympia's plain;
And when his glowing axle rolls
In triumph past successive goals,
The palm of conquest waving near
Lifts him beyond this nether sphere.
This man the mob's applause can raise
To rapture by their fickle praise:
Another covets for his stores
The grain of Libya's threshing-floors:—
Him who expends his daily toil
In ploughing his paternal soil,
No prospects of unbounded gain
Can tempt upon the treacherous main.
The merchant on th' Icarian seas
Wind-bound and tost, regrets the ease
And gardens of his native town;
But soon once more, the storm o'erblown,
Refts his shattered fleet and braves,
At lucre's call, the foaming waves.
The sons of luxury incline
To quaff the bowl of purple wine,
And snatch a portion of the day
To wile the vacant hours away,
Where myrtles shade the noontide beam
Beside a consecrated stream.
Many of sterner mould there are
Whom camps delight and horrid war
By mothers hated, and the strain
Of clarions on the battle-plain.
The hunter, scorning dull repose,
Pursues his game through wintry snows,
And careless of his tender wife
Expects with glee the dangerous strife,
Whether his bloodhounds snuff the drag
Of timid hind or antlered stag,
Or the rude boar hath burst his net
About the Marsian coverts set.
Upon my learned brows be shown,
Envied by gods, the ivy crown;
To me, distinguished from the throng,
Cool grots and shady groves belong,
Where oft the Nymphs and Fawns attend,
If but her pipe Euterpe lend,

Nor Polyhymnia deny
 Her harp of Lesbian melody.
 So to the stars I shall aspire,
 By thee enrolled among the lyric quire.¹
Lord Ravensworth.

TO PYRRHA.

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odors,
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
 Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
 On faith and changed gods complain, and seas,
 Rough with black winds, and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant, always amiable
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they,
 To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vow'd
 Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.

Milton.

TO PYRRHA.

SECOND VERSION.

Say, Pyrrha, say, what slender boy,
 With locks all dropping balm, on roses laid,
 Doth now with thee in pleasant grotto toy?
 For whom dost thou thine amber tresses braid,

Array'd with simple elegance?
 Alas! alas! How oft shall he deplore?
 The alter'd gods, and thy perfidious glance,
 And, new to danger, shrink, when sea waves roar,

Chafed by the surly winds, who now
 Enjoyeth thee, all golden as thou art;
 And hopes, fond fool! through every change, that thou
 Wilt welcome him as fondly to thy heart!

¹ This ode is upon Horace's favorite subject—the diversity of tastes and employments in human life, upon the chances and changes of which he seems never to be weary of moralizing.

Nor doth not know, how shift the while
 The fairest gales beneath the sunniest skies ;
 Unhappy he, who weeting not thy guile,
 Basks in the sunshine of thy flattering eyes !

My votive tablet, duly set
 Against the temple's wall, doth witness keep,
 That I, whilere, my vestments dank and wet
 Hung at the shrine of Him that rules the deep.

Martin.

TO PYRRHA.

THIRD VERSION.

What youth, O Pyrrha ! blooming fair,
 With rose-twined wreath and perfumed hair,
 Woos thee beneath yon grotto's shade,
 Urgent in prayer and amorous glance ?
 For whom dost thou thy tresses braid,
 Simple in thine elegance ?
 Alas ! full soon shall he deplore
 Thy broken faith, thine altered mien :
 Like one astonished at the roar
 Of breakers on a leeward shore,
 Whom gentle airs and skies serene
 Had tempted on the treacherous deep,
 So he thy perfidy shall weep
 Who now enjoys thee fair and kind,
 But dreams not of the shifting wind.
 Thrice wretched they, deluded and betrayed,
 Who trust thy glittering smile and Siren tongue !
 I have escaped the shipwreck, and have hung
 In Neptune's fane my dripping vest displayed
 With votive tablet on his altar laid,
 Thanking the sea-god for his timely aid.'

Lord Ravensworth.

TO LYDIA.

Why, Lydia, why,
 I pray, by all the gods above,
 Art so resolved that Sybaris should die,
 And all for love ?

¹ "This inimitable ode has been rendered famous in English literature by Milton's version ; but at the risk of provoking unfriendly remarks from that class of critics who take the safe course of founding all their approval upon acknowledged excellence and authority, I must repeat the opinion expressed in my Preface, that this single effort of our greatest poet, in the way of translation, is a failure."—*Lord Ravensworth.*

Why doth he shun
The Campus Martius' sultry glare?
He that once reck'd of neither dust nor sun,
Why rides he there,

First of the brave,
Taming the Gallic steed no more?
Why doth he shrink from Tiber's yellow wave?
Why thus abhor

The wrestler's oil,
As 'twere from viper's tongue distill'd?
Why do his arms no livid bruises soil,
He, once so skill'd,

The disk or dart
Far, far beyond the mark to hurl?
And tell me, tell me, in what nook apart,
Like baby-girl,

Lurks the poor boy,
Velling his manhood, as did Thetis' son,
To 'scape war's bloody clang, while fated Troy
Was yet undone?

Martin.

TO LYDIA.

SECOND VERSION.

By all the gods that we adore,
Lydia, tell me, I implore,
Why thou hastenest to destroy
Sybaris, that impassioned boy?
Why hates he now the dusty plain,
Patient late of sun and rain?
Why in military pride
Hath he ceased with friends to ride,
And why, apparelled for the course,
Stands in stall his eager horse?
Why cares he now no more to lave
His limbs in yellow Tiber's wave,
And shuns the oiled wrestler's ring,
Worse than the viper's venom'd sting?
No more his stalwart shoulders feel
The weighty breastplate's polished steel;
No more he proudly vaunts his art
With whirling quoit or whizzing dart:
Why skulks he thus, like Thetis' boy,
Far from the fated towers of Troy,
For fear the manly garb and arms
Should hurry him to war's alarms?

Lord Ravensworth.

ANOTHER ODE TO LYDIA.

Swains in numbers
 Break your slumbers,
 Saucy Lydia, now but seldom,
 Ay, though at your casement nightly,
 Tapping loudly, tapping lightly,
 By the dozen once ye held them.

Ever turning,
 Night and morning,
 Swung your door upon its hinges ;
 Now from dawn till evening's closing,
 Lone and desolate reposing,
 Not a soul its rest infringes.

Serenaders,
 Sweet invaders,
 Scanter grow, and daily scanter,
 Singing, Lydia, art thou sleeping ?
 Lonely watch thy love is keeping !
 Wake, oh wake, thou dear enchanter !

Lorn and faded,
 You, as they did,
 Woo, and in your turn are slighted ;
 Worn and torn by passion's fret,
 You, the pitiless coquette,
 Waste by fires yourself have lighted.

Late relenting,
 Left lamenting,
 Wither'd leaves strew wintry brooks !
 Ivy garlands greenly darkling,
 Myrtles brown with dew-drops sparkling,
 Best beseeem youth's glowing looks !

Martin.

TO LICINIUS.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse Fortune's power ;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between

The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,
And hopes, in spite of pain;
If Winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky;
The god, that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.¹

Cowper.

TO DELLIUS.

Dellius! since all are born to die,
Remember, in adversity,
To show thyself resigned;
Nor less when Fortune's favoring gale
Impels thy bark with swelling sail,
Maintain a placid mind.

¹ Cowper makes the following just and beautiful reflections on the above Ode:—

And is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea
The Christian has an art unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

Whether relentless Care hath cast
Her gloomy shadows o'er the past,
Or Indolence and Ease
Have seen thee woo the vernal wind
And quaff the purple grape, reclined
Beneath the waving trees ;

Where the tall pine and poplar white
Their mingled foliage unite
In hospitable shade ;
And where the struggling rivulet
In rocky channel seems to fret
Its winding course delayed.

Here bring the perfumes, bring the wine !
And round thy brow fresh roses twine
Ere yet their bloom be fled ;
Or ere the Fates, stern sisters three,
Have past th' immutable decree
To cut Life's slender thread.

Then must thou leave thy lands and home,
Thy noble villa's lofty dome,
And Tiber murmuring nigh ;
Resign thy groves and gardens fair,
To gratify thy longing heir
With riches heaped on high.

What now are titles, wealth, or fame,
The glories of ancestral name ?
Alike the rich, and they
That starve in wintry snows, or sweat
Beneath the sultry Dog-star's heat,
Relentless Fate obey.

We all must pass that dreaded bourne
From whence no travellers return ;
And all alike explore
Early or late those regions dark,
Where Charon plies his fatal bark
To th' undiscovered shore.

Lord Ravensworth.

TO HIS LYRE.

We are ask'd for a song. Oh ! if ever with thee
While idling, my lyre, 'neath the green shady tree,
Any birth to a strain we have happen'd to give,
Which perchance for this year and for many may live,
With a sweet Latin ode, come assist me, my shell,
First tun'd by the townaman of Lesbos so well,

Who, fierce though in war, yet amid battle's roar,
Or his toss'd bark made fast to the watery shore,
Of Liber, the Muses, and Venus would sing,
And the Boy to her side ever loving to cling;
Would sing too of Lycus, belov'd by the fair,
For his dark piercing eyes, and his raven black hair.
O glory of Phœbus! O welcom'd above!
Dearest shell, at the feasts of omnipotent Jove;
Thou sweetest assuager of trouble, whene'er
I duly invoke thee, attend to my prayer!

Robinson.

TO A MISER.

Within my dwelling you behold
Nor ivory, nor roof of gold;
There no Hymettian rafters weigh
On columns from far Africa;
Nor Attalus' imperial chair
Have I usurp'd, a spurious heir,
Nor client dames of high degree
Laconian purples spin for me;
But a true heart and genial vein
Of wit are mine, and great men deign
To court my company, though poor.
For naught beyond do I implore
The gods, nor crave my potent friend
A larger bounty to extend,
With what he gave completely blest,
My happy little Sabine nest.
Day treads down day, and sinks amain,
And new moons only wax to wane,
Yet you, upon death's very brink,
Of piling marbles only think,
That yet are in the quarry's womb,
And all unmindful of the tomb,
Rear gorgeous mansions everywhere;
Nay, as though earth too bounded were,
With bulwarks huge thrust back the sea,
That chafes and breaks on Bææ.
What though you move the ancient bound,
That marks your humble neighbor's ground,
And avariciously o'erleap
The limits right should bid you keep?
Where lies your gain, that, driven from home,
Both wife and husband forth must roam,
Bearing their household gods close press'd
With squalid babes upon their breast?
Still for the man of wealth, 'mid all
His pomp and pride of place, the hall

Of sure devouring Orcus waits
 With its inevitable gates.
 Then why this ceaseless vain unrest ?
 Earth opens her impartial breast
 To prince and beggar both ; nor might
 Gold e'er tempt hell's grim satellite
 To waft astute Prometheus o'er
 From yonder ghastly Stygian shore.
 Proud Tantalus and all his race
 He curbs within that rueful place ;
 The toilworn wretch, who cries for ease,
 Invoked or not, he hears and frees.

Martin.

TO PHYLLIS.

I have laid in a cask of Albanian wine,
 Which nine mellow summers have ripened and more ;
 In my garden, dear Phyllis, thy brows to entwine,
 Grows the brightest of parsley in plentiful store.
 There is ivy to gleam on thy dark glossy hair ;
 My plate, newly burnish'd, enlivens my rooms ;
 And the altar, athirst for its victim, is there,
 Enwreath'd with chaste vervain, and choicest of blooms.

Every hand in the household is busily toiling,
 And hither and thither boys bustle and girls ;
 Whilst, up from the hearth-fires careering and colling,
 The smoke round the rafter-beams languidly curls.
 Let the joys of the revel be parted between us !
 'Tis the Ides of young April, the day which divides
 The month, dearest Phyllis, of ocean-sprung Venus,
 A day to me dearer than any besides.

And well may I prize it, and hail its returning—
 My own natal day not more hallowed nor dear—
 For Mæcenas, my friend, dates from this happy morning
 The life which has swelled to a lustrous career.
 You sigh for young Telephus : better forget him !
 His rank is not yours, and the gaudier charms
 Of a girl that's both wealthy and wanton benet him,
 And hold him the fondest of slaves in her arms.

Remember fond Phaëthon's fiery sequel,
 And heavenward-aspiring Bellerophon's fate ;
 And pine not for one who would ne'er be your equal,
 But level your hopes to a lowlier mate.
 So, come, my own Phyllis, my heart's latest treasure ;
 Ah, ne'er for another this bosom shall long—
 And I'll teach, while your loved voice re-echoes the measure,
 How to lighten fell care with the cadence of song.

Martin.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

That happy man, whose virtuous heart
Is free from guilt and conscious fear,
Needs not the poison'd Moorish dart,
Nor bow, nor sword, nor deadly spear.

Whether on shores that Ganges laves,
Or Syrtes' quivering sands among;
Or where Hydaspes' fabled waves
In strange meanders wind along.

When free from care I dared to rove,
And Lalage inspired my lay;
A wolf within the Sabine grove
Fled wild from his defenceless prey.

Such prodigy the Daunian hands
In their drear haunts shall never trace;
Nor barren Libya's arid sands,
Rough parent of the lion race.

O place me where no verdure smiles,
No vernal zephyrs fan the ground,
No varied scene the eye beguiles,
Nor murmuring rivulets glide around!

Place me on Thracia's frozen lands,
Uncheer'd by genial light of day!
Place me on Afric's burning sands,
Scorch'd by the sun's inclement ray!

Love in my heart shall pain beguile,
Sweet Lalage shall be my song;
The gentle beauties of her smile,
The gentle music of her tongue.

Hon. W. Herbert.

TO VIRGIL.

[EXHORTING HIM TO BEAR WITH FORTITUDE THE DEATH OF QUINTILIUS.]

Wherefore restrain the tender tear?
Why blush to weep for one so dear?
Sweet Muse, of melting voice and lyre,
Do thou the mournful song inspire.
Quintilius—sunk to endless rest,
With Death's eternal sleep oppress'd!
Oh! when shall Faith, of soul sincere,

Of Justice pure the sister fair,
 And Modesty, unspotted maid,
 And Truth in artless guise array'd,
 Among the race of humankind
 An equal to Quintilius find ?

How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
 And pour their sorrows o'er his urn ?
 But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain ;
 Yet all thy pious grief is vain.
 In vain dost thou the gods implore
 Thy loved Quintilius to restore ;
 Whom on far other terms they gave,
 By nature fated to the grave.

What though thou canst the lyre command,
 And sweep its tones with softer hand
 Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
 Once drew the listening trees along ?
 Yet ne'er returns the vital heat
 The shadowy form to animate ;
 For when the ghost-compelling god
 Forms his black troops with horrid rod,
 He will not, lenient to the breath
 Of prayer, unbar the gates of death.
 'Tis hard ; but patience must endure,
 And soothe the woes it cannot cure.

Francis.

CONSCIENCE.

What's man's chief good ? From guilt a conscience free ;—
 Be this thy guard, be this thy strong defence :
 A virtuous heart, and unstained innocence :
 Not to be conscious of a shameful sin,
 Nor e'er turn pale for scarlet crimes within.

Creech.

DETRACTION.

The man who vilifies an absent friend,
 Or hears him scandaliz'd, and don't defend :
 Who, much desiring to be thought a wit,
 Will have his jest, regardless whom it hit :
 Who what he never saw proclaims for true,
 And vends for secrets what he never knew :
 Who blabs whate'er is whisper'd in his ear,
 And fond of talk, does all he knows declare :
 That man's a wretch :—of him besure beware. }

Creech.

ADVICE.

Now to advise you, since you want advice :
 Take heed of whom you speak, and what it is
 Take heed to whom : avoid the busy man :
 Fly the inquisitive ; he'll talk again,
 And tell what you have said : the leaky ear
 Can never hold what it shall chance to hear,
 But out it runs : what words you once let fall,
 Forever gone, no mortal can recall.
 Praise none till well approv'd on sober thoughts,
 Lest afterwards you blush to find their faults :
 But if you have commended, thro' mistake,
 A worthless rascal, no excuses make
 On his behalf, but give him up to shame :
 Yet manfully defend another's fame,
 If long acquaintance has approv'd him true :
 For the same malice soon may slander you.
 When your next neighbor's house is all a flame,
 If you neglect it, yours will be the same.

Cresch.

COUNTRY LIFE.

I often wish'd I had a farm,
 A decent dwelling, snug and warm,
 A garden, and a spring as pure
 As crystal, running by my door ;
 Besides, a little ancient grove,
 Where at my leisure I might rove.
 The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
 Have granted this, and more than this :
 I have enough in my possessing,
 'Tis well : I ask no other blessing,
 Oh Hermes ! than, remote from strife,
 To have and hold them for my life.
 If I was never known to raise
 My fortune by dishonest ways ;
 Nor, like the spendthrifts of the times,
 Shall ever sink it by my crimes :
 If thus I neither pray nor ponder—
 Oh ! might I have that angle yonder,
 Which disproportions now my field,
 What satisfaction it would yield !
 Oh that some lucky chance but threw
 A pot of silver to my view,
 As lately to the man, who bought
 The very land on which he wrought !

If I am pleased with my condition,
 Oh hear, and grant this last petition :
 Indulgent, let my cattle batten ;
 Let all things, but my fancy, fatten ;
 And thou continue still to guard,
 As thou art wont, thy suppliant bard !
 Whilst losing, in Rome's busy maze,
 The calm and sunshine of my days,
 How oft, with fervor I repeat,
 " When shall I see my sweet retreat ?
 Oh, when with books of sages deep,
 Sequester'd ease and gentle sleep,
 In soft oblivion, blissful balm,
 The busy cares of life becalm ?
 Oh, when shall I enrich my veins,
 Spite of Pythagoras, with beans ?
 Or live luxurious in my cottage
 On bacon-ham and savory pottage ?
 O joyous nights ! delicious feasts !
 At which the gods might be my guests !"
 There every guest may drink and fill
 As much, or little, as he will,
 Exempted from the bedlam rules
 Of roaring prodigals and fools.
 Whether in merry mood or whim,
 He fills his bumper to the brim ;
 Or, better pleased to let it pass,
 Grows mellow with a moderate glass.

Satire Sixth.—Francis.

FREEDOM.

II. Who then is free ?

D. The wise, who well maintains
 An empire o'er himself : whom neither chains,
 Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire ;
 Who boldly answers to his warm desire,
 Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise,
 Firm in himself, who on himself relies ;
 Polish'd and round, who runs his proper course,
 And breaks misfortune with superior force.

Satire Seventh.—Francis.

DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING.

Your style should an important difference make
 When heroes, gods, or awful sages speak ;
 When florid youth, whom gay desires inflame ;
 A busy servant, or a wealthy dame ;

A merchant, wandering with incessant toil,
Or he, who cultivates the verdant soil;
But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,
Their genius, customs, dialects maintain.

Or follow fame, or in th' invented tale
Let seeming, well-united truth prevail:
If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage,
Like Homer's hero, let him spurn all laws,
And by the sword alone assert his cause.
With untamed fury let Medea glow,
And Ino's tears in ceaseless anguish flow.
From realm to realm her griefs let Io bear,
And sad Orestes rave in deep despair.
But if you venture on an untried theme,
And form a person yet unknown to fame,
From his first entrance to the closing scene,
Let him one equal character maintain.

'Tis hard a new-form'd fable to express,
And make it seem your own. With more success
You may from Homer take the tale of Troy,
Than on an untried plot your strength employ.
Yet would you make a common theme your own,
Dwell not on incidents already known;
Nor word for word translate with painful care,
Nor be confined in such a narrow sphere,
From whence (while you should only imitate)
Shame and the rules forbid you to retreat.

Begin your work with modest grace and plain,
Nor like the bard of everlasting strain,
"I sing the glorious war and Priam's fate"—
How will the boaster hold this yawning rate?
The mountains labor'd with prodigious throes,
And, lo! a mouse ridiculous arose.
Far better he, who ne'er attempts in vain,
Opening his poem in this humble strain;
Muse, sing the man who, after Troy subdued,
Manners and towns of various nations view'd;
He does not lavish at a blaze his fire,
Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire;
But rises from a cloud of smoke to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight;
Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

He would not, like our modern poet, date
His hero's wanderings from his uncle's fate;
Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various woes,
From Helen's birth, from whom the war arose;
But to the grand event he speeds his course,
And bears his readers with resistless force
Into the midst of things, while every line
Opens, by just degrees, his whole design.

Artful he knows each circumstance to leave
Which will not grace and ornament receive :
Then truth and fiction with such skill he blends,
That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.

* * * * *

The poet, who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes ;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend or guest ;
What the great offices of judges are,
Of senators, of generals sent to war ;
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue ;
For when the sentiments and diction please,
And all the characters are wrought with ease,
Your play, though void of beauty, force, and art,
More strongly shall delight and warm the heart,
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.

* * * * *

'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
From art or nature their best right to fame ;
But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
And a rude genius, of uncultured strain,
Are useless both ; but when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succor in each other find.

De Arte Poetica.—Francis.

TITUS LIVIUS.

B. C. 59—A. D. 17.

OF Titus Livius (who has sometimes the cognomen of Patavinus, from the place of his birth) very little is positively known. He was born at Patavium or Padua B. C. 59, but spent the greater part of his life in the metropolis, where he enjoyed the protection and regard of Augustus, and returned to his native city a few years before his death, which took place in the fourth year of Tiberius, A. D. 17, when he was seventy-six years old.

The great and only extant work of Livy, is his History of Rome (termed by himself *Annales*), extending from the foundation of the city to the death of Drusus, B. C. 9, comprised in one hundred and forty-two books : of these, thirty-five have descended to us ; but of the

whole, with the exception of two, we possess summaries which were probably drawn up not long after the appearance of the volumes which they abridge. The whole work has been divided into decades, or groups of ten books each: the first decade (1—10) is entire, embracing the period from the foundation of the city to the subjugation of the Samnites, B. C. 294. The second decade (11—20) is altogether lost. It embraces the period from B. C. 294 to B. C. 219, comprising an account of the extension of the Roman dominion over Southern Italy and a part of Cisalpine Gaul; of the invasion of Pyrrhus, the first Punic war, &c. The third decade (21—30) is entire, giving an account of the second Punic war, from B. C. 219, to the battle of Zama, B. C. 201. The fourth decade (31—40), and one-half of the fifth (41—45), are entire, the whole fifteen embracing the period from B. C. 201 to B. C. 167, and recounting the progress of the Roman arms in Cisalpine Gaul, in Macedonia, Greece, and Asia, ending with the triumph of Æmilius Paulus, in which Perseus, King of Macedonia, and his three sons, were exhibited as captives. Of the remaining books nothing remains but a few inconsiderable fragments.

Until within a century Livy held a very high rank as an historian,¹ because history was regarded more as a literary composition, than the embodiments of facts. "It is time, however," says the late Dr. Thomas Arnold, "that this error should be dispelled, and that Livy should be tried in a more just balance, and estimated after a truer standard. So long as he shall be considered a good historian, it will be an ominous sign of the inattention of men in general to the nature of a historian's duties, and of the qualifications which he ought to possess; it will forbid us to hope that history will be studied in a wiser spirit than heretofore, or that, being more judiciously cultivated, it will be made to yield a more beneficial return. But this is a hope that we are loth to relinquish; and we would fain do all in our power to promote its accomplishment. This is our apology for the length to which we have now carried our criticism of Livy; we *know* that he is a bad historian, and we would fain effect the same conviction in the minds of others. For this end nothing is necessary but to compare his work in one or two careful perusals with that of Thucydides. *There* would be seen the contrast between what an excellent historian should be and what Livy is: the contrast of perfect knowledge and unwearied diligence, with ignorance and carelessness; of a familiar and practical understanding of all points of war and policy, with an entire strange-

¹ "The writings of Livy may be offered to the student of rhetoric, as containing models of almost every excellence within the compass of the art."—*Edinburgh Review*.

ness to them ; of a severe freedom from every prejudice and partiality, with a ready acquiescence in any tale that flatters national vanity and pride. Nor would the comparison of the speeches of the two histories be less pointed and instructive. In the one we should find the genuine and characteristic sentiments of the times, the countries, and the parties, to which they are ascribed. The principles of morality and policy which were avowed or acted upon, and the sort of arguments which might be successfully used, are given on an authority known to be deserving of the fullest belief. In the other there is nothing genuine, and therefore nothing valuable ; the sentiments and arguments are merely those of an unpractical man of a later age ; they convey no information ; they cannot be treated as developing the character of their pretended authors ; they may be 'inconceivably eloquent' in the eyes of a rhetorician, but to him who estimates history rightly, it was a waste of time to write them, and, except only so far as they are specimens of language, it is a waste of time to read them."

But it is *solely* to the want of merit in Livy as a *historian* that the above quoted remarks of Dr. Arnold refer. As an exemplar of purity of diction ; as a consummate master of all the rhythmical cadences and harmonious combinations of language ; and as a painter of the beautiful forms which the richness of his own imagination called up, the same great Roman historian of modern times pronounces him to be unrivalled in the whole course of literature. Indeed, his style may be pronounced almost faultless. "The narrative flows on in a calm but strong current, clear and sparkling, but deep and unbroken ; the diction displays richness without heaviness, and simplicity without tameness. Nor is his art as a painter less wonderful. There is a distinctness of outline, and a warmth of coloring in all his delineations, whether of living men in action or of things inanimate, which never fail to call up the whole scene before our eyes."

BATTLE BETWEEN THE HORATHI AND THE CURIATHI.

It happened that there were in each of the two armies three brothers born at one birth, unequal neither in age nor strength.

¹ Professor Ramsay, of the University of Glasgow. The most complete and elaborate edition of Livy is that of Drakenborch, based on Gronovius' published at Leyden, in seven volumes 4to., 1738-46. It comprehends everything valuable contributed by previous scholars, and forms a most ample storehouse of learning. The commentary of Ruperti is also an admirable adjunct. Of the translations, Baker long held the chief place, poorly executed as it is ; but lately a much better one has been published in Bohn's series of translated classics, done by Cyrus Edmonds.

That they were called Horatii and Curiatii is certain enough; nor is there any circumstance of antiquity more celebrated; yet in a matter so well ascertained, a doubt remains concerning their names, to which nation the Horatii and to which the Curiatii belonged. Authors claim them for both sides; yet I find more who call the Horatii Romans. My inclination leads me to follow them. The kings confer with the three brothers, that they should fight with their swords each in defence of their respective country; assuring them that dominion would be on that side on which victory should be. No objection is made; time and place are agreed on. Before they engaged, a compact is entered into between the Romans and Albans on these conditions, that the state whose champions should come off victorious in that combat, should rule the other state without further dispute.

The treaty being concluded, the twin-brothers, as had been agreed, take arms. Whilst their respective friends exhortingly reminded each party that their country's gods, their country and parents, all their countrymen both at home and in the army, had their eyes then fixed on their arms, on their hands, naturally brave, and animated by the exhortations of their friends, they advance into the midst between the two lines. The two armies sat down before their respective camps, free rather from present danger than from anxiety; for the sovereign power was at stake, depending on the valor and fortune of so few. Accordingly, therefore, eager and anxious, they have their attention intensely riveted on a spectacle far from pleasing. The signal is given: and the three youths on each side, as if in battle array, rush to the charge with determined fury, bearing in their breasts the spirits of mighty armies: nor do the one or the other regard their personal danger; the public dominion or slavery is present to their mind, and the fortune of their country, which was ever after destined to be such as they should now establish it. As soon as their arms clashed on the first encounter, and their burnished swords glittered, great horror strikes the spectators; and, hope inclining to neither side, their voice and breath were suspended. Then having engaged hand to hand, when not only the movements of their bodies, and the rapid brandishings of their arms and weapons, but wounds also and blood were seen, two of the Romans fell lifeless, one upon the other, the three Albans being wounded. And when the Alban army raised a shout of joy at their fall, hope entirely, anxiety, however, not yet, deserted the Roman legions, alarmed for the lot of the one, whom the three

Curiatii surrounded. He happened to be unhurt, so that, though alone he was by no means a match for them all together, yet he was confident against each singly. In order therefore to separate their attack, he takes to flight, presuming that they would pursue him with such swiftness as the wounded state of his body would suffer each. He had now fled a considerable distance from the place where they had fought, when, looking behind, he perceives them pursuing him at great intervals from each other; and that one of them was not far from him. On him he turned round with great fury. And whilst the Alban army shouts out to the Curiatii to succor their brother, Horatius, victorious in having slain his antagonist, was now proceeding to a second attack. Then the Romans encourage their champion with a shout such as is usually given by persons cheering in consequence of unexpected success: he also hastens to put an end to the combat. Wherefore before the other, who was not far off, could come up, he despatches the second Curiatius also. And now, the combat being brought to an equality of numbers, one on each side remained, but they were equal neither in hope nor in strength. The one, his body untouched by a weapon, and a double victory made courageous for a third contest: the other, dragging along his body exhausted from the wound, exhausted from running, and dispirited by the slaughter of his brethren before his eyes, presents himself to his victorious antagonist. Nor was that a fight. The Roman, exulting, says, "Two I have offered to the shades of my brothers: the third I will offer to the cause of this war, that the Roman may rule over the Alban." He thrusts his sword down into his throat, whilst faintly sustaining the weight of his armor: he strips him as he lies prostrate. The Romans receive Horatius with triumph and congratulation; with so much the greater joy, as success had followed so close on fear. They then turn to the burial of their friends with dispositions by no means alike; for the one side was elated with the acquisition of empire, the other subjected to foreign jurisdiction; their sepulchres are still extant in the place where each fell; the two Roman ones in one place nearer to Alba, the three Alban ones towards Rome; but distant in situation from each other, and just as they fought.

CONSTERNATION IN ROME.¹

At Rome the alarm and consternation were not less than they had been two years before, when the Carthaginian camp was pitched over against the Roman walls and gates; nor could people make up their minds whether they should commend or censure, this so bold march of the consul. It was evident that the light in which it would be viewed would depend upon its success; than which nothing can be more unfair. They said, "that the camp was left near to the enemy, Hannibal, without a general, and with an army from which all the flower and vigor had been withdrawn; and that the consul had pretended an expedition into Lucania, when he was in reality going to Picenum and Gaul, leaving his camp secured only by the ignorance of the enemy, who were not aware that the general and part of his army were away. What would be the consequence if that should be discovered, and Hannibal should think proper either to pursue Nero with his whole army, who had gone off with only six thousand armed men, or to assault the camp, which was left as a prey for him, without strength, without command, without auspices?" The disasters already experienced in the war, the deaths of two consuls the preceding year, augmented their fears. Besides, all these events had occurred "when there was only one general and one army of the enemy in Italy; whereas now they had two Punic wars, two immense armies, and in a manner two Hannibals in Italy, inasmuch as Hasdrubal was descended from the same father, Hamilcar, was a general equally enterprising, having been trained in a Roman war during so many years in Spain, and rendered famous by a double victory, having annihilated two armies with two most renowned generals. For he could glory even more than Hannibal himself, on account of the celerity

¹ In the second Punic war, after Hannibal had gained his many signal victories in Italy, and was encamped in the southern part, and while the consul Caius Claudius Nero was near him with an army to keep him in check, Hasdrubal was marching down from Northern Italy to join his forces to those of his brother. When Nero heard this he determined to leave his present position with a part of his force, and march to meet Hasdrubal before the junction was effected. He did so, and defeated the Carthaginian. The slaughter was very great, and among the slain was Hasdrubal himself, whose head Nero carried back, and had it thrown before the tents of Hannibal. It was when the Romans heard of Nero's first movements that the alarm and terror as here depicted by Livy pervaded the city.

with which he had effected his passage out of Spain, and his success in stirring up the Gallic nations to arms, inasmuch as he had collected an army in those very regions in which Hannibal lost the major part of his soldiers by famine and cold, the most miserable modes of death." Under the dictation of fear, which always puts the worst construction upon things, they magnified all the advantages which the enemy possessed, and undervalued their own. * * *

When Nero thought that his plan might be disclosed without danger, he briefly addressed his soldiers, observing, that "there never was a measure adopted by any general which was in appearance more daring than this, but in reality more safe. That he was leading them on to certain victory." And, by Hercules, they marched amid vows, prayers, and commendations, all the roads being lined with ranks of men and women, who had flocked there from all parts of the country. They called them the safeguards of the state, the protectors of the city and empire of Rome. They said that the safety and liberty of themselves and their children were treasured up in their arms and right hands. They prayed to all the gods and goddesses to grant them a prosperous march, a successful battle, and a speedy victory over their enemies; and that they might be bound to pay the vows which they had undertaken in their behalf; so that as now they attended them off with anxiety, so after a few days' interval they might joyfully go out to meet them exulting in victory. Then they severally and earnestly invited them to accept, offered them, and wearied them with entreaties, to take from them in preference to another, whatever might be requisite for themselves or their cattle. They generously gave them everything in abundance, while the soldiers vied with each other in moderation, taking care not to accept anything beyond what was necessary for use. They did not make any delay nor quit their ranks when taking food; they continued the march day and night, scarcely giving as much to rest as was necessary to the requirements of the body.

JOY IN ROME CONSEQUENT UPON THE VICTORY OF CLAUDIUS NERO.

After this, news came that the ambassadors themselves were on the point of arriving.¹ Then, indeed, people of all ages ran to meet them, each man being eager to be the first to receive

¹ Having dispatches announcing the victory.

an assurance of such joyful tidings, by the evidence of his eyes and ears. One continued train extended as far as the Mulvian bridge. The ambassadors, Lucius Veturius Philo, Publius Licinius Varus, and Quintus Cæcilius Metellus, made their way into the forum, surrounded by a crowd of persons of every description; when some asked the ambassadors themselves, others their attendants, what had been done; and, as soon as each had heard that the army and general of the enemy had been cut off, that the Roman legions were safe, and the consuls unhurt, he immediately imparted the joyful intelligence to others, imparting to them the joy he felt himself. Having with difficulty made their way into the senate-house, and the crowd with still more difficulty being removed, that they might not mix with the fathers, the letter was read in the senate; after which the ambassadors were brought into the general assembly. Lucius Veturius Philo, after reading the letter himself, gave a more explicit account of all that had occurred, amidst great approbation, and at last of general shouting from the assembly, while their minds could scarcely contain their joy. They then ran off in various directions, some to the different temples of the gods, to return thanks, others to their homes, to impart the joyful intelligence to their wives and children. The senate decreed a supplication for three days, because Marcus Livius and Caius Claudius, the consuls, had cut off the general and legions of the enemy, their own army being safe. This supplication Caius Hostilius, the prætor, proclaimed in the assembly, and was celebrated both by men and women. During the whole three days all the temples were uniformly crowded, whilst the matrons, dressed in their richest robes, and accompanied by their children, just as though the war had been brought to a conclusion, and free from every apprehension, offered thanksgivings to the immortal gods. This victory produced an alteration also in the condition of the state, so that immediately from this event, just as though it had been a time of peace, men were not afraid to do business with each other, buying, selling, lending, and paying borrowed money. Caius Claudius, the consul, on his return to his camp, ordered the head of Hasdrubal, which he had carefully kept and brought with him, to be thrown before the advanced guards of the enemy, and the African prisoners to be shown to them bound just as they were. Two of these also he unbound, and bid them go to Hannibal and tell him what had occurred. Hannibal, smitten by such severe distress, at once public and domestic, is said to have declared that he recognized the destiny of Carthage; and de-

camping thence with the intention of drawing together into Bruttium, the remotest corner of Italy, all his auxiliaries which he could not protect when widely scattered, removed into Bruttium the whole state of the Metapontines, summoned away from their former habitations, and also such of the Lucanians as were under his authority.

**SPEECH OF PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO IN FAVOR OF THE ROMANS
INVADING AFRICA.**

Among the considerations advanced, conscript fathers, by Quintus Fabius Maximus against our carrying the war into Africa, he mentioned what a great degree of danger I should incur, should I cross over into Africa, so that he appeared solicitous on my account, and not only for the state and the army. But whence has this concern for me so suddenly sprung? When my father and uncle were slain; when their two armies were cut up almost to a man; when Spain was lost; when four armies of the Carthaginians and four generals kept possession of everything by terror and by arms; when a general was sought for to take the command of that war, and no one came forward besides myself, no one had the courage to declare himself a candidate; when the Roman people had conferred the command upon me, though only twenty-four years of age; why was it that no one at that time made any mention of my age, of the strength of the enemy, of the difficulty of the war, and of the recent destruction of my father and uncle? Has some greater disaster been suffered in Africa now than had at that time befallen us in Spain? Are there now larger armies in Africa, more and better generals, than were then in Spain? Was my age then more mature for conducting a war than now? Can a war with a Carthaginian enemy be carried on with greater convenience in Spain than in Africa? After having routed and put to flight four Carthaginian armies; after having captured by force, or reduced to submission by fear, so many cities; after having entirely subdued everything as far as the ocean, so many petty princes, so many savage nations; after having regained possession of the whole of Spain, so that no trace of war remains, it is an easy matter to make light of my services; just as easy as it would be, should I return victorious from Africa, to make light of those very circumstances which are now magnified in order that they may appear formidable, for the purpose of detaining me here. He says that there is no

possibility of entering Africa; that there are no ports open. He mentions that Marcus Atilius was taken prisoner in Africa, as if Marcus Atilius had miscarried on his first access to Africa. Nor does he recollect that the ports of Africa were open to that very commander, unfortunate as he was; that he performed some brilliant services during the first year, and continued undefeated to the last, so far as related to the Carthaginian generals. You will not, therefore, in the least deter me by that example of yours. If that disaster had been sustained in the present, and not in the former war; if lately, and not forty years ago, yet why would it be less advisable for me to cross over into Africa after Regulus had been made prisoner there, than into Spain after the Scipios had been slain there?

It makes indeed a great difference, conscript fathers, whether you devastate the territories of another, or see your own destroyed by fire and sword. He who brings danger upon another has more spirit than he who repels it. Add to this, that the terror excited by unknown circumstances is increased on that account. When you have entered the territory of an enemy, you may have a near view of his advantages and disadvantages. Hannibal did not expect that it would come to pass that so many of the states in Italy would come over to him as did so after the defeat at Cannæ. How much less would any firmness or constancy be experienced in Africa by the Carthaginians, who are themselves faithless allies, oppressive and haughty masters! Besides, we, even when deserted by our allies, stood firm in our own strength, the Roman soldiery. The Carthaginians possess no native strength. The soldiers they have are obtained by hire;—Africans and Numidians—people remarkable above all others for the inconstancy of their attachments. Provided no impediment arises here, you will hear at once that I have landed, and that Africa is blazing with war; that Hannibal is preparing for his departure from this country, and that Carthage is besieged. Expect more frequent and more joyful despatches from Africa than you received from Spain. The considerations on which I ground my anticipations are the good fortune of the Roman people, the gods, the witnesses of the treaty violated by the enemy, the kings Syphax and Masinissa; on whose fidelity I will rely in such a manner as that I may be secure from danger should they prove perfidious. Many things which are not now apparent, at this distance, the war will develop; and it is the part of a man, and a general, not to be wanting when fortune presents itself, and to bend its events to his designs.

But, by Hercules, even if the war would not be more speedily terminated by adopting the plan I propose, yet it were consistent with the dignity of the Roman people, and the high character they enjoy with foreign kings and nations, to appear to have had spirit not only to defend Italy, but also to carry hostilities into Africa; and that it should not be supposed and spread abroad that no Roman general dared what Hannibal had dared; that in the former Punic war, when the contest was about Sicily, Africa should have been so often attacked by our fleets and armies, and that now, when the contest is about Italy, Africa should be left undisturbed. Let Italy, then, which has so long been harassed, at length enjoy some repose; let Africa, in her turn, be fired and devastated. Let the Roman camp overhang the gates of Carthage rather than that we should again behold the rampart of the enemy from our walls. Let Africa be the seat of the remainder of the war. Let terror and flight, the devastation of lands, the defection of allies, and let all the other calamities of war which have fallen upon us, through a period of fourteen years, be turned upon her.

SPEECH OF HANNIBAL TO SCIPIO BEFORE THE BATTLE OF ZAMA.

Since fate hath so ordained it, that I, who was the first to wage war upon the Romans, and who have so often had victory almost within my reach, should voluntarily come to sue for peace, I rejoice that it is you, above all others, from whom it is my lot to solicit it. To you, also, amid the many distinguished events of your life, it will not be esteemed one of the least glorious, that Hannibal, to whom the gods had so often granted victory over the Roman generals, should have yielded to you; and that you should have put an end to this war, which has been rendered remarkable by your calamities before it was by ours. In this also fortune would seem to have exhibited a disposition to sport with events, for it was when your father was consul that I first took up arms; he was the first Roman general with whom I engaged in a pitched battle; and it is to his son that I now come unarmed to solicit peace. It were indeed most to have been desired, that the gods should have put such dispositions into the minds of our fathers, that you should have been content with the empire of Italy, and we with that of Africa; nor, indeed, even to you, are Sicily and Sardinia of sufficient value to compensate you for the loss of so

many fleets, so many armies, so many and such distinguished generals. But what is past may be more easily censured than retrieved. In our attempts to acquire the possessions of others we have been compelled to fight for our own; and not only have you had a war in Italy, and we also in Africa, but you have beheld the standards and arms of your enemies almost in your gates and on your walls, and we now, from the walls of Carthage, distinctly hear the din of a Roman camp. What, therefore, we should most earnestly deprecate, and you should most devoutly wish for, is now the case: peace is proposed at a time when you have the advantage. We who negotiate it are the persons whom it most concerns to obtain it, and we are persons whose arrangements, be they what they will, our states will ratify. All we want is a disposition not averse from peaceful counsels. As far as relates to myself, time (for I am returning to that country an old man which I left a boy), and prosperity, and adversity, have so schooled me, that I am more inclined to follow reason than fortune. But I fear your youth and uninterrupted good fortune, both of which are apt to inspire a degree of confidence ill comporting with pacific counsels. Rarely does that man consider the uncertainty of events whom fortune hath never deceived. What I was at Trasimenus, and at Cannæ, that you are this day. Invested with command when you had scarcely yet attained the military age, though all your enterprises were of the boldest description, in no instance has fortune deserted you. Avenging the death of your father and uncle, you have derived from the calamity of your house the high honor of distinguished valor and filial duty. You have recovered Spain, which had been lost, after driving thence four Carthaginian armies. When elected consul, though all others wanted courage to defend Italy, you crossed over into Africa; where, having cut to pieces two armies, having at once captured and burnt two camps in the same hour; having made prisoner Syphax, a most powerful king, and seized so many towns of his dominions and so many of ours, you have dragged me from Italy, the possession of which I had firmly held for now sixteen years. Your mind, I say, may possibly be more disposed to conquest than peace. I know the spirits of your country aim rather at great than useful objects. On me, too, a similar fortune once shone. But if with prosperity the gods would also bestow upon us sound judgment, we should not only consider those things which have happened, but those also which may occur. Even if you should forget all others, I am myself a sufficient instance of every vicissitude of fortune. For

me, whom a little while ago you saw advancing my standards to the walls of Rome, after pitching my camp between the Anio and your city, you now behold here, bereft of my two brothers, men of consummate bravery, and most renowned generals, standing before the walls of my native city, which is all but besieged, and deprecating, in behalf of my own city, those severities with which I terrified yours. In all cases, the most prosperous fortune is least to be depended upon. While your affairs are in a favorable and ours in a dubious state, you would derive honor and splendor from granting peace; while to us who solicit it, it would be considered as necessary rather than honorable. A certain peace is better and safer than a victory in prospect; the former is at your own disposal, the latter depends upon the gods. Do not place at the hazard of a single hour the successes of so many years. When you consider your own strength, then also place before your view the power of fortune, and the fluctuating nature of war. On both sides there will be arms, on both sides human bodies. In nothing less than in war do events correspond with men's calculations. Should you be victorious in a battle, you will not add so much to that renown which you now have it in your power to acquire by granting peace, as you will detract from it should any adverse event befall you. The chance of a single hour may at once overturn the honors you have acquired and those you anticipate. Everything is at your own disposal in adjusting a peace; but, in the other case, you must be content with that fortune which the gods shall impose upon you. Formerly, in this same country, Marcus Atilius would have formed one among the few instances of good fortune and valor, if, when victorious, he had granted a peace to our fathers when they requested it; but by not setting any bounds to his success, and not checking good fortune, which was elating him, he fell with a degree of ignominy proportioned to his elevation. It is indeed the right of him who grants, and not of him who solicits it, to dictate the terms of peace; but perhaps we may not be unworthy to impose upon ourselves the fine. We do not refuse that all those possessions on account of which the war was begun should be yours; Sicily, Sardinia, Spain, with all the islands lying in any part of the sea, between Africa and Italy; and let us Carthaginians, confined within the shores of Africa, behold you, since such is the pleasure of the gods, extending your empire over foreign nations, both by sea and land.

OVID.

43 B. C.—A. D. 18.

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO was born at Sulmo, now Sulmona, a town about ninety miles from Rome, B. C. 43. His father, though in moderate circumstances, spared no expense in his education, and he accordingly had the advantage of the best teachers both at Rome and Athens. He was destined for the bar, and he seems, by the reputation which, after a short practice, he acquired, not to have been ill qualified for the profession: but his love for poetry and polite literature finally prevailed, and he gave up the law for more congenial pursuits; for the death of an elder brother, who left him an ample fortune, enabled him to live in easy independence. He was elected to two or three judicial offices, and served in a campaign under Marcus Varro, in Asia. His life, however, presents but few prominent incidents. For a long series of years he appears to have enjoyed the friendship of a large circle of distinguished men, as well as the regard and favor of Augustus and the imperial family. But he was soon to experience, with Cardinal Wolsey, "how wretched is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors;" for, towards the close of A. D. 8, he was suddenly banished by an imperial edict to Tomi, a town on the Euxine, near the delta of the Danube. The ostensible reason for this was the licentious character of his poetry; but for that unprincipled sensualist Augustus to condemn him for such a cause would be indeed something amusing. What, however, was the real reason has long exercised the ingenuity of scholars. The probability is, as inferred from some scattered hints in his poems, that he became unexpectedly acquainted with some of the wickedness of the emperor, or with some criminal intrigue of the imperial family, and therefore soon found that his presence was anything but desirable. He bore his banishment with an ill grace, and died at the place (Tomi) A. D. 18, in the ninth year of his exile, and the sixty-first of his age.

Of the private character of Ovid little can be said in commendation. He was thrice married: his first two wives he divorced: he speaks tenderly and kindly, however, of his third, Perilla, who earnestly implored the emperor to accompany her husband into exile, but was refused. She remained true to him until his death.

The chief works of Ovid are as follows: 1. *Amores*, "Loves," three books of love elegies to various females. 2. *Epistolæ Heroidum*, "Heroical Epistles," poetical letters supposed to have been written by various

distinguished personages, such as Dido, Sappho, Penelope, &c. They show a deep knowledge of human nature, especially of woman; while the turns of expression are everywhere at once natural and exact. 3. *Ars Amatoria*, or "Art of Love:" at the time of Ovid's banishment this poem was ejected from the public libraries, by the command of Augustus, who in this act showed his consistent duplicity of character. 4. *Remedia Amoris*, "Remedy of Love." 5. *Nux*, "The Nut," an elegiac complaint of a nut-tree at the ill treatment it receives from wayfarers. 6. *Metamorphoseon Libri XV.*, "Fifteen Books of Metamorphoses." This is Ovid's greatest work, and appears to have been written between the ages of forty and fifty. It consists of such legends or fables of transformations as were said to have taken place in heathen mythology, beginning with the earliest times, and ending with Julius Cæsar's being changed into a star. It is thus a sort of cyclic poem, made up of distinct episodes, and the subtle thread which connects the diverse materials in one harmonious and beautiful whole is not less admirable than the structure itself. 7. *Fastorum Libri XII.*, "Twelve Books of Fasti," or "Annals," a sort of poetical Roman calendar, with its appropriate festivals and mythology. 8. *Tristium Libri V.*, "Five Books of Mourning Elegies," written during the first four years of his banishment, chiefly made up of descriptions of his afflicted condition, and petitions for mercy.

Of the character of Ovid as a poet there has been but one opinion: that he possessed great poetical genius is unquestionable, and this makes it the more lamentable that such genius should be so often debased by devotion to subjects so unworthy, by creations of fancy so sensual, and by the employment of language so exceptional. Neibuhr, in his "Lectures," calls him the most poetical among the Roman poets; in allusion, perhaps, to the vigor of fancy and warmth of coloring displayed in some parts of his works; and in respect of his facility of composition ranks him among the greatest poets. But this very facility possessed more charms for him than the irksome but indispensable labor of correction and retrenchment. Hence he is often prolix and puerile. Nor is this his only fault: "he was the first to depart from that pure and correct taste which characterizes the Greek poets and their earlier Latin imitators; and his writings abound with false thoughts and frigid conceits." But his great fault is the want of that moral purity, without which no author has any right to expect lasting fame.¹

¹ The best editions of Ovid are those of Burmann, Amsterdam, 1727, four volumes quarto; J. A. Amar, Paris, 1820, nine volumes 8vo.; Loers' *Metamorphoses*, Leipsic, 1843, 8vo.; Merkel's *Fasti*, Berlin, 1841, 8vo.; Jahn's

BEAUTY—THE FADING, THE ENDURING.

Beauty, that fleeting good, grows yearly less,
 And time, alone, will spoil the finest face.
 Nor violet nor lily always blows,
 And prickles oft survive the faded rose.
 Gray hairs, my charmer, will disgrace thy head,
 And thy fair body wrinkles overspread :
 Then by thy virtues make thy glory sure ;
 The mind's perfections to the last endure.

Tate.

RUMOR EVER BUSY.

Amidst the world, between earth, air, and sea,
 A place there is, the confine of all three :
 Hence things, howe'er remote, are view'd around ;
 Here ev'ry voice is heard, and ev'ry sound.
 Fame's palace on the summit stands on high,
 And ways thereto innumerable lie ;
 A thousand entrances on every side,
 All without gates, are ever open wide.
 Built all of brass, the ringing walls resound,
 And tales repeated echo all around.
 No rest within, no silence, yet the noise
 Not loud, but like the whispers of a voice :
 Such as from far by rolling billows sent,
 Or as Jove's fainting thunder almost spent.
 Hither in crowds the vulgar come and go,
 Millions of rumors here fly to and fro :
 Lies mixt with truth, reports that vary still,
 The itching ears of folks unguarded fill.
 They tell the tale, the tale in telling grows,
 And each relater adds to what he knows.
 Rash error, light credulity are here,
 And causeless transport, and ill-grounded fear :
 New rais'd sedition, secret whispers blown
 By nameless authors, and of things unknown.
 Fame, all that's done in heav'n, earth, ocean, views,
 And o'er the world still hunts around for news.

Theobald.

Amatoria, Leipsic, 1828. The English metrical versions are numerous: those by Dryden, Addison, Gay, Pope, and others, edited by Dr. Garth, which have passed through several editions, may be mentioned ; also Howard's, in blank verse, London, 1807 ; the *Elegies*, in three books, by C. Marlowe ; the Heroical Epistles, by Saltonstall, London, 1826.

A LETTER WRITTEN IN HIS EXILE.

You bid me write to amuse the tedious hours,
And save from withering my poetic powers ;
Hard is the task, my friend, for verse should flow
From the free mind, not fetter'd down by wo.
Restless amidst unceasing tempests toss'd,
Whoe'er has cause for sorrow, I have most.
Would you bid Priam laugh, his sons all slain ;
Or childless Niobe from tears refrain, }
Join the gay dance, and lead the festive train ?
Does grief or study most befit the mind
To this remote, this barbarous nook confined ?
Could you impart to my unshaken breast
The fortitude by Socrates possess'd,
Soon would it sink beneath such woes as mine,
For what is human strength to wrath divine ?
Wise as he was, and Heaven pronounced him so,
My sufferings would have laid that wisdom low.
Could I forget my country, thee and all,
And e'en the offence to which I owe my fall,
Yet fear alone would freeze the poet's vein,
While hostile troops swarm o'er the dreary plain.
Add, that the fatal rust of long disuse
Unfits me for the service of the Muse.
Thistles and weeds are all we can expect
From the best soil impoverish'd by neglect ;
Unexercised, and to his stall confined,
The fleetest racer would be left behind ;
The best built bark that cleaves the watery way,
Laid useless by, would moulder and decay—
No hope remains that time shall me restore,
Mean as I was, to what I was before.
Think how a series of desponding cares
Benumbs the genius and its force impairs.
How oft, as now, on this devoted sheet,
My verse constrain'd to move with measured feet,
Reluctant and laborious limps along,
And proves itself a wretched exile's song.
What is it tunes the most melodious lays ?
'Tis emulation and the thirst of praise,
A noble thirst, and not unknown to me,
While smoothly wafted on a calmer sea.
But can a wretch like Ovid pant for fame ?
No, rather let the world forget my name.
Is it because that world approv'd my strain,
You prompt me to the same pursuit again ?
No, let the Nine the ungrateful truth excuse,
I charge my hopeless ruin on the Muse,

And, like Perillus, meet my just desert,
 The victim of my own pernicious art ;
 Fool that I was to be so warn'd in vain,
 And shipwreck'd once, to tempt the deep again !
 Ill fares the bard in this unletter'd land,
 None to consult, and none to understand.
 The purest verse has no admirers here,
 Their own rude language only suits their ear.
 Rude as it is, at length familiar grown,
 I learn it, and almost unlearn my own ;—
 Yet to say truth, even here the Muse disdains
 Confinement, and attempts her former strains,
 But finds the strong desire is not the power,
 And what her taste condemns, the flames devour.
 A part, perhaps, like this, escapes the doom,
 And though unworthy, finds a friend at Rome ;
 But oh the cruel art, that could undo
 Its votary thus ! would that could perish too !

Cowper.

LOVER'S LEAP.

O you that love in vain !
 Fly hence : and seek the far Leucadian main :
 There stands a rock, from whose impending steep,
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep :
 There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
 Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :
 But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
 Haste, thither haste : from high Leucadia throw
 Your wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below.

Pope.

SEIZURE OF EUROPA BY JUPITER.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
 Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
 And, as he mix'd among the crowd of Gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will exprest :
 " My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
 Thy Sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
 Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
 And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course ;

There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
The neighboring hill, and drive them to the shore."

Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighboring hill, and drove them to the shore;
Where the King's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride);
The ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsoiled by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and express'd
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighboring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she prest the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frightened nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:

Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
 Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
 And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore ;
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his true shape he captivates the maid :
 Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
 Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
 His glowing features, and celestial light,
 And all the God discover'd to her sight.

Addison.

POWER OF GOOD NATURE.

First, learn good manners, fair ones ! I advise :
 'Tis that secures the conquest of your eyes.
 Age, beauty's foe, will, o'er your charming brow,
 Do all you can, injurious furrows plough :
 The time will come you'll hate the tell-tale glass,
 That shows the frightful ruins of your face :
 But, if good-nature to the last remain,
 Ev'n age will please, and love his pow'r retain.

Dryden.

THE CAVE OF SLEEP.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
 Deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god,
 Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
 Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon ;
 But lazy vapors round the region fly,
 Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky ;
 No crowing cock does there his wings display,
 Nor with his horny bill provoke the day,
 Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
 Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace,
 Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
 Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry,
 But safe repose, without an air of breath,
 Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
 An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
 Arising upwards from the rock below,
 The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
 And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.
 Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
 And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow ;
 Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
 And, passing, sheds it on the silent plains.
 No door there was, the unguarded house to keep,
 On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was raised a bed,
 Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-sted ;
 Black was the covering too, where lay the god,
 And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad ;
 About his head fantastic visions fly,
 Which various images of things supply,
 And mock their forms, the leaves on trees not more,
 Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.

The virgin entering bright, indulg'd the day
 To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away ;
 The god, disturb'd with this new glare of light,
 Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
 And raised his tardy head, which sunk again,
 And, sinking, on his bosom knock'd his chin ;
 At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame
 (And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came.

To whom the goddess thus : "O sacred rest,
 Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best !
 O peace of mind ! repairer of decay !
 Whose balms renew the limbs to labors of the day,
 Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away !
 Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
 The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
 And send it fitting to the Trachin court,
 The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report ;
 Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
 Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand."
 She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
 Unable to support the fumes of sleep,
 But fled, returning by the way she went,
 And swerved along her bow with swift ascent.

The god, uneasy till he slept again,
 Resolved at once to rid himself of pain ;
 And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
 Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd ;
 Morpheus, of all his numerous train, express'd
 The shape of man, and imitated best ;
 The walk, the words, the gesture, could supply,
 The habit mimic, and the mien bely ;
 Plays well, but all his action is confined,
 Extending not beyond our human kind.
 Another, birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
 And dreadful images, and monster shapes ;
 This demon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall,
 The gods have named, but men Phobetor call.
 A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
 On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul ;
 Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
 And solid rocks unmoved, and running streams.

¹ That is, send it to Trachis, late abode of King Ceyx, to tell his widowed wife Halcyone that her husband had perished by shipwreck. Read a full account of the story in Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," page 100.

These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
 The rest before the ignoble commons play.
 Of these the chosen Morpheus is despatch'd,
 Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd,
 Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
 Dissolved in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

Dryden.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new,
 No rule but uncorrupted reason knew; }
 And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
 Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
 His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
 Needless was written law, where none oppress;
 The law of man was written in his breast:
 No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd; }
 No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
 But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
 The mountain-trees in distant prospect please,
 Ere yet the pine descended to the seas:
 Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore; }
 And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
 Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
 No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
 Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
 Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
 The soft creation slept away their time.
 The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
 And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
 Content with food, which nature freely bred,
 On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
 Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
 And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
 The flowers unsown in fields and meadows reign'd;
 And western winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
 In following years the bearded oorn ensu'd
 From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
 From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke;
 And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

Dryden.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
 Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
 Succeeding times a silver age behold,
 Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
 Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear;
 And Spring was but a season of the year.

The sun his annual course obliquely made,
 Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
 Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
 The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow ;
 And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
 Sought shelter from th' inclemency of heaven.
 Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
 With twining ozers fenc'd, and moss their beds.
 Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
 And oxen labor'd first beneath the yoke.

Dryden.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in course the brazen age,
 A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
 Not impious yet——

THE IRON AGE.

——Hard steel succeeded then ;
 And stubborn as the metal were the men.
 Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook :
 Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
 Then sails were spread to every wind that blew ;
 Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new :
 Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain :
 Bre ships in triumph plough'd the watery plain.
 Then landmarks limited to each his right :
 For all before was common as the light.
 Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
 Her annual income to the crooked share ;
 But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
 Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore ;
 Which next to hell the prudent Gods had laid ;
 And that alluring ill to sight display'd ;
 Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
 Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold :
 And double death did wretched man invade,
 By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
 Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
 Mankind is broken loose from moral bands ;
 No rights of hospitality remain :
 The guest, by him who harbor'd him, is slain :
 The son-in-law pursues the father's life :
 The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
 The step-dame poison for the son prepares,
 The son inquires into his father's years.
 Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns ;
 And Justice, here oppress'd, to heaven returns.

Dryden.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguised in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain;
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last!
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighborhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry—What ar't!
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand:—
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;

Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter ;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher ;
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist.
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below :
In vain ; for a superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course :
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden Jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower :
The fier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't ;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side :
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone ;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adhered ;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares ;
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter ;
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphosed into pews ;
 Which still their ancient nature keep,
 By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
 Grown to a church by just degrees,
 The hermits then desired their host
 To ask for what he fancied most.
 Philemon, having paused a while,
 Return'd them thanks in homely style :
 Then said, My house is grown so fine,
 Methinks I still would call it mine ;
 I'm old, and fain would live at ease ;
 Make me the *parson*, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels ;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding-sleeve ;
 His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
 And both assumed a sable hue ;
 But, being old, continued just
 As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues* :
 He smoked his pipe, and read the news ;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;
 At christenings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart ;
 Against *dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *right divine* ;
 Found his head fill'd with many a system :
 But classic authors—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
 Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
 Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinnners edged with *colberteen* ;
 Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
 Became black satin flounced with lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down :
 'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
 Philemon was in great surprise,
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amazed to see her look so prim ;
 And she admired as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
 Were several years this man and wife ;
 When on a day, which proved their last,
 Discoursing o'er old stories past,
 They went by chance, amidst their talk,
 To the churchyard, to take a walk ;

When Baucis hastily cried out,
 My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
 Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous!
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
 And really yours is budding too—
 Nay—now I cannot stir my foot;
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse;
 In short, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old Goodman Dobson of the green
 Remembers he the trees has seen;
 He'll talk of them from noon till night,
 And goes with folks to show the sight:
 On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
 He gathers all the parish there;
 Points out the place of either *yew*,
 Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew;
 Till once a parson of our town,
 To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
 At which 'tis hard to be believed
 How much the other tree was grieved,
 Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted;
 So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

Imitated from the Eighth Book, by Dean Swift.

PREDICTION OF HIS OWN FAME.

[FROM THE CLOSING LINES OF THE METAMORPHOSES.]

And now I close my work, which not the ire
 Of Jove, nor tooth of time, nor sword, nor fire
 Shall bring to naught. Come when it will that day
 Which o'er the body, not the mind, has sway,
 And snatch the remnant of my life away,
 My better part above the stars shall soar,
 And my renown endure forevermore.
 Where'er the Roman arms and arts shall spread,
 There by the people shall my book be read;
 And, if aught true in poet's visions be,
 My name and fame have immortality.

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS.

19 B. C.—A. D. 31.

CAIUS VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, a Roman historian contemporary with Augustus and Tiberius, was descended from a highly respectable family, and served in the army, under Augustus, as a præfect of horse, and was prætor under Tiberius. He was the author of a Summary of General History, in two books, the object of which work is to give a brief view of universal history, but more especially of the events connected with Rome. In the execution of this work he has shown great skill and judgment, not attempting to give a consecutive account of all the events of history, but only a few of the most prominent occurrences, which he describes with much power. His reflections are striking and apposite, and his style, which is a close imitation of Sallust's, is characterized by clearness, conciseness, and energy. With the exception of his eulogistic remarks upon Augustus, Tiberius, and Sejanus, he shows great impartiality and love of truth.¹

CHARACTER OF POMPEY.

Not long before Lucius Sylla's arrival in Italy, Cnæus Pompey, son of that Cnæus Pompey whose great exploits in his consulship, during the Marsian war, we have previously mentioned, being then twenty-three years of age, a hundred and thirteen years ago, began to form great projects, depending as well on his own private resources as on his own judgment, and boldly to put them in execution; and in order to support or restore the dignity of his country, assembled a strong army from the Picenian territory, which was wholly filled with his father's clients. To do justice to this man's greatness would require many volumes; but the limits of my work require that he should be characterized in a few words. His mother's name was Lucilia, of a senatorial family; he was remarkable for beauty, not such as adorns the bloom of life, but of such dignity and serenity as was well adapted to his rank and station, and which accompanied him to the last day of his life. He was

¹ Best editions: D. Ruhnken, Leyden, 1789, two volumes 8vo., C. H. Frotcher, Leipzig, 1830. Lemaire's, Paris, 1822. English translations: Newton, London, 1721; Patterson, Edinburgh, 1722; J. S. Watson, in Bohn's Library, London, 1852.

distinguished for temperance, was eminent for integrity, and had a moderate share of eloquence. He was excessively covetous of power, when conferred on him from regard to his merit, but had no desire to acquire it by irregular means. In war, he was the most skilful of generals; in peace, the most modest of citizens, except when he was jealous of having an equal. He was constant in his friendships, placable when offended, most cordial in reconciliation, most ready to receive an apology. He never, or very rarely, stretched his power to excess, and was almost exempt from vice, unless it be counted among the greatest vices, that, in a free state, the mistress of the world, though, in right, he saw every citizen his equal, he could not endure to behold any one on a level with him in dignity. From the time of his assuming the manly gown, he was trained to war in the camp of his father, a general of consummate judgment; and he improved a genius naturally good, and capable of attaining all useful knowledge, with eminent singular skill in military affairs.

DEATH OF POMPEY.

Pompey, having fled with the two Lentuli, who had been consuls, his son Sextus, and Favonius, formerly a prætor, all of whom chance had assembled in his company, determined at last to repair to Egypt; a course to which he was prompted by his recollection of the services which he had rendered to the father of Ptolemy, who, rather a boy than a man, was now seated on the throne of Alexandria. But who, when his benefactor is in adversity, remembers his benefits? Who thinks that any gratitude is due to the unfortunate? Or when does a change of fortune not produce a change in attachments? Men were despatched by the king, at the instigation of Theodotus and Achilles, to meet Pompey on his arrival (who was now accompanied in his flight by his wife Cornelia, having taken her on board at Mitylene), and to desire him to remove from the transport-ship into a vessel which was come to receive him. No sooner had he done so, than he, the chief of all that bore the name of Roman, was murdered by the order and direction of an Egyptian slave; an event which took place in the consulship of Caius Cæsar and Publius Servilius. Such was the end of a most upright and excellent man, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and on the day before his birthday, after three consulships and as many triumphs, after subduing the whole world,

and after reaching a degree of exaltation beyond which it is impossible to ascend; fortune having made such a revolution in his condition, that he who lately wanted earth to conquer, could now scarcely find sufficient for a grave.

CHARACTER OF CICERO.

Nothing reflects more disgrace on that period, than that either Cæsar¹ should have been forced to proscribe any person, or that Cicero should have been proscribed by him, and that the advocate of the public should have been cut off by the villany of Antony, no one defending him, who for so many years had defended as well the cause of the public as the causes of individuals. But you have gained nothing, Mark Antony (for the indignation bursting from my mind and heart, compels me to say what is at variance with the character of this work), you have gained nothing, I say, by paying the hire for closing those divine lips, and cutting off that noble head, and by procuring, for a fatal reward, the death of a man, once so great as a consul, and the preserver of the commonwealth. You deprived Marcus Cicero of a life full of trouble, and of a feeble old age; an existence more unhappy under your ascendancy, than death under your triumvirate; but of the fame and glory of his actions and writings you have been so far from despoiling him that you have even increased it. He lives, and will live in the memory of all succeeding ages. And as long as this body of the universe, whether framed by chance, or by wisdom, or by whatever means, which he, almost alone of the Romans, penetrated with his genius, comprehended in his imagination, and illustrated by his eloquence, shall continue to exist, it will carry the praise of Cicero as its companion in duration. All posterity will admire his writings against you, and execrate your conduct towards him; and sooner shall the race of man fail in the world, than his name decay.

BATTLE OF ACTIUM—AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

What blessings that day procured to the world, what an improvement it produced in the state of the public welfare,

¹ He means Octavianus Cæsar, afterwards Augustus, who basely gave up Cicero to the vindictive rage of Antony.

who would attempt to recount in such a hasty narrative as this abridgment? The victory was attended with the greatest clemency; only a few were put to death; and these were such as would not deign to sue for mercy. From this lenity of the leader, a judgment may be formed of the limits which he would have prescribed to himself in success, had he been allowed, both at the beginning of his triumvirate and in the plains of Philippi. In the next year, Cæsar, pursuing the queen and Antony to Alexandria, brought the civil wars to a conclusion. Antony killed himself courageously enough, so as to compensate by his death for many faults of effeminacy. Cleopatra, eluding the vigilance of her guards, and causing an asp to be brought in to her, put an end to her life by its bite, showing no signs of womanish fear. It reflected honor on Cæsar's success, and his merciful disposition, that not one of those who had borne arms against him was put to death by him. The cruelty of Antony took off Decimus Brutus; and the same Antony deprived Sextus Pompey of life, though, on conquering him, he had pledged his honor to secure to him even his rank. Brutus and Cassius died voluntary deaths, without waiting to make trial of the disposition of the conquerors.

How great the concourse was, and how ardent the welcome from men of all ages and ranks, with which Cæsar was met on his return to Italy and Rome; how magnificent, too, were his triumphs and donations, cannot be fully related even in the compass of a regular history, much less in so brief a work as this. There is no good which men can desire of the gods, none that the gods can bestow on men, none that can be conceived in wishes, none that can be comprised in perfect good fortune, which Augustus on his return did not realize to the state, to the Roman people, and to the world. The civil wars, which had lasted twenty years, were ended, foreign wars were suppressed, peace was recalled, the fury of arms everywhere laid asleep, energy was restored to the laws, authority to the courts of justice, and majesty to the senate; the power of the magistrates was confined within its ancient limits, only two prætors being appointed in addition to the former eight; the old and original form of the commonwealth was re-established; the culture of the lands was revived; reverence was restored to religion, security to men's persons, and to every man safe enjoyment of his property; the old laws received useful emendations, and others of a salutary nature were introduced; and the senate was chosen without severity, though not without strictness. The principal men, who had enjoyed triumphs and

the highest honors, were induced by the encouragement of the prince to add to the decorations of the city. He himself could only be persuaded to accept of the consulship, which he was prevailed upon to hold, though he made many endeavors to prevent it, for eleven years; the dictatorship, which the people resolutely pressed upon him, he as resolutely refused. A recital of the wars waged under his command, of his victories that gave peace to the world, and of his numerous works both in Italy and abroad, would give full employment to a writer, who should dedicate the whole of his life merely to those subjects.

PERSIUS.

A. D. 34—62.

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS, the satiric poet, was a member of an ancient and equestrian family, and was born at Volaterræ, now Volterra, in Etruria, A. D. 34. He received his elementary education in his native place, but at twelve years of age he was brought to Rome, and went through the usual course of grammar and rhetoric, under Remmius Palaemon and Virginius Flaccus. At the age of sixteen he attached himself to the stoic philosopher, Annaeus Cornutus, by whom he was imbued with the stern philosophical principles which occupy so prominent a place in his satires. The young poet Lucan was one of his intimate associates, whose philosophical and poetical tastes were similar to his own, and who had a profound admiration of his writings. He was remarkable for the beauty of his person, the purity of his morals, and his most exemplary deportment in all the relations of life. He died at the early age of twenty-eight, and left his library, together with an ample legacy, to his teacher in philosophy, Cornutus; who, with a disinterestedness somewhat remarkable, retained only the books, and distributed the money among the relatives of the deceased.

Persius wrote seldom and slowly, and his only works extant are six short satires, extending in all to six hundred and fifty hexameter lines, and these were left in an unfinished state; but they were slightly corrected after his death by Cornutus. Persius may be considered as the founder of a new school in satire; and to him we are indebted for Juvenal. His style has been censured for obscurity—a censure always levelled at that closeness of expression, in which it is natural for a

strong mind to condense its thoughts. In ardor of imagination and sublimity of thought Juvenal has gone beyond his master: he also exceeds him in vehemence of invective, and has more frequently deviated into grossness of ideas and language. But Persius has also the mind of a poet; and while he has given sufficient proofs of a rich and lively fancy, he will not easily be shown to have been surpassed in a knowledge of the weakness and treachery of the human heart, and in weight, dignity, and moral usefulness of an ethical satirist.¹

REPREHENSION OF SLOTHFUL HABITS.

"What? is it ever thus? Noon's entering ray
Broadens the shutters' chinks with glare of day;
Yet still you snoring lie; a spell of rest,
That might the surfeit-fumes of wine digest.
The shadow'd dial points eleven; arise!
The dog-star heat is raging in the skies;
The sun already burns the parching wheat,
And the faint flocks to spreading elms retreat."
Thus to his hopeful charge some tutor cries:
"Indeed? and, is it so?" the youth replies:
"Come, quick, my slave!"—Is none at hand? how green
His color instant changes with the spleen!
He splits his throat with rage: a man would say,
He heard a hundred asses deafening bray.
At length he's drest: his book he handles then,
Fumbles his papers o'er, and dips his pen.
But now the ink in globules clots the quill;
Now, too diluted, pale weak drops distil
From the pen's point, and blot the paper o'er:—
Oh wretched wight! and wretched more and more,
As every day grows old! And is it come
To this at last? are these the youth of Rome?
But why not rather then be cocker'd up
At home, and pap and tender spoon-meat sup,
Like royal infants, or pet-doves; and cry,
In peevish passion, at the lullaby?
"How can I write with such a wretched pen?"
Are these excuses for the ears of men?
Forever whining in this shuffling tone?
Yours is the loss and ridicule alone.

¹ Editions: Passow, Leipsic, 8vo., 1809, accompanied by a translation; Plum, 8vo., Havn., 1827, with a voluminous commentary; Jahn, Leipsic, 8vo., 1843, with elaborate prolegomena and judicious notes; Heinrich, 8vo., Leipsic, 1844, with excellent notes. The translations into English are numerous—the best are those of Gifford, which is the most accurate, and affords the best representation of the manner of the original; and of Dryden, which is the more spirited and poetical, though often too diffuse and incorrect.

Your life, poor silly one! is flowing by;
 Contempt, be sure, will glance from every eye.
 The jar ill-baked, when rung, will shrill betray,
 With its crack'd sound, the raw unhardened clay.
 You now are moist and ductile loam: begin,
 Let the lathe turn, the wheel swift-circling spin,
 And fashion you to shape. "But, I've enough
 Of victuals, and bright plate, and household stuff,
 And platters, safely stored, of ample size,
 To feed the fire with bits of sacrifice;
 Then what have I to fear?" And is this all?
 And do you puff and swell, if you can call
 Some kinsman Censor, wear a robe of state,
 Or trace your pedigree to ancient date,
 The thousandth from a Tuscan sire?—away!
 Dazzle the crowd with trappings, as you may:
 My glance can pierce thee deeper than thy skin,
 Can look thee through, and know thee from within.
 Dost thou not blush with Natta's self to vie
 In loose and thriftless prodigality?
 But vice has stupefied his mental part,
 Dull grossness cloaks the fibres of his heart;
 No fault is his, thus senseless to his cost,
 Who, losing virtue, recks not what he lost:
 Plunged in the stagnant pool, of vice the sop,
 He sinks, nor ever bubbles to the top.
 Great father of the Gods! in this alone
 To savage tyrants may thy wrath be shown!
 Oh! when the lust of crime, with venom'd stain,
 Infects their thoughts, and burns upon their brain,
 Let them that virtue, which they left, discern,
 And pine their loss, though never to return!

FROM THE FOURTH SATIRE.¹

What! you, my Alcibiades, aspire
 To sway the state!—(Suppose that bearded sire

¹ This satire is founded on the first Alcibiades of Plato, and many of the expressions are closely copied from that celebrated dialogue. It naturally arranges itself under three heads: the first of which treats of the preposterous ambition of those who aspired to take the lead in state affairs, before they had learned the first principles of civil government. The second division turns on the general neglect of self-examination, enforcing, at the same time, the necessity of moral purity, from the impossibility of escaping detection; and of restraining all wanton propensity to exaggerate the foibles of others, from its tendency to provoke severe reprimand on our own vices. The conclusion, or third part, reverts to the subject with which the satire opens, and arraigns, in terms of indignant severity, the profligacy of the young nobility, and their sottish vanity in resting their claims to approbation on the judgment of a worthless rabble.

Whom hemlock from a thankless world remov'd,
 Thus to address the stripling that he loved.)—
 On what apt talents for a charge so high,
 Ward of great Pericles, do you rely?
 Forecast on others by gray hairs conferr'd,
 Haply, with you, anticipates the beard,
 And prompts you, prescient of the public weal,
 Now to disclose your thoughts, and now conceal!
 Hence, when the rabble form some daring plan,
 And factious murmurs spread from man to man,
 Mute and attentive you can bid them stand,
 By the majestic wafture of your hand!

Rash youth! relying on a specious skin,
 While all is dark deformity within,
 Check the fond thought; nor, like the peacock, proud,
 Spread your gay plumage to the applauding crowd
 Before your hour arrive:—ah, rather drain
 Whole isles of hellebore, to cool your brain!

* * * * *

How few, alas! their proper faults explore!
 While, on his loaded back, who walks before,
 Each eye is fix'd:—you touch a stranger's arm,
 And ask him, if he knows Vectidus' farm?
 "Whose?" he replies. That rich old chuff's, whose ground
 Would tire a hawk to wheel it fairly round.

"O, ho! that wretch, on whose devoted head,
 Ill stars and angry gods their rage have shed!
 Who, on high festivals, when all is glee,
 And the loose yoke hangs idly on the tree,
 As, from the jar, he scrapes the incrust'd clay,
 Groans o'er the revels of so dear a day;
 Champs on a coated onion dipt in brine;
 And, while his hungry hinds exulting dine
 On barley-broth, sucks up, with thrifty care,
 The mothery dregs of his pall'd vinegar!"

But, if "you bask you in the sunny ray,
 And doze the careless hours of youth away,
 There are, who at such gross delights will spurn,
 And spit their venom on your life, in turn;
 Expose, with eager hate, your low desires,
 Your secret passions, and unhallow'd fires.—
 Why, while the beard is nurs'd with every art,
 Those anxious pains to bear the shameful part?
 In vain: should five athletic knaves essay,
 To pluck, with ceaseless care, the weeds away,
 Still the rank fern, congenial to the soil,
 Would spread luxuriant, and defeat their toil!"

Misled by rage, our bodies we expose,
 And while we give, forget to ward, the blows;
 This, this is life! and thus our faults are shown,
 By mutual spleen: we know—and we are known.

But your defects elude inquiring eyes!—
 Beneath the groin the ulcerous evil lies,
 Impervious to the view; and o'er the wound,
 The broad effulgence of the zone is bound!
 But can you, thus, the inward pang restrain,
 Thus, cheat the sense of languor and of pain?

“But if the people call me wise and just,
 Sure, I may take the general voice on trust!”—

No:—If you tremble at the sight of gold;
 Indulge lust's wildest sallies uncontroll'd;
 Or, bent on outrage, at the midnight hour,
 Girt with a ruffian band, the forum scour;
 Then, wretch! in vain the voice of praise you hear,
 And drink the vulgar shout with greedy ear.

Hence, with your spurious claims! rejudge your cause,
 And fling the rabble back their vile applause:
 To your own breast, in quest of worth, repair,
 And blush to find—how poor a stock is there!

SENECA.

B. C. 7.—A. D. 65.

LUCIUS ANNEIUS SENECA, the philosopher and tragic poet, was born at Cordova, in Spain, B. C. 7, and brought to Rome by his parents when he was a child. From his youth he was a diligent student, and devoted himself with great ardor to rhetoric and philosophy. In the first year of the reign of Claudius, A. D. 41, he was banished to Corsica, on some accusation of the notorious Messalina, the third wife of the emperor. But his accuser being such an infamous woman, no reliance is to be placed on her evidence, as proving guilt on the part of Seneca. After an exile of eight years, during which he wrote some of his works on stoical philosophy, he was recalled by the influence of Agrippina, the rival in wickedness of Messalina, and the niece and fourth wife of Claudius, whom five years afterward she poisoned, that she might govern the empire through her ascendancy over Nero, her son by a former husband. From this time the life of Seneca is closely connected with that of Nero, and Tacitus is the chief authority for the facts we possess in relation to both. Agrippina relied much on the influence and advice of the philosopher as the means of securing the succession to her son, whose education she intrusted to him.

Never could teacher have a worse pupil. He probably did his best to correct the vicious propensities of the youth, and to instil into his mind precepts of wisdom and virtue; yet, as has been well remarked,

"he who consents to be tutor to a vicious youth of high station whom he cannot control, must be content to take the advantages of his post, with the risk of being blamed for his pupil's vices."

Claudius was poisoned by his niece and wife Agrippina A. D. 54, and Nero succeeded to the imperial power. Seneca attempted to check the vicious propensities of the young emperor, who in the first year of his reign affected mildness and clemency, and such were the tones of his orations to the senate, which were doubtless the words of Seneca uttered by the mouth of Nero. But all Seneca's efforts to keep Nero within the limits of decency and humanity failed. The murder of Britannicus, A. D. 55, was followed by large gifts from the emperor to his friends, and, in the words of Tacitus, "there were not wanting persons to affirm, that men who claimed a character for sober seriousness, divided among themselves, at that time, houses and villas, as if they were so much booty." This is thought to allude to Seneca, who grew immensely rich without any ostensible means of acquiring wealth, which made him justly an object of more than suspicion. He was charged with the grossest immoral conduct by Silius; who also asked, "by what wisdom, by what precepts of philosophy, he had, during a four years' intimacy with an emperor, amassed a fortune of three hundred million sestertii: at Rome he was a hunter after testamentary gifts, an ensnarer of those who were childless." Perhaps these charges were very much exaggerated; but Seneca's enormous wealth gave a color of truth to anything that was said against him.

The struggle for dominion between Nero and his mother ended (horrible to relate) in the death of the latter by assassins hired by her own son! The imperial murderer fled to Naples, whence he wrote to the Senate, charging his mother with a conspiracy against himself, on the failure of which he averred that she had committed suicide. The author of this letter, sad to say, was Seneca; and it is his great condemnation. But the consent he gave to Agrippina's assassination did not help him, for his own end was drawing near. His enormous wealth, his gardens and villas, more magnificent than those of the emperor, were coveted by the minions of Nero, and even by Nero himself; and when returning from a visit to Campania with his wife, and while resting at a villa about four miles from the city, the emperor sent a band of soldiers, to order him to choose the manner of his own death. Without showing any signs of alarm, he cheered his weeping friends by the lessons of philosophy, remarking that he who had murdered a brother and a mother could not be expected to spare his teacher. He prayed his wife Paullina to moderate her grief, and

to console herself for the loss of her husband by the reflection that he had lived an honorable life. But as she protested that she would die with him, Seneca consented, and in the same moment the veins in the arms of both were opened, and they expired together.

Thus died Seneca, A. D. 65, in the seventy-second year of his age. His great misfortune was to have known Nero. His fame rests on his numerous writings, which, with all their faults, have great merits. His principal works, which are of a philosophical character, are essays "On Anger," "On Consolation," "On Providence," "On Tranquillity of Mind," "On the Firmness of the Wise Man," "On Clemency," "On the Brevity of Human Life," "On a Happy Life," &c., together with "Epistles to Lucilius," one hundred and twenty-four in number. Besides these, there are extant ten tragedies attributed to him, entitled, *Hercules Furens*, *Thyestes*, *Thebais* or *Phœnissæ*, *Hippolytus* or *Phædra*, *Edipus*, *Troades* or *Hecuba*, *Medea*, *Agamemnon*, *Hercules Cætus*, and *Octavia*. These were never intended for the stage, but were designed for reading or recitation, after the Roman fashion. They contain many striking passages, and have some merits as poems.¹

TRUE HAPPINESS FOUNDED ON WISDOM.

Taking it for granted that *human happiness* is founded upon *wisdom* and *virtue*, we shall treat of these two points in order as they lie: and *first of wisdom*; not in the latitude of its various operations, but only as it has a regard to good life, and the happiness of mankind.

Wisdom is a right understanding; a faculty of discerning good from evil; what is to be chosen, and what rejected; a judgment grounded upon the value of things, and not the common opinion of them; an equality of force, and a strength of resolution. It sets a watch over our words and deeds, it takes us up with the contemplation of the works of nature; and makes us invincible by either good or evil fortune. It is large and spacious, and requires a great deal of room to work in; it ransacks heaven and earth; it has for its object things past and to come, transitory and eternal. It examines all the circum-

¹ Editions: Ruhkoff, Leipzig, 1797-1811, five vols. 8vo.; Bipont edition, Strasburg, 1809, five vols. 8vo. A good edition of his tragedies is by F. H. Bothe, Leipzig, 1819, two vols. 8vo. An excellent English translation of his Epistles, "with large annotations, wherein particularly the tenets of the ancient philosophers are contrasted with the divine precepts of the Gospel, with regard to the moral duties of mankind," has been made by Thomas Morell, D. D., 2 vols. 4to., London, 1786.

stances of time; "what it is, when it began, and how long it will continue;" and so for the mind; "whence it came; what it is; when it begins; how long it lasts; whether or no it passes from one form to another, or serves only one, and wanders when it leaves us; where it abides in the state of separation, and what the action of it; what use it makes of its liberty; whether or no it retains the memory of things past, and comes to the knowledge of itself." It is the habit of a perfect mind, and the perfection of humanity, raised as high as nature can carry it. It differs from *philosophy*, as avarice and money; the one desires, and the other is desired; the one is the effect and the reward of the other. To be wise is the use of wisdom, as seeing is the use of eyes, and well-speaking the use of eloquence. He that is perfectly wise is perfectly happy; nay, the very beginning of wisdom makes life easy to us. Neither is it enough to know this, unless we print it in our minds by daily meditation, and so bring a *good-will* to a good habit. And we must practise what we preach; for *philosophy* is not a subject for popular ostentation; nor does it rest in words, but in things. It is not an entertainment taken up for delight, or to give a taste to our leisure; but it fashions the mind, governs our actions, tells us what we are to do, and what not. It sits at the helm, and guides us through all hazards: nay, we cannot be safe without it, for every hour gives us occasion to make use of it. It informs us in all the duties of life, piety to our parents, faith to our friends, charity to the miserable, judgment in counsel; it gives us *peace*, by *fearing* nothing, and *riches*, by *coveting nothing*.

There is no condition of life that excludes a wise man from discharging his duty. If his fortune be good, he *tempers* it; if bad, he *masters* it; if he has an estate, he will exercise his virtue in plenty, if none, in poverty; if he cannot do it in his country, he will do it in banishment; if he has no command, he will do the office of a common soldier. Some people have the skill of reclaiming the fiercest of beasts: they will make a lion embrace his keeper, a tiger kiss him, and an elephant kneel to him. This is the case of a wise man in the extremest difficulties; let them be never so terrible in themselves, when they come to him once, they are perfectly tame. They that ascribe the invention of tillage, architecture, navigation, &c., to wise men, may perchance be in the right, that they were invented by wise men; but they were not invented by wise men, as *wise men*; for wisdom does not teach our fingers, but our minds: fiddling and dancing, arms and fortifications, were the works

of luxury and discord; but wisdom instructs us in the way of nature, and in the arts of unity and concord; not in the instruments, but in the government of life; nor to make us live only, but to live happily. She teaches us what things are good, what evil, and what only appear so; and to distinguish betwixt true greatness and tumor. She clears our minds of dross and vanity; she raises up our thoughts to heaven, and carries them down to hell: she discourses on the nature of the soul, the powers and faculties of it; the first principles of things; the order of providence: she exalts us from things corporeal to things incorporeal; and retrieves the truth of all: she searches nature, gives laws to life; and tells us, "that it is not enough to know God, unless we obey him." She looks upon all accidents as acts of providence; sets a true value upon things; delivers us from false opinions, and condemns all pleasures that are attended with repentance. She allows nothing to be good that will not be so forever; no man to be happy but he that needs no other happiness than what he has within himself; no man to be great or powerful, that is not master of himself;—and this is the felicity of human life; a felicity that can neither be corrupted nor extinguished.

AGAINST RASH JUDGMENT.

It is good for every man to fortify himself on his weak side; and if he loves his peace, he must not be inquisitive, and hearken to tale-bearers; for the man that is over-curious to hear and see everything, multiplies troubles to himself; for a man does not feel what he does not know. He that is listening after private discourse, and what people say of him, shall never be at peace. How many things that are innocent in themselves, are made injurious yet by misconstruction? Wherefore some things we are to pause upon, others to laugh at, and others again to pardon. Or if we cannot avoid the sense of indignities, let us however shun the open profession of it; which may be easily done, as appears by many examples of those that have suppressed their anger, under the awe of a greater fear. It is a good caution not to believe anything until we are very certain of it; for many probable things prove false, and a short time will make evidence of the undoubted truth. We are prone to believe many things which we are unwilling to hear, and so we conclude, and take up a prejudice before we can judge. Never condemn a friend unheard; or

without letting him know his accuser, or his crime. It is a common thing to say, "Do not tell that you had it from me; for if you do, I will deny it, and never tell you anything again." By which means friends are set together by the ears, and the informer slips his neck out of the collar. Admit no stories upon these terms; for it is an unjust thing to believe in private, and to be angry openly. He that delivers himself up to guess and conjecture, runs a great hazard; for there can be no suspicion without some probable grounds; so that without much candor and simplicity, and making the best of everything, there is no living in society with mankind. Some things that offend us we have by report; others we see or hear. In the first case, let us not be too credulous; some people frame stories that they may deceive us; others only tell what they hear, and are deceived themselves; some make it their sport to do ill offices; others do them only to receive thanks; there are some that would part the dearest friends in the world; others love to do mischief, and stand off aloof to see what comes of it. If it be a small matter, I would have witnesses; but if it be a greater, I would have it upon oath, and allow time to the accused, and counsel too, and hear it over and over again.

THE EQUALITY OF MAN—VIRTUE THE ONLY NOBILITY.

It is not well done to be still murmuring against nature and fortune; as if it were their unkindness that makes you inconsiderable, when it is only by your own weakness that you make yourself so; for it is virtue, not pedigree, that renders a man either valuable or happy. Philosophy does not either reject or choose any man for his quality. Socrates was no *patrician*, Cleanthes but an *under-gardener*; neither did Plato dignify philosophy by his birth, but by his goodness. All these worthy men are our *progenitors*, if we will but do ourselves the honor to become their *disciples*. The original of all mankind was the same; and it is only a clear conscience that makes any man noble; for that derives even from heaven itself. It is the saying of a great man, that if we could trace our descents, we should find all slaves to come from princes, and all princes from slaves. But fortune has turned all things topsy-turvy, in a long story of revolutions. It is most certain that our beginning had nothing before it; and our ancestors were some of them splendid, others sordid, as it happened. We have lost the memorials of our extraction; and, in truth, it matters not

whence we came, but whither we go. Nor is it any more to our honor the glory of our predecessors, than it is to their shame the wickedness of their posterity. We are all of us composed of the same elements; why should we then value ourselves upon our nobility of blood, as if we were not all of us equal, if we could but recover our evidence? But when we can carry it no farther, the *herald* provides us some *hero* to supply the place of an illustrious original; and there is the rise of arms and families. For a man to spend his life in pursuit of a title, that serves only when he dies, to furnish out an *epitaph*, is below a wise man's business.

ALL THINGS ORDERED BY GOD.

Every man knows without telling, that this wonderful fabric of the universe is not without a Governor; and that a constant order cannot be the work of chance; for the parts would then fall foul one upon another. The motions of the stars, and their influences, are acted by the command of an eternal decree. It is by the dictate of an Almighty Power, that the heavy body of the earth hangs in balance. Whence come the revolutions of the seasons, and the flux of the rivers? the wonderful virtue of the smallest seeds? as an *oak* to arise from an *acorn*. To say nothing of those things that seem to be most irregular and uncertain; as clouds, rain, thunder, the eruptions of fire out of mountains, earthquakes, and those tumultuary motions in the lower region of the air, which have their ordinate causes; and so have those things, too, which appear to us more admirable because less frequent; as scalding fountains, and new islands started out of the sea; or what shall we say of the ebbing and flowing of the ocean, the constant times and measures of the tides, according to the changes of the moon that influences most bodies; but this needs not; for it is not that we doubt of providence, but complain of it. And it were a good office to reconcile mankind to the gods, who are undoubtedly best to the best. It is against nature that good should hurt good. A good man is not only the friend of God, but the very image, the disciple, and the imitator of him, and a true child of his heavenly Father. He is true to himself; and acts with constancy and resolution.

ON STUDY; AND TRUE RICHES.

[EPISTLE SECOND.]

I am happy, Lucilius, in conceiving great hopes of you, both from what you write, and from what I hear of you : it seems, you are no wanderer, nor apt to disquiet yourself in vain with change of place ; a restlessness which generally springs from some malady in the mind. The chief testimony, I apprehend, of a mind truly calm and composed, is, that it is consistent with, and can enjoy itself.

Be pleased likewise to consider that the reading many authors, and books of all sorts, betrays a vague and unsteady disposition. You must attach yourself to some in particular, and thoroughly digest what you read, if you would intrust the faithful memory with anything of use. He that is everywhere, is nowhere. They who spend their time in travelling, meet indeed with many an host, but few friends. This is necessarily the case of those, who apply not familiarly to any one study, but run over everything cursorily and in haste. The food profits not, nor gives due nourishment to the body, that abides not some time therein. Nothing so much prevents the recovery of health, as a frequent change of supposed remedies. A wound is not soon healed, when different salves are tried by way of experiment. A plant thrives not, nor can well take root, that is moved from place to place. What profits only accidentally, in passing, is of little use. Variety of books distracts the mind ; when you cannot read, therefore, all that you have, it is enough to have only what you can read. But you will say, you have a mind sometimes to amuse yourself, with one book and sometimes with another : it is a sign, my friend, of a nice and squeamish stomach, to be tasting many viands, which, as they are various and of different qualities, rather corrupt than nourish. Read therefore always the most approved authors, and if you are pleased at any time to taste others, by way of amusement, still return to those as your principal study. Be continually treasuring up something to arm you against poverty, something against the fear of death and other the like evils, incident to man. And when you have read sufficiently, make a reserve of some particular sentiment for that day's meditation.

Such is my own practice : of the many things I read, I generally select one for observation : for instance, to-day I

have been reading Epicurus¹ (for you must know I sometimes make an excursion into the enemy's camp, not by way of deserter, but as a spy): cheerful poverty, says he, is an excellent thing. Now I cannot conceive, how that state can be called poor, which is cheerful. The man whose poverty sits easy upon him, is rich. Not he that hath little, but he that desireth more, is the poor man. For what avails it how much a man hath in his chest, or in his barns; what stock he has in the field, or what money at interest, if he is still hankering after another's wealth; if he is ever counting, not what he has got already, but what he may get? Do you ask me, what I take to be the proper mean of wealth? I will tell you: first, a supply of necessities; secondly, an easy competency.

CHANGE OF PLACE CHANGES NOT THE MIND.

You think it strange, Lucilius, and as happening to yourself alone, that after so long a journey, and the visiting so many different places, you could not throw off your chagrin and melancholy disposition. The mind must be changed for this purpose, and not the climate. Though you cross the ocean; though (as our Virgil says) *terraeque urbesque recedant*;² whithersoever you fly, your vices will still follow. Socrates, to one complaining after the same manner, says, "Why do you wonder that travelling does you no good, when, go where you will, you carry yourself along with you? The same cause, that sent you out, lies still at heart. What can the novelty of foreign lands avail? what the knowledge of divers cities and countries? It is all a fruitless labor." And do you ask, why this your flight is to so little purpose? It is because, as Socrates said, you cannot fly from yourself. The mind's burden must be left behind, or you will nowhere find complacency and delight.

You travel here and there to shake off the inward load; which by such agitation only becomes more troublesome; as in a ship, a burden that is fixed and immovable, strains it the less; while such as are movable are apt to sink the side to which they roll, by their unequal pressure. In everything you do, you are still acting against yourself. The very motion cannot but hurt you; it is shaking a sick man. Get rid of this internal evil, and every change of place will be agreeable. Though you are

¹ We must recollect here that Seneca was not an Epicurean, but a Stoic.

² The land and the cities fade from your view.

driven to the utmost parts of the earth, or confined to some corner in a strange land; be what it will, you may still find entertainment. It matters not where you come, but what sort of man, you come thither. The mind is not to be devoted to any particular place. We must live in the world under this persuasion. I am not born for one corner of it more than another; the whole is my native country.

Was this manifest to you, you would be no longer surprised at not finding any benefit from the difference of place, when weary of one you fly to another. For the first would have pleased you, if you had thought it your own. You do not travel, but wander, and are driven about from place to place; whereas what you are in search of, a good life, is to be found anywhere. What place can be more turbulent than the forum? yet if you were obliged to live there, even there might you find tranquillity: not but that a man, if he was at his own disposal, would fly as far as possible from the sight, and much more from the neighborhood of such a noisy place. For as a damp and foggy air affects even the most firm and healthy constitution; so there are places, if not dangerous, yet very inconvenient, to a mind well-disposed, but not fully accomplished. I dissent from those who defy a storm; and not disliking a public and busy life, are continually exerting their courage, in struggling with, and getting through, difficulties. A wise man would endure this, if it fell to his lot; but he would by no means make it his choice. He had rather live in peace, than amidst the din of war: for it is of little avail to him, to have thrown off his own vices, if he must be perpetually contending with those of other men. Thirty tyrants, you say, environed Socrates, yet could not break, or bend the steadiness of his mind: it matters not how many masters you have;—slavery is one and the same: he that despises this, let his governors be as many as they will, is still free.

REASON PECULIAR TO MAN.

Know that all things have their proper good. Fertility recommends the vine, as a fine flavor does the juice of the grape; the excellency in a stag is swiftness; in beasts of burden, a strong back: an exquisite quickness of scent distinguishes the hound; speed the grayhound; fierceness and courage the bulldog, or such as are ordained to attack wild beasts: and what is the excellency in man? Reason. It is this, wherein man

excels the brute creation, and draws near to the gods. Perfect reason, therefore, is the proper good of men. Other qualities he hath in common with plants and animals : is he strong? so are lions. Is he beautiful? so are peacocks. Is he swift? so are horses. I do not say how far he may excel, or be excelled in any of these points; for I am not inquiring after what is greatest in him, but what is his own. Has he a body? so has a tree. Has he internal power of self-motion? so have beasts, and even worms. Hath he a voice? some dogs have a louder; more shrill is that of the eagle, more deep that of the bull; and more sweet and voluble is the voice of the nightingale. What then is proper only to man? Reason. This, when right and perfect, completes the happiness of man. If therefore everything that hath accomplished its own proper good is praiseworthy, and hath reached the end of nature's designation; reason being the proper good of man, if he hath perfected the same, he is then praiseworthy, and hath attained the end of being. Now this reason when perfect is called virtue, or what is right and fit in all circumstances. That therefore is the one good in man, which is his proper good: for we are not now inquiring after what is good, but what is the peculiar good of man. If there is no other good peculiar to man, then this is the one good, in which is comprehended all other.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The soul of man is great, and generous, admitting no other bounds to be set to her, than what are common with God. First, she acknowledgeth not any terrestrial city, as Ephesus, or Alexandria, or if there be any more populous, and whose buildings are more beautiful and of larger extent. No; she claims for her country the universe; the whole convex, wherein are included the lands and the seas; wherein the air expending itself between the earth and the heavens, conjoins them both; and wherein are placed the inferior deities, intent to execute their commissions. Nor, secondly, does she suffer herself to be confined to any number of years. All years, says she, are mine. No age is locked up from the penetration of learned men; no time so distant, or dark, that is not pervious to thought.

When the day shall come that will separate this composition, human and divine, I will leave this body here, where I found

it, and return to the Gods;¹ not that I am altogether absent from them even now; though detained from superior happiness, by this heavy earthly clog.² This short stay in mortal life, is but the prelude to a better, and more lasting life above.³ As we are detained nine months in our mother's womb, which prepares us not for itself, to dwell always therein, but for that place whereunto we are sent, as soon as we are fit to breathe the vital air, and strong enough to bear the light; so, in that space of time, which reacheth from infancy to old age inclusive, we aspire after another birth as from the womb of Nature. Another beginning, another state of things expects us. We cannot as yet reach heaven, till duly qualified by this interval.

Look then with an intrepid eye upon that determined happy hour. It is not the last to the soul, if it be to the body. Whatever things are spread around thee, look upon them only as the furniture of an inn. We must leave them and go on. Nature throws us out of the world, as she threw us into it. We can carry nothing away with us, as we brought with us nothing into it.⁴ Nay, even a great part of that which attended us when we came into the world, must be thrown off. This skin, which Nature threw over us as a veil, must be stripped off: our flesh, and our blood, that so wonderfully circulates through every part of it, must be dispersed; as also the solids, the bones and nerves, which supported the fluids and weaker parts. That day, which men are apt to dread as their last, is but the birthday of an eternity.

¹ Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.—Eccles. xii. 7; iii. 20, 21.

² We are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord (for we walk by faith, not by sight); we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.—2 Cor. v. 6-9.

³ Some notion and belief of the immortality of the soul and a future state obtained among mankind from the most ancient times, and spread generally among the nations: not originally as the mere effect of human wisdom and reasoning, but as derived by a most ancient tradition from the earliest ages, and probably made a part of the primitive religion, communicated by divine revelation to the first parents of the human race. The belief of it was countenanced and encouraged by the wisest legislators; but was much weakened by the disputes of the philosophers; and the general corruption of manners: from whence is justly inferred the necessity of a divine revelation, to assure mankind of the truth of this all-important doctrine.

⁴ Be not thou afraid, when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased; for when he dieth, he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him.—Ps. xlix. 16. Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither.—Job i. 21. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.—1 Tim. vi. 7.

Be resigned, then, and willingly lay your burden down. Why do you delay, as if this was the first time that you departed from a body, wherein you were inclosed? Still you hesitate, and are reluctant; and it was not without great pain and labor your mother was delivered of thee. You sigh and cry; thus didst thou weep (as it is usual) when a little infant: at such a time excusable indeed, when you came into the world a mere novice, ignorant of everything, and when taken out of a warm and soft bed, a freer air blew fresh upon you; and when you were as yet so tender as not to bear the touch of the hard hand, and so great a stranger as to be amazed at everything you saw around, and knew them not. But now, it can be no new thing to you, to be separated from that which was a part of you before: throw off then willingly this superfluous part; and patiently quit the body, which you have so long inhabited. Why are you so sorrowful? was it to be torn in pieces, or drowned, or burned? There is nothing in all this but what is common.

The cawl, or covering of new-born infants, soon wasteth away and perisheth: so will those worldly goods with which you are so enamored: they are but the outward coverings wherein you are enwrapped. The day will come that shall unfold them and give you liberty, delivering you from this filthy apartment wherein you are now quartered. Even now desert it as much as possible, and soar aloft; estranged even from those things which seem most necessary and dear to you. Meditate something more noble and sublime. That blessed day, suppose, when the mysteries of Nature shall be revealed to you; this darkness be dispersed, and the light shall break in upon you on every side. Imagine with yourself how great that brightness is, where so many stars intermingle their glorious beams; a light so serene and clear, that not the least shadow of darkness shall rest upon it;¹ all heaven shines out with equal splendor; for day and night have their turns only on this earthly globe, and the airy regions round about.

You will then say, you lived in darkness before, when you shall behold the full glories of that light, which now thou seest

¹ So St. John, speaking of the new Jerusalem, "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it: and the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi. 23—25.

dimly,¹ through the narrow circles of the eyes, and yet at so great a distance as to fill the mind with admiration and astonishment. How then will it amaze you, when, I say, you shall behold that divine light in its full spread of glory in heaven? Such a reflection as this cannot but raise the mind above every mean thought, and deter us from every vile and cruel practice. It informs us the Gods are witnesses of all our actions: it commands us to make ourselves acceptable to them; to prepare ourselves for communion with them; and have always eternity in view; which whoever hath any conception of, he dreads no enemies; he hears the trumpet's sound undismayed; nor can all the threats in the world terrify his manly soul: for why should he be afraid of anything? What can deter him from the punctual discharge of every duty, who dies in this hope; when even the man, who thinks that the soul subsists no longer than while it is imprisoned in the body, and at its departure hence is entirely dissipated and dissolved, yet ceaseth not to endeavor to make himself useful, and to live in some measure after death?

LUCAN.

A. D. 38-65.

MARCUS ANNÆUS LUCANUS, the son of Annæus Mella, a Roman knight of large fortune, was born A. D. 38, at Cordova, in Spain, which was also the birthplace of the philosopher Seneca. He was taken to Rome when quite young, and was there educated under the most distinguished professors of rhetoric and philosophy. His talents developed themselves at a very early age, and he was raised to the office of quæstor by Nero; but he soon drew upon himself the resentment of the emperor, by disputing with him the prize of poetry in Pompey's amphitheatre, and was subsequently interdicted from reciting in public. Stung to the quick by this prohibition, he joined at once the conspiracy against the emperor's life, which was planned by Piso.² When the plot was discovered Lucan repented, and was pardoned on the condition of pointing out his confederates. In the vain hope of escaping

¹ For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

² Piso was a tragic poet of some talent, a skilful orator, and a munificent man; but he was deficient in decision, and infirm of purpose; hence the plot failed.

the vengeance of the monster, he actually impeached his own mother, who was innocent. But his death was determined: his only privilege was the choice of the manner of death, and he prepared himself to die with the courage and calmness of a philosopher. He had his veins opened in a hot bath, and bled to death; repeating, as he expired, some verses from the third book of his "*Pharsalia*," descriptive of a soldier cut in two by a grappling hook in a sea-fight:—

Asunder torn, not from a single wound
The blood wells slowly forth; but, pour'd at once,
Gushes from all the lacerated veins.
O'er every limb strays warm the crimson life;
The waters intercept it, as it flows;
Nor o'er, from dying man, the vital stream
Through such capacious channels ebb'd away.

The only production of Lucan that has come down to us is a heroic poem in ten books entitled *Pharsalia*, which details the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey, arranged in chronological order, beginning with the passage of the Rubicon, B. C. 49, and ending with the battle of *Pharsalia*, B. C. 48. It is a very unequal poem, being defaced with great faults and blemishes, while at the same time it possesses peculiar beauties; so that no author has so divided the critics. Its subject is full of historic interest, and is treated with spirit, brilliancy, and animation; but it was so near the author's own time, that little room was left for the play of the imagination. Still, the historic pictures themselves are beautifully drawn, and the characters of Cæsar and Pompey have been much admired for their beauty and faithfulness. But in all our criticisms of the "*Pharsalia*," the incompleteness of the work, and the youth of the writer, who died at the age of twenty-seven, should be taken into consideration.¹

¹ A modern critic remarks: "We find in Lucan almost every quality requisite to form a great poet, but the action of each is clogged, and the effect neutralized by some grievous perversity. We discover copious diction, lively imagination, vast power, high enthusiasm, burning energy, great learning, a bold and masculine tone of thought, deep reflection, and political wisdom; but the power being ill-governed, communicates a jarring irregularity to the whole mechanism of the piece; the enthusiasm under no control runs wild into extravagant folly, and the language flows in a strong and copious but turbid stream; the learning is disfigured by pedantic display; the imagination of the poet exhausts itself in far-fetched conceits and unnatural similes; the philosophic maxims obtruded at unseasonable moments are received with impatience and disgust; we distinctly perceive throughout vigorous genius struggling, but in vain, against the paralyzing influence of a corrupt system of mental culture and a depraved standard of national taste."—*Prof. Ramsay, of Glasgow*.

The most elaborate editions of Lucan are those of Oudendorp, 4to., Lugd. Bat., 1728, and of Burmann, 4to., Leid., 1740. But the most useful for all practical purposes is that of Weber, 8vo., Leipsic, 1821-1831, three volumes, which contains a full collection of scolia and commentaries, and various dissertations. The best translation in English is that of Rowe, which was first published in 1718, in 4to., and has been reprinted in various forms since.

STATE OF ROME,
AND CHARACTERS OF POMPEY AND CÆSAR.

My spirit prompts me to unfold the springs
Of these so dread events: a task immense
Opens before me. By what causes urged
The people madden'd into war, and peace
Was shaken from the world; the course of Fates
Malignant, and the footing frail of power
In its high places; empire headlong push'd
By its unwieldy weight; and Rome oppress'd
With her own greatness. Thus, when this huge earth,
Unhinged, shall tremble, and her final hour
Close the long ages of successive time,
At once the frame of matter shall relapse
In ancient chaos; planets hurtling shock,
And fiery stars plunge headlong in the sea;
The earth no longer stretch its bounding shores,
But shake the waters forth; the moon disdain
Along her winding orbit to direct
Her sloping chariot, but in western skies
Shall front the sun, and half usurp the day;
The whole machine, its elemental laws
Disturb'd, shall in disjointed ruin yawn,
And reel to dissolution. Greatness thus
Falls inward on itself. The Gods forbade
The spread of prosperous glory, and affix'd
This fatal limit. Fortune aids not now
The hate of nations, enviously combined
Against the mistress of the earth and main:
Thou art, thyself, the cause, unhappy Rome!
The common portion of a triple power.
Three lords divide thy rule; but never yet
A reigning multitude had grasp'd the rod.
Oh ill allied! and blind with lust of sway!
Why mix your strength, and hold the universe
Suspended in the balance? while the sea
Floats upon earth, and buoyant earth on air;
While in long labors rolls the solar orb;
While night, along the signs that gird the sky,
Treads on the track of day; so long, in vain,
Would faith be sought in partnership of rule.
All power disdains associates. Nor, for this,
Let other nations urge your slow belief,
Nor yet explore these instances of Fate
With search remote. Behold! our infant walls
Reek'd with a brother's blood: nor then was earth,
Or sea, the price of this unnatural rage:
The mean asylum of a vagrant crowd

Moved the fraternal strife. Short time remain'd
This inharmonious concord; this fair show
Of an unwilling peace. Between the chiefs,
Crassus alone, with interposed delay,
Repell'd the future war. * * *

The jealous pride
Of equal valor stung the two to wrath.
Thou, Pompey! fear'st lest new exploits eclipse
Thy ancient triumphs; lest the vanquish'd Gauls
Blast thy piratic laurels. Thee a course
Of labors, and experience of renown,
And a proud fortune, which impatient spurns
A secondary rank, arouse to arms.
Nor Cæsar can to aught superior bow,
Nor Pompey bear an equal. But to know
Which in the juster quarrel drew the sword,
Exceeds our power. With either party sides
A mighty judge. Heaven owns the conquering cause,
Cato the vanquish'd. Not on equal terms
Close the great rivals in the lists of war.
The one declines into the vale of life:
Calm in the habits of the gown, he now
Had half unlearn'd the chieftain's art, more apt
To court the multitude for noisy fame,
And deal his liberal largess to the crowd;
Hang on the popular breath, and joy to hear,
Round his own theatre, the rising shout
Applaud his entrance. Nor with strength new nerved
Repairs his youthful vigor; but, secure
Of glory, on his former fortunes leans.
He stood, the shadow of a mighty name.
As, on some acorn-teeming plain, an oak,
Bearing aloft a people's spoils of yore,
And consecrated gifts of chieftains old,
No longer clings to vigorous roots, but stands
By its own weight made steadfast, and, in air
Spreading abroad its bare and straggling boughs,
Casts with its trunk a shadow, not with leaves;
Though, at the first rush of the eastern blast,
It nods from high, and rocks, as to its fall;
Though all around woods rise of firmer stem,
Its reverend pomp remains. But no such name
Of old renown, nor glory of the field
Was Cæsar's; but a valor that could brook
No rest: his only shame was victory won
By aught but open force; a spirit keen,
And unsubdued; at beck of sanguine hope,
Or anger, prompt to rush; and never slow,
On rash occasion's spur, to stain the sword.
Fervid to push success; adroit to seize
Th' auspicious hour of fortune; beating down
All obstacles, while pressing to the heights;

And glorying still to hew himself a path
Through havoc and destruction.

Elion.

PASSAGE OF THE RUBICON.

Now Cæsar, marching swift with winged haste,
The summits of the frozen Alps had past;
With vast events and enterprises fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood;
When lo! as he surveyed the narrow flood,
Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confessed to sight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image reared,
Trembling and sad the matron form appeared;
A towering crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around;
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then, groaning, thus the mournful silence broke:
"Presumptuous men! oh, whither do you run?
Oh, whither bear you these my ensigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmost barrier are you come."
She said; and sunk within the closing shade.
Astonishment and dread the chief invade;
Stiff rose his starting hair; he stood dismayed,
And on the bank his slackening steps were stayed.

The leader now had passed the torrent o'er,
And reached fair Italy's forbidden shore;
Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,
Here farewell peace and injured laws! he said:
Since faith is broke, and leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou, goddess Fortune, art my bride!
Let fate and war the great event decide.

Rowe.

FLIGHT OF POMPEY.

At length arriv'd, with the revolving night,
The chosen hour appointed for his flight:¹
He bids his friends prevent the seamen's roar,
And still the deaf'ning clamors on the shore:
No trumpets may the watch by hours renew,
Nor sounding signals call aboard the crew.
The heav'nly maid her course had almost run,²
And Libra waited on the rising sun,

¹ Pompey's flight from Brundisium, when he was in danger of being shut up by Cæsar.

² This points out the time to be in the morning before sunrise, about the beginning of September.

When, hush'd in silence deep, they leave the land :
 No loud mouth'd voices call, with hoarse command,
 To heave the flocky anchors from the sand. }
 Lowly the careful master's orders past,
 To brace the yards, and rear the lofty mast :
 Silent they spread the sails, the cables haul,
 Nor to their mates for aid, tumultuous, call.
 The chief himself to Fortune breath'd a pray'r,
 At length to take him to her kinder care :
 That swiftly he might pass the liquid deep,
 And lose the land which she forbade to keep.
 Hardly the boon his niggard fate allow'd,
 Unwillingly the murm'ring seas were plough'd :
 The foamy furrows roar'd beneath his prow,
 And sounding to the shore alarm'd the foe.
 Straight thro' the town their swift pursuit they sped,
 (For wide her gates the faithless city spread),
 Along the winding port they took their way,
 And griev'd to find the fleet had gain'd the sea.

Rouse.

DEATH OF POMPEY.

Now in the boat defenceless Pompey sat,
 Surrounded and abandoned to his fate.
 Nor long they hold him in their power aboard,
 E'en every villain drew his ruthless sword :
 The chief perceived their purpose soon, and spread
 His Roman gown, with patience, o'er his head ;
 And when the cursed Achillas pierced his breast,
 His rising indignation close repressed.
 No sighs, no groans, his dignity profaned,
 No tear his still unsullied glory stained.
 Unmoved and firm he fixed him on his seat,
 And died, as when he lived and conquered, great.

Rouse.

LUXURY THE BANE OF NATIONS.

Those fatal seeds luxurious vices sow,
 Which ever lay a mighty people low.
 To Rome the vanquish'd earth her tribute paid,
 And deadly treasures to her view display'd :
 Then truth and simple manners left the place,
 While riot rear'd her lewd dishonest face :
 Virtue to full prosperity gave way,
 And fled from rapine and the lust of prey.
 On every side proud palaces arise,
 And lavish gold each common use supplies :
 Their father's frugal tables stand abhorr'd,
 While foreign dainties smoke upon the board :

In silken robes the minion men appear,
 Which maids and youthful brides should blush to wear.
 That age, by honest poverty adorn'd,
 Which brought the manly Romans forth, is scorn'd :
 Wherever aught pernicious does abound,
 For luxury all lands are ransack'd round,
 And dear-bought deaths the sinking state confound. }

Hence wrath and rage their ready minds invade,
 And want could ev'ry wickedness persuade :
 Hence impious pow'r was first esteem'd a good,
 Sought for by arms, and bought with streams of blood :
 With glory, tyrants did their country awe,
 And violence prescrib'd the rule to law.
 Hence pliant servile voices were constrain'd,
 And force in popular assemblies reign'd :
 Consuls and tribunes, with opposing might,
 Join'd to confound and overturn the right :
 Hence shameful magistrates were made for gold,
 And a base people by themselves were sold :
 Hence slaughter in the venal field returns,
 And Rome her yearly competition mourns :
 Hence debt unthrifty, careless to repay,
 And usury still watching for its day :
 Hence perjuries in ev'ry wrangling court :
 And war, the needy bankrupt's last resort.

Rowe.

CHARACTER OF CATO.

No stings of private hate his peace molest,
 Nor partial favor grew upon his breast :
 But safe from prejudice he kept his mind,
 Free, and at leisure to lament mankind.
 These were the stricter manners of the man,
 And this the stubborn course in which they ran :
 The golden mean, unchanging, to pursue :
 Constant to keep the purpos'd end in view :
 Religiously to follow nature's laws,
 And die, with pleasure, in his country's cause :
 To think he was not for himself design'd,
 But born to be of use to all mankind.
 To him 'twas feasting, hunger to repress :
 And homespun garments were his costly dress.
 No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
 'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter sky :
 He sought no end of marriage, but increase :
 Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace :
 That took up all the tend'rest parts of life,
 His country was his children and his wife.
 From justice' righteous rules he never swerv'd,
 But rigidly his honesty preserv'd :

On universal good his thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant :
And while his benefits the public share,
Cato was always last in Cato's care.

Rowe.

PLINY THE ELDER.

A. D. 23-79.

CAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS, surnamed the Elder (*Major*), to distinguish him from his nephew, who was commonly called "Pliny the Younger," was born at Verona, or, as some maintain, at Comum, A. D. 23. Of the particular events of his life we know but little. He came to Rome at an early age, and, having ample means, he availed himself of the best teachers the city afforded. When about twenty-two years of age he resided for a time on the coast of Africa, but for what object, or in what capacity, we are not informed. He also served in the Roman army in Germany, and held a command in the cavalry under Lucius Pomponius. Afterwards he practised at Rome as a pleader of causes, though he does not appear to have gained much distinction thereby. During a greater part of the reign of Nero he spent his time in retirement at Comum, employed in the education of his nephew. Subsequently he held the office of procurator in Spain, where it is supposed he remained during the wars of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. Returning to Rome, he enjoyed the favor of Vespasian, and at the time of his death, under Titus, was commander of the Roman fleet at Misenum. He lost his life by the celebrated eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed ; the particulars of which are given by his nephew in a letter to the historian Tacitus. Observing, on the 24th of August of that year, from his ship at Misenum (a few miles from Veauvius), a cloud of unusual size and shape rising to a great height from the mount, he directed a light vessel to be got ready, in which he embarked, sailed across the bay, and landed near the foot of the mountain. Determined to examine for himself the unusual phenomenon, he went on against all remonstrances, though showers of ashes had already begun to fall ; and in consequence he was soon suffocated, and perished. His body was afterwards found without any marks of fire upon it, and even his clothes were not disordered.

The only work of Pliny, of any consequence, which has been pre-

served to us, is his *Historia Naturalis*, Natural History, by which term the ancients understood more than is included in it by modern writers. It embraced astronomy, meteorology, geography, mineralogy, zoology, botany, &c.—in short, everything that does not relate to the results of human skill or the products of the human faculties. The work consists of thirty-seven books. The first is a sort of index or table giving a general view of the contents of the whole work; the second treats of subjects belonging to *cosmography* and astronomy; the third to the sixth inclusive contain a description of the earth, its countries and inhabitants, forming a sort of universal *geography*; the seventh to the eleventh inclusive relate principally to animals or *zoology*; the twelfth to the nineteenth treat of plants or *botany*; with the twentieth begins a description of *medicines*, which is continued through thirteen books, treating first of the *vegetable* kingdom (from the twentieth to the twenty-seventh), then of the *animal* (from the twenty-eighth to the thirty-second), while the remaining five books (from the thirty-third to the thirty-seventh) are devoted to the *mineral* kingdom, comprising notices of the medicinal properties of metals and stones, and to the *fine arts*, painting, sculpture, &c., with notices of the principal ancient artists and their productions. This great work of Pliny is certainly a wonderful monument of studious diligence and persevering industry, but it shows a most credulous love of the marvellous, and a want of judgment in comparing and selecting facts, and is deficient in scientific value and philosophical arrangement.¹

OF THE HARMONY OF THE STARS.²

Pythagoras, employing the terms that are used in music, sometimes names the distance between the Earth and the Moon a tone; from her to Mercury he supposes to be half

¹ The editions of Pliny's Natural History are very numerous. One of the best is that published by Panckoucke, Paris, 1829-1833, in twenty volumes, with a French translation, and enriched by many valuable notes by Cuvier and other eminent scientific and literary men of France. A valuable critical edition of the text, is by Sillig, Leipsic, 1831-36, five volumes 12mo. Holland's English translation, first published in London in 1601, has been often reprinted. A new translation by John Bostock and H. T. Riley has been printed in Bohn's Classical Library, in six volumes.

² This was what the ancients understood by the harmony of the spheres. So Dryden, in his Song for St. Cecilia's Day:—

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

this space, and about the same from him to Venus. From her to the Sun is a tone and a half; from the Sun to Mars is a tone, the same as from the Earth to the Moon; from him there is half a tone to Jupiter, from Jupiter to Saturn also half a tone, and thence a tone and a half to the zodiac. Hence there are seven tones, which he terms the diapason harmony, meaning the whole compass of the notes. In this, Saturn is said to move in the Doric time, Jupiter in the Phrygian, and so forth of the rest; but this is a refinement rather amusing than useful.

Bohn's Library.

NATURE OF THE EARTH.

Next comes the earth, on which alone of all parts of nature we have bestowed the name that implies maternal veneration. It is appropriated to man as the heavens are to God. She receives us at our birth, nourishes us when born, and ever afterwards supports us. Lastly, embracing us in her bosom when we are rejected by the rest of nature, she then covers us with especial tenderness; rendered sacred to us, inasmuch as she renders us sacred, bearing our monuments and titles, continuing our names, and extending our memory, in opposition to the shortness of life. In our anger we imprecate her on those who are now no more, as if we were ignorant that she is the only being who can never be angry with man. The water passes into showers, is concreted into hail, swells into rivers, is precipitated in torrents; the air is condensed into clouds, rages in squalls; but the earth, kind, mild, and indulgent as she is, and always ministering to the wants of mortals, how many things do we compel her to produce spontaneously! What odors and flowers, nutritive juices, forms and colors! With what good faith does she render back all that has been intrusted to her! She pours forth a profusion of medicinal plants, and is always producing something for the use of man. But it must be acknowledged, that everything which the earth has produced, as a remedy for our evils, we have converted into the poison of our lives. For do we not use iron, which we cannot do without, for this purpose? But although this cause of mischief has been produced, we ought not to complain; we ought not to be ungrateful to this one part of nature. How many luxuries and how many insults does she not bear for us! She is cast into the sea, and, in order that we may introduce seas into her bosom, she is washed away by the waves. She is con-

tinually tortured for her iron, her timber, stone, fire, corn, and is even much more subservient to our luxuries than to our mere support. What indeed she endures on her surface might be tolerated, but we penetrate also into her bowels, digging out the veins of gold and silver, and the ores of copper and lead; we also search for gems and certain small pebbles, driving our trenches to a great depth. We tear out her entrails in order to extract the gems with which we may load our fingers. How many hands are worn down that one little joint may be ornamented! And if the infernal regions really existed, certainly these burrows of avarice and luxury would have penetrated into them.

Bohn's Library.

NATURE OF MAN.

Our first attention is justly due to man, for whose sake all other things appear to have been produced by nature; though, on the other hand, with so great and so severe penalties for the enjoyment of her bounteous gifts, that it is far from easy to determine, whether she has proved to him a kind parent, or a merciless stepmother. In the first place, she obliges him alone, of all animated beings, to clothe himself with the spoils of the others; while, to all the rest, she has given various kinds of coverings, such as shells, crusts, spines, hides, furs, bristles, hair, down, feathers, scales, and fleeces. The very trunks of the trees, even, she has protected against the effects of heat and cold by a bark, which is, in some cases, twofold. Man alone, at the very moment of his birth cast naked upon the naked earth,¹ does she abandon to cries, to lamentations, and, a thing that is the case with no other animal whatever, to tears; this, too, from the very moment that he enters upon existence. But as for laughter, why, by Hercules!—to laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been granted to man before the fortieth day from his birth, and then it is looked upon as a miracle of precocity. Introduced thus to the light, man has fetters and swathings instantly put upon all his limbs,² a thing that falls

¹ It seems to have been the custom among the ancients to place the newborn child upon the ground immediately after its birth.

² We may hence conclude, that the practice of swathing young infants in tight bandages prevailed at Rome, in the time of Pliny, as it still does in France, and many parts of the continent; although it has, for some years, been generally discontinued in England and in our country. Buffon warmly condemned this injurious system, eighty years ago, but without effect.

to the lot of none of the brutes even that are born among us. Born to such singular good fortune, there lies the animal, which is destined to command all the others, lies, fast bound hand and foot, and weeping aloud ! such being the penalty which he has to pay on beginning life, and that for the sole fault of having been born. Alas ! for the folly of those who can think after such a beginning as this, that they have been born for the display of vanity !

The earliest presage of future strength, the earliest bounty of time, confers upon him naught but the resemblance to a quadruped.¹ How soon does man gain the power of walking ? How soon does he gain the faculty of speech ? How soon is his mouth fitted for mastication ? How long are the pulsations of the crown of his head to proclaim him the weakest of all animated beings ? And then, the diseases to which he is subject, the numerous remedies which he is obliged to devise against his maladies, and those thwarted every now and then by new forms and features of disease.² While other animals have an instinctive knowledge of their natural powers ; some of their swiftness of pace, some of their rapidity of flight, and some again of their power of swimming ; man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing without being taught ; he can neither speak, nor walk, nor eat,³ and, in short, he can do nothing, at the prompting of nature only, but weep.

To man alone, of all animated beings, has it been given, to grieve, to him alone to be guilty of luxury and excess ; and that in modes innumerable, and in every part of his body. Man is the only being that is a prey to ambition, to avarice, to an immoderate desire of life, to superstition—he is the only one that troubles himself about his burial, and even what is to become of him after death. By none is life held on a tenure

¹ This reminds us of the terms of the riddle proposed to Œdipus by the Sphinx : "What being is that, which, with four feet, has two feet and three feet, and only one voice ; but its feet vary, and where it has most it is weakest ?" to which he answered, That it is man, who is a quadruped (going on feet and hands) in childhood, two-footed in manhood, and moving with the aid of a staff in old age.

² There is little doubt that new forms and features of disease are continually making their appearance among mankind, and even the same peoples, and have been from the earliest period ; it was so at Rome, in the days of the republic and of the emperors. It is not improbable that these new forms of disease depend greatly upon changes in the temperature and diet. The plagues of 1348, 1666, and the Asiatic cholera of the present day, are not improbably various features of what may be radically the same disease.

³ Pliny forgets, however, that infants do *not* require to be taught how to suck.

more frail; none are more influenced by unbridled desires for all things; none are sensible of fears more bewildering; none are actuated by rage more frantic and violent. Other animals, in fine, live at peace with those of their own kind; we only see them unite to make a stand against those of a different species. The fierceness of the lion is not expended in fighting with its own kind; the sting of the serpent is not aimed at the serpent; and the monsters of the sea even, and the fishes, vent their rage only on those of a different species. But with man—by Hercules! most of *his* misfortunes are occasioned by man.¹

CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

The most remarkable instance, I think, of vigor of mind in any man ever born, was that of Cæsar, the dictator. I am not at present alluding to his valor and courage, nor yet his exalted genius, which was capable of embracing everything under the face of heaven; but I am speaking of that innate vigor of mind, which was so peculiar to him, and that promptness which seemed to act like a flash of lightning. We find it stated that he was able to write or read, and, at the same time, to dictate and listen. He could dictate to his secretaries four letters at once, and those on the most important business; and, indeed, if he was busy about nothing else, as many as seven. He fought as many as fifty pitched battles, being the only commander who exceeded M. Marcellus, in this respect, he having fought only thirty-nine. In addition, too, to the victories gained by him in the civil wars, one million one hundred and ninety-two thousand men were slain by him in his battles. For my own part, however, I am not going to set it down as a subject for high renown, what was really an outrage committed upon mankind, even though he may have been acting under the strong influence of necessity; and, indeed, he himself confesses as much, in his omission to state the number of persons who perished by the sword in the civil wars.

But we must with equal justice give Cæsar the peculiar credit of a remarkable degree of clemency, a quality, in the exercise of which, even to repentance, he excelled all other individuals

¹ It was this feeling that prompted the common saying among the ancients, "*Homo homini lupus*"—"Man to man is a wolf;" and most true it is, as Burns has said, that

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

whatsoever. The same person has left us one instance of magnanimity, to which there is nothing that can be at all compared. While one, who was an admirer of luxury, might perhaps on this occasion have enumerated the spectacles which he exhibited, the treasures which he lavished away, and the magnificence of his public works, I maintain that it was the great proof, and an incomparable one, of an elevated mind, for him to have burnt with the most scrupulous carefulness the papers of Pompeius, which were taken in his desk at the battle of Pharsalia, and those of Scipio, taken at Thapsus, without so much as reading them.

MEN REMARKABLE FOR WISDOM.

Dionysius the tyrant, who otherwise manifested a natural propensity for cruelty and pride, sent a vessel crowned with garlands to meet Plato, that high-priest of wisdom; and on his disembarkation, received him on the shore, in a chariot drawn by four white horses. Isocrates was able to sell a single oration of his for twenty talents. Æschines, the great Athenian orator, after he had read to the Rhodians the speech which he had made on the accusation of Demosthenes, read the defence made by Demosthenes, through which he had been driven into exile among them. When they expressed their admiration of it, "How much more," said he, "would you have admired it, if you had heard him deliver it himself;" a striking testimony, indeed, given in adversity, to the merit of an enemy! The Athenians sent their general, Thucydides, into banishment, but recalled him as their historian, admiring his eloquence, though they had punished his want of valor.¹ A strong testi-

¹ This is rather a strong expression, and it is doubtful if the great historian at all deserves it. The facts of the case seem to have been as follows. Thucydides was employed in a military capacity, and was in command of an Athenian squadron of seven ships at Thasos, B. C. 424, when Eucles, who commanded in Amphipolis, sent for his assistance against Brasidas, who was before that town with an army. Fearing the arrival of a superior force, Brasidas offered favorable terms to Amphipolis, which were readily accepted, as there were but few Athenians in the place. Thucydides arrived at Eion, on the mouth of the Strymon, the evening of the same day on which Amphipolis surrendered: and though too late to save Amphipolis, prevented Eion from falling into the hands of the enemy. It was in consequence of this failure, that he became voluntarily an exile, perhaps to avoid the still severer punishment of death, which appears to have been the penalty of such a failure as that which he had, though unavoidably, committed. It is most probable that he returned to Athens about B. C. 403, the period of its liberation by Thrasybulus.

mony, too, was given to the merit of Menander, the famous comic poet, by the kings of Egypt and Macedonia, in sending to him a fleet and an embassy; though, what was still more honorable to him, he preferred enjoying the converse of his literary pursuits to the favor of kings.

The nobles too of Rome have given their testimonies in favor of foreigners, even. Cn. Pompeius, after having finished the war against Mithridates, when he went to call at the house of Posidonius, the famous teacher of philosophy, forbade the lictor to knock at the door, as was the usual custom; and he, to whom both the eastern and the western world had yielded submission, ordered the *fascēs* to be lowered before the door of a learned man.

The elder Africanus ordered that the statue of Ennius should be placed in his tomb, and that the illustrious surname, which he had acquired, I may say, as his share of the spoil on the conquest of the third part of the world, should be read over his ashes, along with the name of the poet. The emperor Augustus, now deified, forbade the works of Virgil to be burnt, in opposition to the modest directions to that effect, which the poet had left in his will: a prohibition which was a greater compliment paid to his merit, than if he himself had recommended his works.

But what atonement could I offer to thee, Marcus Tullius, were I to be silent respecting thy name? or on what ground am I to pronounce thee as especially pre-eminent? On what, indeed, that can be more convincing than the most abundant testimony that was offered in thy favor by the whole Roman people; contenting myself with the selection only of such of the great actions of the whole of your life, as were performed during your consulship. You speak, and the tribes surrender the Agrarian law, or, in other words, their very subsistence; you advise them to do so, and they pardon Roscius,¹ the author of the law for the regulation of the theatres, and, without any feelings of resentment, allow a mark to be put upon themselves by allotting them an inferior seat; you entreat, and the sons of proscribed men blush at having canvassed for public honors: before your genius, Catiline took to flight, and it was you who proscribed M. Antonius. Hail then to thee, who wast the first

¹ The individual referred to is L. Roscius Otho; by his law the Roman *Equites*, who, before this time, sat mingled with the people generally, had appropriate seats allotted to them. Cicero designates this oration, "De Othone."

of all to receive the title of father of thy country; who wast the first of all, while wearing the toga, to merit a triumph, and who didst obtain the laurel for oratory. Great father, thou, of eloquence and of Latin literature! as the dictator Cæsar, once thy enemy, wrote in testimony of thee, thou didst require a laurel superior to every triumph! How far greater and more glorious to have enlarged so immeasurably the boundaries of the Roman genius, than those of its sway!

DRUNKENNESS.

If any one will take the trouble duly to consider the matter, he will find that upon no one subject is the industry of man kept more constantly on the alert than upon the making of wine; as if nature had not given us water as a beverage, the one, in fact, of which all other animals make use. We, on the other hand, even go so far as to make our very beasts of burden drink wine: so vast are our efforts, so vast our labors, and so boundless the cost which we thus lavish upon a liquid which deprives man of his reason and drives him to frenzy and to the commission of a thousand crimes! So great, however, are its attractions, that a great part of mankind are of opinion that there is nothing else in life worth living for. Nay, what is even more than this, that we may be enabled to swallow all the more, we have adopted the plan of diminishing its strength by pressing it through filters of cloth, and have devised numerous inventions whereby to create an artificial thirst. * * *

Then it is that all the secrets of the mind are revealed; one man is heard to disclose the provisions of his will, another lets fall some expression of fatal import, and so fails to keep to himself words which will be sure to come home to him with a cut throat. And how many a man has met his death in this fashion! Indeed, it has become quite a common proverb, that "in wine there is truth."

From wine, too, comes that pallid hue, those drooping eyelids, those sore eyes, those tremulous hands, unable to hold with steadiness the overflowing vessel, condign punishment in the shape of sleep agitated by furies during the restless night, and, the supreme reward of inebriety, those dreams of monstrous lustfulness and of forbidden delights. Then on the next day there is the breath reeking of the wine-cask, and a nearly total obliviousness of everything, from the annihilation of the powers of the memory. And this, too, is what they call "seiz-

ing the moments of life!" whereas, in reality, while other men lose the day that has gone before, the drinker has already lost the one that is to come. * * * *

In fact, such is the infallible characteristic of drunkenness, the more a person is in the habit of drinking, the more eager he is for drink; and the remark of the Scythian ambassador is as true as it is well known—the more the Parthians drank, the thirstier they were for it.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

A. D. 61—110.

C. PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS, the nephew of the historian Pliny, was born at Comum, A. D. 61. His father, C. Cæcilius, died when he was young, and his education was intrusted to his uncle, and hence he took the name of Plinius. From his very youth he was devoted to literature, in which he made such rapid progress that he came to be considered one of the most learned men of his age. He was also an orator, and when but nineteen he began to speak in the forum. He went through the whole succession of public offices, from that of quæstor to the highest dignities of consul and augur, and was so esteemed by the Emperor Trajan as to be selected by him for the government of Bithynia, because there were many abuses in that province which required a man of integrity and ability to remove. It was while here that he received from the emperor that celebrated letter which gave him instructions how to proceed with the Christians; and his reply is highly valuable, as showing not only the progress which Christianity had then made, but also the purity of the lives of its professors, against whom no wrong conduct of any kind could be alleged.

The date of Pliny's death is uncertain. As a man, he appears to have possessed great excellence of character—to have been gentle, refined, and benevolent. He was rich, but seems to have known how money should be used—in doing good. He contributed a third part of the sum requisite to found a school in his native place, for the education of its youth; he also founded a public library there, and established a fund for the benefit of poorer scholars. Thus he showed that, in addition to a mind which was captivated by the love of letters, and successfully engaged in the cultivation of them, he possessed a heart

in which all the charities resided. He was amiable to his acquaintance, and benevolent to all. Had a longer life than that of little more than half a century been granted to him, it is probable that posterity would have received more testimonies of his genius and his virtues. His panegyric on Trajan is the language equally of praise and of truth, and is perhaps the only work which may serve as an object of comparison with the style of the preceding age. It was not published for many years after he had returned thanks to the emperor for appointing him consul. Praise to benefactors, when extended to topics of general character, is often extravagant, and sometimes unjust; yet in this instance, it had the rare advantage of being grounded on incontestable facts. History accords with his eulogium, and, when with the portrait of a virtuous prince he contrasts that of the tyrants who had preceded him, the contrast renders it more striking and valuable. Pliny says, his first object is to render to a great prince the homage that is due to his virtues; then to present to his successors not rules of conduct, but a model which may teach them to deserve an equal share of glory by the same means: that to dictate to sovereigns what they ought to be, is painful and presumptuous; to praise him who acts well, in such a manner that the eulogium may serve as a lesson to others, and be a light to conduct them on their way, is an enterprise not less useful and much more modest.

After having stigmatized the baseness and unworthiness of those emperors who only checked the incursions of the barbarians by pecuniary donations, and purchased captives to be the ornaments of an illusory triumph, he exhibits a very different conduct in his illustrious hero.

Pliny has also left a collection of "Letters," in ten books, which are valuable not only for the insight they give into his own character, but for the information they convey of the manners and modes of thought of his illustrious contemporaries, as well as of the politics of the day. But in these "Letters" we search in vain for that familiar ease and that disclosure of the heart, which are the proper characteristics of epistolary correspondence. It is much to be regretted that we have only such letters as were written for posterity; for however varied and agreeable their manner, and in however amiable a light they exhibit the author, they cannot be relied upon as a faithful image of his mind. Ten books of them were selected by him, and prepared for the public. The names of the persons to whom they are addressed are those of his contemporaries most celebrated for their talents and their virtues; and the sentiments he expresses are worthy of such connections. He interests us equally for the friends whose loss he

regrets—the victims of Domitian—and for those who participated with him in the blessings of his patron's reign.¹

RETIREMENT AND STUDY COMMENDED.

[BOOK I., LETTER III.—TO CANINIUS RUFUS.]

How stands Comum,² that favorite scene of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the shady plane-tree walk, the crystal canal so agreeably winding along its flowery banks, together with the charming lake³ below, that serves at once the purposes of use and beauty? What have you to tell me of the firm yet soft *gestatio*,⁴ the sunny bath, the public saloon, the private dining-room, and all the elegant apartments for repose both at noon and night? Do these enjoy my friend, and divide his time with pleasing vicissitude? Or do the affairs of the world, as usual, call you frequently out from this agreeable retreat? If the scene of your enjoyments lies wholly there, you are happy: if not, you are under the common error of mankind. But leave, my friend (for certainly it is high time), the sordid pursuits of life to others, and devote yourself, in this calm and undisturbed recess, entirely to pleasures of the studious kind. Let these employ your idle as well as serious hours; let them be at once your business and your amusement, the subjects of your waking and even sleeping thoughts: produce something that shall be really and forever your own. All your other possessions will pass on from one master to another: this alone, when once it is yours, will forever be so. As I well know the temper and genius of him to whom I am addressing myself, I must exhort you to think as well of your abilities as they deserve: do justice to those excellent talents you possess, and the world, believe me, will certainly do so too. Farewell.

Melmoth.

¹ Editions: G. E. Gierig, Leipsic, 1802, two volumes 8vo.; G. H. Schaefer, Leipsic, 1805, two volumes 8vo.; Lemaire, Paris, 1823. There are two English versions of the Epistles, one by Lord Orrery, and the other by William Melmoth; from the latter of which I have made my selections.

² The city where Pliny was born: it still subsists, and is now called Como, situated upon the lake Larius, or Lago di Como, in the duchy of Milan.

³ The lake Larius, upon the banks of which this villa was situated.

⁴ A piece of ground set apart for the purpose of exercise, either on horseback, or in their vehicles; it was generally contiguous to their gardens, and laid out in the form of a circus.

LET READING AND HUNTING GO TOGETHER.

[BOOK I., LETTER VI.—TO CORNELIUS TACITUS.]

Certainly you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What (methinks I hear you say with astonishment)! Pliny!—even he. However, I indulged at the same time my beloved inactivity, and whilst I sat at my nets, you would have found me, not with my spear, but my pen by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved if I returned with my hands empty, at least to come home with my papers full. Believe me, this manner of studying is not to be despised: you cannot conceive how greatly exercise contributes to enliven the imagination. There is, besides, something in the solemnity of the venerable woods with which one is surrounded, together with that awful silence¹ which is observed on these occasions, that strongly inclines the mind to meditation. For the future therefore let me advise you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your pen and paper, as well as your basket and bottle: for be assured you will find Minerva as fond of traversing the hills as Diana. Farewell.

Melmoth.

PLEASURES OF RURAL LIFE.

[BOOK I., LETTER IX.—TO MINUTIUS FUNDANUS.]

When one considers how the time passes at Rome, one cannot but be surprised, that take any single day, and it either is, or at least seems to be spent reasonably enough; and yet upon casting up the whole sum the amount will appear quite otherwise. Ask any one how he has been employed to day? he will tell you, perhaps, "I have been at the ceremony of taking up the manly robe;"² this friend invited me to a wedding; that desired me to attend the hearing of his cause; one

¹ By the circumstance of silence here mentioned, as well as by the whole air of this letter, it is plain the hunting here recommended was of a very different kind from what is practised amongst us. It is probable the wild boars were allured into their nets by some kind of prey, with which they were baited, while the sportsman watched at a distance in silence and concealment.

² The Roman youths at the age of seventeen changed their habit, and took up the *toga virilis*, or manly gown, upon which occasion they were conducted by the friends of the family with great ceremony either into the forum or capitol, and there invested with this new robe.

begged me to be witness to his will; another called me to a consultation." These are offices which seem, while one is engaged in them, extremely necessary; and yet, when in the quiet of some retirement, we look back upon the many hours thus employed, we cannot but condemn them as solemn impertinences. At such a season one is apt to reflect, how much of my life has been lost in trifles! At least it is a reflection which frequently comes across me at Laurentum, after I have been employing myself in my studies, or even in the necessary care of the animal machine—for the body must be repaired and supported, if we would preserve the mind in all its vigor. In that peaceful retreat, I neither hear nor speak anything of which I have occasion to repent. I suffer none to repeat to me the whispers of malice; nor do I censure any man, unless myself, when I am dissatisfied with my compositions. There I live undisturbed by rumor, and free from the anxious solitudes of hope or fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! pleasing and honorable repose! More, perhaps, to be desired than the noblest employments! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, best and most retired scene for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have you inspired me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first occasion of leaving the noisy town with all its very empty pursuits, and devote your days to study, or even resign them to ease: for as my ingenious friend Attilius pleasantly said, "It is better to do nothing, than to be doing of nothing." Farewell.

Melmoth.

THE CHANGES MADE BY TIME.

[BOOK IV., LETTER XXIV.—TO VALENS.]

Being engaged lately in a cause before the *Centumviri*, it occurred to me that when I was a youth I was also concerned in one which passed through the same courts. I could not forbear, as usual, to pursue the reflection my mind had started, and to consider if there were any of those advocates then present, who were joined with me in the former cause; but I found I was the only person remaining who had been counsel in both: such changes does the instability of human nature, or the vicissitudes of fortune produce! Death had removed some; banishment others; age and infirmities had silenced those, while these were withdrawn to enjoy the happiness of retirement; one was at the head of an army; and the indulgence of the prince had exempted another from the burden of civil employments. What

turns of fortune have I experienced even in my own person ! It was eloquence that first raised me ; it was eloquence that occasioned my disgrace ; and it was eloquence that advanced me again. The friendships of the wise and good at my first appearance in the world, were highly serviceable to me ; the same friendships proved afterward extremely prejudicial to my interest, and now again they are my ornament and support. If you compute the time in which these incidents have happened, it is but a few years ; if you number the events, it seems an age. A lesson that will teach us to check both our despair and presumption, when we observe such a variety of revolutions roll round in so swift and narrow a circle. It is my custom to communicate to my friend all my thoughts, and to set before him the same rules and examples, by which I regulate my own conduct : and such was my design in this letter. Farewell.

Melmoth.

THE WORLD KNOWS NOT ITS BEST MEN.

[BOOK VII., LETTER XXV.—TO BUFUS.]

What numbers of learned men does modesty conceal, or love of ease withdraw from the notice of the world ! And yet when we are going to speak or recite in public, it is the judgment only of ostentatious talents which we stand in awe of : whereas in truth, those who silently cultivate the sciences have so much a higher claim to regard, as they pay a calm veneration to whatever is great in works of genius : an observation which I give you upon experience. Terentius Junior having passed through the military offices suitable to a person of equestrian rank, and executed with great integrity the post of receiver-general of the revenues in Narbonensian Gaul, retired to his estate, preferring the enjoyment of an uninterrupted tranquillity, to those honors which his services had merited. He invited me lately to his house, where, looking upon him only as a worthy master of a family, and an industrious farmer, I started such topics of conversation in which I imagined he was most versed. But he soon turned the discourse, and with a great fund of knowledge, entered upon points of literature. With what elegance did he express himself in Latin and Greek ! for he is so perfectly well skilled in both, that whichever he uses, seems to be the language wherein he particularly excels. How extensive is his reading ! how tenacious his memory ! You would not imagine him the inhabitant of a country village, but of the polite Athens herself. In short, his conversation has increased my solicitude concerning my works, and taught me

to fear the judgment of these retired country gentlemen, as much as those of more known and conspicuous learning. And let me persuade you to consider them in the same light: for believe me, upon a careful observation, you will often find in the literary as well as military world, most formidable abilities concealed under a very unpromising appearance. Farewell.

Melmoth.

HIS DISPOSITION OF TIME IN THE SUMMER.

[BOOK IX., LETTER XXXVI.—TO FUSCUS.]

You desire to know, in what manner I dispose of my time, in my summer villa at Tuscum? I rise just when I find myself in the humor, though generally with the sun; sometimes indeed sooner, but seldom later. When I am up I continue to keep the shutters of my chamber-windows closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any composition upon my hands, this is the time I choose to consider it, not only with respect to the general plan, but even the style and expression, which I settle and correct as if I were actually writing. In this manner I compose more or less as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find myself able to retain it. Then I call my secretary, and, opening the shutters, I dictate to him what I have composed, after which I dismiss him for a little while, and then call him in again. About ten or eleven of the clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according as the weather proves, I either walk upon my terrace, or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. From thence I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study; and find this changing of the scene preserves and enlivens my attention. At my return home, I repose myself; then I take a walk, and after that, I repeat aloud some Greek or Latin oration, not so much for the sake of strengthening my elocution,¹ as my digestion; though indeed the voice

¹ By the regimen which Pliny here follows, one would imagine, if he had not told us who were his physicians, that the celebrated Celsus was in the

at the same time finds its account in this practice. Then I walk again, am anointed, take my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife, or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music, or an interlude. When that is finished, I take my walk with my family, in the number of which I am not without some persons of literature. Thus we pass our evenings in various conversation; and the day, even when it is at the longest, steals away imperceptibly. Upon some occasions, I change the order in certain of the articles above mentioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep and reading an oration or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I take as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighboring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am fatigued. I now and then amuse myself with sporting; but always take my tablets into the field, that though I should not meet with game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time too (though not so much as they desire) is allotted to my tenants; and I find their rustic complaints give a zest to my studies and engagements of the politer kind. Farewell.

Melmoth.

WINTER EMPLOYMENTS.

[BOOK IX., LETTER XL.—TO THE SAME.]

You are much pleased, I find, with the account I gave you in my former letter, of the manner in which I spend the summer season at Tuscum; and desire to know what alteration I make in my method, when I am at Laurentum in the winter? None at all, except abridging myself of my sleep at noon, and employing part of the night in study: and if any cause requires my attendance at Rome (which in winter very frequently happens), instead of having interludes or music after supper, I meditate upon what I have dictated, and by often revising it in my own mind, fix it in my memory. Thus I have given you my scheme of life in summer and winter; to which you may add the intermediate seasons of spring and autumn. As at

number. That author expressly recommends reading aloud, and afterwards walking, as beneficial in disorders of the stomach: *Si quis stomacho laborat, legere clare debet; post lectionem, ambulare, &c.*

those times I lose nothing of the day, so I study but little in the night. Farewell.

Melmoth.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

[BOOK X., LETTER¹ XCVII.—TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN.]

It is a rule, sir, which I inviolably observe, to refer myself to you in all my doubts; for who is more capable of removing my scruples, or informing my ignorance? Having never been present at any trials concerning those who profess Christianity, I am unacquainted not only with the nature of their crimes, or the measure of their punishment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them. Whether therefore any difference is usually made with respect to the ages of the guilty, or no distinction is to be observed between the young and the adult; whether repentance entitles them to a pardon; or if a man has been once a Christian, it avails nothing to desist from his error; whether the very profession of Christianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themselves inherent in the profession are punishable; in all these points I am greatly doubtful. In the meanwhile, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians, is this: I interrogated them whether they were Christians; if they confessed I repeated the question twice again, adding threats at the same time; when, if they still persevered, I ordered them to be immediately punished: for I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obstinacy certainly deserved correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation, but being citizens of Rome,² I directed them to be carried thither. But this crime spreading (as is usually the case) while it was actually under prosecution, several instances of the same nature occurred. An information was presented to me without any name subscribed, containing a charge against several persons, who upon examination denied

¹ This letter is esteemed as almost the only genuine monument of ecclesiastical antiquity relating to the times immediately succeeding the Apostles, it being written at most not above forty years after the death of St. Paul. It was preserved by the Christians themselves as a clear and unsuspecting evidence of the purity of their doctrines; and is frequently appealed to by the early writers of the church, against the calumnies of their adversaries.

² It was one of the privileges of a Roman citizen, secured by the Sempronian law, that he could not be capitally convicted but by the suffrage of the people, which seems to have been still so far in force, as to make it necessary to send the persons here mentioned to Rome.

they were Christians, or had ever been so. They repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and frankincense before your statue (which for this purpose I had ordered to be brought together with those of the gods); and even reviled the name of Christ: whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians, into a compliance with any of these articles: I thought proper therefore to discharge them. Some among those who were accused by a witness in person, at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; while the rest owned indeed that they had been of that number formerly, but had now (some above three, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) forsaken that error. They all worshipped your statue and the images of the gods, throwing out imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed, the whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they met on a certain stated day before it was light, and addressed themselves in a form of prayer to Christ, as to some God, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for the purposes of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called upon to deliver it up; after which, it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble, to eat in common a harmless meal.¹ From this custom, however, they desisted after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your orders, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. After receiving this account, I judged it so much the more necessary to endeavor to extort the real truth, by putting two female slaves to the torture, who were said to administer in their religious functions:² but I could discover nothing more than an absurd and excessive superstition. I thought proper therefore to adjourn all farther proceedings in this affair, in order to consult with you. For it appears to be a matter highly deserving your consideration; more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, this inquiry having already extended, and being still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks and ages, and even of both sexes. For this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread its infection among the country villages. Nevertheless, it still

¹ This doubtless refers to the celebration of the "Lord's Supper."

² These women, it is supposed, exercised the same office as Phœbe, mentioned by St. Paul, whom he styles deaconess of the church of Cenchrea. Their business was to attend the poor and sick, and to perform other charitable offices; as also to assist at the ceremony of female baptism, for the more decent performance of that rite.

seems possible to remedy this evil and restrain its progress. The temples, at least, which were once almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred solemnities, after a long intermission, are again revived; while there is a general demand for the victims, which for some time past have met with but few purchasers. From hence it is easy to imagine, what numbers might be reclaimed from this error, if a pardon were granted to those who shall repent.

Melmoth.

TRAJAN'S REPLY: DIRECTING PLINY HOW TO PROCEED WITH THE
CHRISTIANS.

The method you have pursued, my dear Pliny, in the proceedings against those Christians which were brought before you, is extremely proper; as it is not possible to lay down any fixed plan by which to act in all cases of this nature. But I would not have you officiously enter into any inquiries concerning them. If indeed they should be brought before you, and the crime is proved, they must be punished; with this restriction, however, that where the party denies himself to be a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Informations without the accuser's name subscribed, ought not to be received in prosecutions of any sort, as it is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and by no means agreeable to the equity of my government.¹

Melmoth.

¹ If we impartially examine this prosecution of the Christians, we shall find it to have been grounded on the ancient constitution of the state, and not to have proceeded from a cruel or arbitrary temper in Trajan. The Roman legislature appears to have been early jealous of any innovation in point of public worship; and we find the magistrates, during the old republic, frequently interposing in cases of that nature. We are not therefore to judge of the proceedings in question, by the rules we should apply to cases of the same nature in our own times. The established religion of the Romans was no other, in the judgment and confession of their best writers, than an engine of state, which could not be shaken without the utmost danger, or rather, perhaps, without the total subversion of their civil government. This case therefore is to be considered in a civil, not a religious view; as a matter of state, not of speculation; wherein the lenity and moderation both of the Emperor and his minister deserve to be applauded, as they are neither of them for pushing the matter as far as they most certainly might, had they acted strictly up to the *ancient and fundamental* laws of their country.—*Melmoth.*

SUETONIUS.

A. D. 70-130.

VERY little is known of the life of Caius Suetonius Tranquillus, and the above dates of his birth and death pretend to nothing more than an approximation to the truth, drawn from hints in his works, and from other authors. He flourished in the reigns of Trajan and Adrian, and was an intimate friend of the younger Pliny. This speaks well for his integrity of character, and trustworthiness as an historian. He was the author of several works, none of which, however, have come down to us, except the *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*, and two short books containing *Sketches of the Lives of the most Eminent Philologists and Rhetoricians*. The former work has the merit of candid impartiality and a conscientious love of truth: it is written in an easy and simple style, and as a great collection of facts of all kinds relating to the private as well as public lives of the emperors, is very valuable to the historian of this period. The time of Suetonius' death is not known.¹

CHARACTER OF CICERO.

Such are the literary productions of this extraordinary man, whose comprehensive understanding enabled him to conduct with superior ability the most abstruse disquisitions into moral and metaphysical science. Born in an age posterior to Socrates and Plato, he could not anticipate the principles inculcated by those divine philosophers, but he is justly entitled to the praise, not only of having prosecuted with unerring judgment the steps which they trod before him, but of carrying his researches to greater extent into the most difficult regions of philosophy. This too he had the merit to perform, neither in the station of a private citizen, nor in the leisure of academic retirement, but in the bustle of public life, amidst the almost constant exertions of the bar, the employment of the magistrate, the duties of the senator, and the incessant cares of the statesman; through a period likewise checkered with domestic afflictions and fatal

¹ Editions: P. Burmann, Amsterdam, 1736, two volumes 4to.; Baumgarten-Crusius, Leipsic, 1816, three volumes; also edited by C. B. Hase, Paris, 1828, two vols. 8vo. The best English translation is by A. Thompson, London, 1796, "with annotations and a review of the government and literature of the different periods."

commotions in the republic. As a philosopher, his mind appears to have been clear, capacious, penetrating, and insatiable of knowledge. As a writer, he was endowed with every talent that could captivate either the judgment or taste. His researches were continually employed on subjects of the greatest utility to mankind, and those often such as extended beyond the narrow bounds of temporal existence. The being of a God, the immortality of the soul, a future state of rewards and punishments, and the eternal distinction of good and ill; these were in general the great objects of his philosophical inquiries, and he has placed them in a more convincing point of view, than they ever were before exhibited to the pagan world. The variety and force of the arguments which he advances, the splendor of his diction, and the zeal with which he endeavors to excite the love and admiration of virtue; all conspire to place his character, as a philosophical writer, including likewise his incomparable eloquence, on the summit of human celebrity.

THE USURPATION OF AUGUSTUS.

[ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.]

For the restoration of the republican government, it might be contended, that from the expulsion of the kings to the dictatorship of Julius Cæsar, through a period of upwards of four hundred and sixty years, the Roman state, abating a short intermission only, had flourished and increased with a degree of prosperity unexampled in the annals of human kind: That the republican form of government was not only best adapted to the improvement of national grandeur, but to the security of general freedom, the great object of all political association: That public virtue, by which alone nations could subsist in vigor, was cherished and protected by no mode of administration so much as by that which connected, in the strongest bonds of union, the private interests of individuals with those of the community: That the habits and prejudices of the Roman people were unalterably attached to the form of government established by so long a prescription, and would never submit, for any length of time, to the rule of one person, without making every possible effort to recover their liberty: That though despotism, under a mild and wise prince, might in some respects be regarded as preferable to a constitution which was occasionally exposed to the inconvenience of faction and popular tumults, yet it was a dangerous experiment to abandon

the government of the nation to the contingency of such a variety of characters as usually occurs in the succession of princes; and upon the whole, that the interests of the people were more safely intrusted in the hands of annual magistrates elected by themselves, than in those of any individual whose power was permanent, and subject to no legal control.

In favor of despotic government it might be urged, that though Rome had subsisted long and gloriously under a republican form of government, yet she had often experienced such violent shocks, from popular tumults or the factions of the great, as had threatened her with imminent destruction: That a republican government was only accommodated to a people amongst whom the division of property gave to no class of citizens such a degree of pre-eminence as might prove dangerous to public freedom: That there was required in that form of political constitution, a simplicity of life and strictness of manners which are never observed to accompany a high degree of public prosperity: That in respect of all these considerations, such a form of government was utterly incompatible with the present circumstances of the Romans: That by the conquest of so many foreign nations, by the lucrative governments of provinces, the spoils of the enemy in war, and the rapine too often practised in time of peace, so great had been the aggrandizement of particular families in the preceding age, that though the form of the ancient constitution should still remain inviolate, the people would no longer live under a free republic, but an aristocratical usurpation, which was always productive of tyranny: That nothing could preserve the commonwealth from becoming a prey to some daring confederacy, but the firm and vigorous administration of one person, invested with the whole executive power of the state, unlimited and uncontrolled: In fine, that as Rome had been nursed to maturity by the government of six princes successively, so it was only by a similar form of political constitution that she could now be saved from aristocratical tyranny on the one hand, or, on the other, from absolute anarchy.

On whichever side of the question the force of argument may be thought to preponderate, there is reason to believe that Augustus was guided in his resolution more by inclination and prejudice than by reason. It is related, however, that hesitating between the opposite opinions of his two counsellors, he had recourse to that of Virgil, who joined with Mæcenas in advising him to retain the imperial power, as being the form of government most suitable to the circumstances of the times.

CARACTACUS.

In the interior parts of Britain, the natives, under the command of Caractacus, maintained an obstinate resistance, and little progress was made by the Roman arms, until Ostorius Scapula was sent over to prosecute the war. He penetrated into the country of the Silures, a warlike tribe, who inhabited the banks of the Severn; and having defeated Caractacus in a great battle, made him prisoner, and sent him to Rome. The fame of the British prince had by this time spread over the provinces of Gaul and Italy; and upon his arrival in the Roman capital, the people flocked from all quarters to behold him. The ceremonial of his entrance was conducted with great solemnity. On a plain adjoining the Roman camp, the Prætorian troops were drawn up in martial array: the emperor and his court took their station in the front of the lines, and behind them was ranged the whole body of the people. The procession commenced with the different trophies which had been taken from the Britons during the progress of the war. Next followed the brothers of the vanquished prince, with his wife and daughter, in chains, expressing by their supplicating looks and gestures the fears with which they were actuated. But not so Caractacus himself. With a manly gait and an undaunted countenance, he marched up to the tribunal, where the emperor was seated, and addressed him in the following terms:—

“If to my high birth, and distinguished rank, I had added the virtues of moderation, Rome had beheld me rather as a friend than a captive; and you would not have rejected an alliance with a prince, descended from illustrious ancestors, and governing many nations. The reverse of my fortune to you is glorious, and to me humiliating. I had arms, and men, and horses; I possessed extraordinary riches; and can it be any wonder that I was unwilling to lose them? Because Rome aspires to universal dominion, must men, therefore, implicitly resign themselves to subjection? I opposed for a long time the progress of your arms; had I acted otherwise, would either you have had the glory of conquest, or I of a brave resistance? I am now in your power; if you are determined to take revenge, my fate will soon be forgotten, and you will derive no honor from the transaction. Preserve my life, and I shall remain, to the latest ages, a monument of your clemency.”

Immediately upon this speech, Claudius granted him his liberty, as he did likewise to the other royal captives. They all returned their thanks, in a manner the most grateful to the emperor; and, as soon as their chains were taken off, walking towards Agrippina, who sat upon a bench at a little distance, they repeated to her the same fervent declarations of gratitude and esteem.

History has preserved no account of Caractacus after this period; but it is probable that he returned, in a short time, to his own country, where his former valor, and the magnanimity which he had displayed at Rome, would continue to render him illustrious through life, even amidst the irretrievable ruin of his fortunes.

JUVENAL.

The remaining compositions of this author are sixteen satires, all written against the dissipation and enormous vices which prevailed at Rome in his time. The various objects of animadversion are painted in the strongest colors, and placed in the most conspicuous points of view. Giving loose reins to just and moral indignation, Juvenal is everywhere animated, vehement, petulant, and incessantly acrimonious. Disdaining the more lenient modes of correction, or despairing of their success, he neither adopts the raillery of Horace nor the derision of Persius, but prosecutes vice and folly with all the severity of sentiment, passion, and expression. He sometimes exhibits a mixture of humor with his invectives; but it is a humor which partakes more of virulent rage than of pleasantry; broad, hostile, unchastised, and equalling, in respect of indelicacy, the profligate manners which it assails. The Satires of Juvenal abound in philosophical apophthegms; and, where they are not sullied by obscene description, are supported with a uniform air of virtuous elevation. Amidst all the intemperance of sarcasm, his numbers are harmonious. Had his zeal permitted him to direct the current of his impetuous genius into the channel of ridicule, and endeavor to put to shame the vices and follies of those licentious times, as much as he perhaps exasperated conviction, rather than excited contrition, he would have carried satire to the highest possible pitch, both of literary excellence and moral utility. With every abatement of attainable perfection, we hesitate not to place him at the head of this arduous department of poetry.

STATIUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A. D. 80.

PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS, the poet, flourished in the reign of Domitian (A. D. 81—96), but we know very little of his personal history. He was born at Naples, of a good family, and there received his education under his father, who opened a school of rhetoric and oratory in that city, but he afterwards removed to Rome, where he continued his profession with much success. The son speedily rose to fame, and became quite renowned for the brilliancy of his extemporaneous effusions. He married Claudia, the daughter of a musician, and a woman of considerable attainments. To her he inscribed many of his verses, and always mentions her with tenderness and honor. In the latter part of his life he retired with his wife to Naples, the place of his nativity, and there he probably died about A. D. 96.

The extant works of Statius are: 1, his *Sylvæ*, a collection of thirty-two fugitive pieces, in five books, in various styles and on different subjects; 2, his *Achilleid*, an heroic poem, designed to give an account of the exploits of Achilles, but which never reached the end of the second book; and 3, his *Thebaid*, an heroic poem in twelve books, which embodies most of the ancient legends with regard to the expedition of the "Seven against Thebes." He is said to have been twelve years in composing this poem, and on it his fame chiefly rests. He professedly took Virgil for his guide, though he very modestly deprecates any presumptuous comparison with his great model. His work has been unduly praised by some, and undervalued by others. It is not destitute of energy or pathos; while its sentiments are dignified, and many of his descriptions very fine. But he is too florid in his style; his language is too pompous for the idea intended to be conveyed, and his images are exaggerated. "Those passages which have been most frequently quoted, and most generally admired, display a great command of graceful and appropriate language, a liveliness of imagination, which occasionally oversteps the limits of correct taste, brilliant imagery, pictures designed with artistic skill, and glowing with the richest colors, a skilful development of character, and a complete knowledge of the mechanism of verse; but they are not vivified and lighted up by a single spark of true inspiration. The rules of art are observed with undeviating accuracy, and the most intricate combinations are formed without the introduction of a disturbing element;

but there is a total absence of that simple energy which is the surest mark of true genius.”¹

MERCURY'S MISSION TO THE KING OF THEBES.

And now the winged Hermes from on high
Shot in deep silence from the dusky sky ;
Then hover'd o'er the Theban tyrant's head,
As, stretch'd at ease, he press'd his gorgeous bed ;
Where labor'd tapestry, from side to side,
Glow'd with rich figures and Assyrian pride.
O, the precarious terms of human state !
How blind is man ! how thoughtless of his fate !
See, through his limbs the dews of slumber creep,
Sunk as he lies in luxury and sleep.
The reverend shade, commission'd from above,
Hastes to fulfil the high behests of Jove :
Like blind Tiresias to the bed he came,
In form, in habit, and in voice the same.
Pale, as before, the phantom still appear'd,
Down his wan bosom flow'd a length of beard ;
His head an imitated fillet wore,
His hand a wreath of peaceful olive bore ;
With this he touch'd the sleeping monarch's breast,
And, in his own, the voice of fate express'd.
“ Then canst thou sleep, to thoughtless rest resign'd,
And drive thy brother's image from thy mind ?
Yon gathering storm demands thy timely care ;
See, how it rolls this way the tide of war !
When o'er the seas the sweeping whirlwinds fly,
And roar from every quarter of the sky,
The pilot, in despair the ship to save,
Gives up the helm, a sport to every wave ;
Such is thy error, and thy fate the same
(For, know, I speak the common voice of fame) ;
Proud in his new alliances, from far
Against thy realm he meditates the war ;
Big with ambitious hopes to reign alone,
And swell unrival'd on the Theban throne.
New signs and fatal prodigies inspire
His mad ambition, with his boasted sire ;
And Argos' ample realms in dower bestow'd,
And Tydeus reeking from his brother's blood,
League and conspire to raise him to the throne,
And make his tedious banishment thy own.
For this, with pity touch'd, Almighty Jove,
The sire of gods, dispatch'd me from above.
Be still a monarch ; let him swell in vain
With a gay prospect of a fancied reign ;

¹ Prof. Ramsay, of Glasgow.

Still let him hope by fraud, or by the sword,
To humble Thebes beneath a foreign lord."

Thus the majestic ghost; but, ere he fled,
He pluck'd the wreaths and fillets from his head;
For now the sickening stars were chas'd away,
And heaven's immortal coursers breath'd the day.
Awful to sight confess'd the grandsire stood,
Bared his wide wound, and all his bosom show'd, }
Then dash'd the sleeping monarch with his blood.

With a distracted air, and sudden spring,
Starts from his broken sleep the trembling king;
Shakes off, amaz'd, th' imaginary gore,
While fancy paints the scene he saw before:
Deep in his soul his grandsire's image wrought,
And all his brother rose in every thought.

So while the toils are spread, and from behind
The hunter's shouts come thickening in the wind;
The tiger starts from sleep the war to wage,
Collects his powers, and rouses all his rage;
Sternly he grinds his fangs, he weighs his might,
And whets his dreadful talons for the fight;
Then to his young he bears his foe away,
His foe, at once the chaser and the prey;
Thus on his brother he, in every thought,
Waged future wars, and battles yet unfought.

Thebaid, Book II., Pitt.

A TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT.

'Twas now the time when Phoebus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;
Wide o'er the world, in solemn pomp, she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew.
All birds and beasts lie hush'd; Sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapors rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds, with roaring sound,
Burst from the Æolian caves, and rend the ground;
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky.
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily showers.

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
 And broken lightnings flash from every cloud;
 Now smokes with showers the misty mountain ground,
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
 And Erisinus runs a deluge on;
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds.
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away;
 Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne;
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views, astonish'd, from the hills afar,
 The floods descending, and the watery war,
 That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
 Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
 So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
 When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain;
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
 While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thebaid, Book I., Pope.

TO SLEEP.

How have I wronged thee, Sleep, thou gentlest power
 Of heaven! that I alone, at night's dread hour,
 Still from thy soft embraces am repress'd,
 Nor drink oblivion on thy balmy breast?
 Now every field and every flock is thine,
 And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine;
 Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
 And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.
 Seven times the moon returns; yet pale and weak,
 Distemper sits upon my faded cheek;
 The emerging stars, from Ætna's mount that rise,
 And Venus' fires have reillumed the skies;
 Still, past my plaints, Aurora's chariot flew,
 Her shaken lash dropp'd cold the pitying dew.
 Can I endure? Not if to me were given
 The eyes of Argus, sentinel of heaven;
 Those thousand eyes, that watch alternate kept,
 Nor all o'er all his body waked or slept.

Ah me! yet now, beneath night's lengthening shade,
Some youth's twined arms enfold the twining maid;
Willing he wakes, while midnight hours roll on,
And scorns thee, Sleep, and waves thee to be gone!
Come, then, from them; oh leave their bed for mine!
I bid thee not with all thy plumes incline
On my bow'd lids; this kindest boon besseems
The happy crowd, that share thy softest dreams;
Let thy wand's tip but touch my closing eye,
Or, lightly hovering, skim, and pass me by.

Hodgson.

TO HIS WIFE CLAUDIA,
ON HIS INTENDED RETIREMENT TO NAPLES.

Say, why those gentle looks should changed appear?
Why hangs the cloud upon that forehead clear?
Is it, that thoughts of Naples move my breast,
And native fields invite my age to rest?
But, wherefore sad? No wanton lightness thine;
Not to the cirque thy fond regrets incline,
Beat by the rapid race; nor shouts, that roll
From the throng'd theatre, pervade thy soul.
But the cool shade of life is dear to thee;
Joys undegrading; modest probity.
Whither could ocean's waves my bark convey,
Nor thou be found companion of my way?
Yes—did I seek to fix my mansion drear
Where polar ice congeals th' inclement year:
Where the seas darken round fair Thule's isle,
Or, unapproach'd, recedes the head of Nile;
Thy voice would cheer me on. May that kind Power,
Who join'd our hands when in thy beauty's flower,
Still, when the blooming years of life decline,
Prolong the blessing, and preserve thee mine!
To thee, whose charms gave first th' enamoring wound,
And my wild youth in marriage fetters bound;
To thee submissive, I received the rein,
Nor sigh for change, but hug the pleasing chain.
Thrice, when the Alban laurel, wreathing, spread
Its glossy verdure round my shining head,
And Cæsar graced me with his sacred gold,
I felt thy joyful arms my neck enfold;
Thy panting kisses to my garland clung:
And, when in vain my failing lyre I strung,
Vanquish'd with me, thy sorrows would reprove
Th' ungrateful frowns of Capitolian Jove.
And thou hast listen'd, with entranced desire,
The first rude sounds that would my lips inspire;

Thy watchful ear would snatch, with keen delight,
 My verse, low murmur'd through the live-long night:
 To only thee my lengthen'd toils were known,
 And with thy years has my Thebaid grown.

Elton.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

FOURISHED ABOUT A. D. 80.

VERY little is known of the life of Quintus Curtius Rufus, and different critics have placed him in different eras. It is most probable, however, that he flourished towards the close of the first century. He wrote a History of the "Achievements of Alexander the Great," in ten books. It is written in an agreeable and entertaining manner, but the style is too elaborate and too much ornamented, and the author shows too great partiality for his hero, and too little knowledge of geography, to be implicitly trusted as an historical authority.¹

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN DARIUS AND ALEXANDER.

Here letters were brought to Alexander from Darius, at which he was very much incensed, they being written in a very haughty style. But what vexed him most was, that Darius therein wrote himself king, without giving Alexander that title, and required, rather than desired, that he would restore to him his mother, wife, and children, promising for their ransom as much money as all Macedonia was worth; and, as for the empire, he would try for it again, if he pleased, in a fresh action. At the same time, he advised him, if he was still capable of wholesome advice, to be contented with his own dominions, and to retire from that empire he had no right to; and, from being an enemy, to become a friend and ally, he being ready both to give and receive any engagements on that account. To this letter, Alexander made answer much after this manner: "Alexander, king, to Darius—That prince whose name you have taken, having committed great hostilities on those Greeks

¹ Editions: Schmieder, Göttingen, 1803; Koken, Leipsic, 1818; Zumpt, Berlin, 1826; J. Mützell, Berlin, 1843. Translated by John Digby, London, 1726.

who inhabit the coast of the Hellespont, and also on the Ionian colonies, who are also Greeks, put to sea with a powerful fleet and army, and invaded Macedonia and Greece. After him, Xerxes, who was a prince of the same family, attacked us with an infinite number of barbarians; and, notwithstanding he was beaten at sea, yet he left Mardonius in Greece, to pillage the cities in his absence, and burn the country. Besides all which, who does not know that my father Philip was inhumanly murdered by those you had basely corrupted with your money? You make no scruple to enter upon unjust wars, and although you do not want arms, you unworthily set a price upon the heads of your enemies, yourself having given a late instance of that, in offering a thousand talents to him that would murder me, though you had so mighty an army at command. It is plain, therefore, that I am not the aggressor, but repel force by force; and the gods, who always side with the just cause, have already made me master of great part of Asia, and given me a signal victory over you yourself. However, though you have no reason to expect any favor at my hands (since you have not so much as observed the laws of war towards me), yet, if you come to me in a suppliant manner, I promise you, you shall receive your mother, wife, and children without any ransom at all. I know how to conquer, and how to use the conquered. If you are afraid to venture your person with me, I am ready to give you sureties for your doing it with safety. But I would have you remember for the future, when you write to me, that you do not only write to a king, but also to your own king."

SPEECH OF THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER.

The Scythians are not a dull, heavy people, like the rest of the barbarians; nay, some of them are said to attain to as much knowledge as is consistent with any nation that is constantly in arms. It is said they addressed themselves to the king in the following terms; which, though perhaps different from our manners—who live in a politer age, and have our parts better improved—yet, such as it is, we shall faithfully relate, hoping that, if their speech be despised, our integrity will not be suspected. The eldest of them, therefore, said: "If the gods had given you a body suitable to the insatiable greediness of your mind, the world would not be able to contain you; you would stretch one arm out to the farthest extremities of the east, and the other to the remotest bounds of the west;

and, not content therewith, would be for examining where the glorious body of the sun hid itself. But, even as you are, your ambition attempts what you are not capable of. You pass out of Europe into Asia, and from Asia you return again to Europe; and, when you have overcome all mankind, rather than be quiet, you'll quarrel with the woods and the mountains, the rivers and wild beasts. Can you be ignorant that large trees are a long time in growing, though an hour be sufficient to cut them down? He is a fool that coveteth their fruit, without only considering their height. Take heed that, while you strive to climb up to the top, you do not fall headlong with those branches you have grasped. A lion has sometimes been the prey of the smallest birds; and iron itself is consumed by rust. In fine, there is nothing so firm and strong, but is in danger of perishing by what is weaker. What have you to do with us? We never so much as set foot in your country. Shall not we, who pass our lives in the woods, be allowed to be ignorant who you are, and whence you come? Know that as we are not greedy of empire, so neither can we submit to be slaves. Now, that you may be sensible what sort of people the Scythians are, Heaven has presented us with a yoke of oxen, a plough, an arrow, and a bowl. These things we either communicate with our friends, or make use of them to defend ourselves against our enemies. We impart to our friends the corn which is produced by the labor of the oxen, and with them also we sacrifice to the gods out of the bowl. Our arrows serve us against our enemies at a distance, and we use our spears in a closer engagement. By these means, we overcame the king of Syria, and since the kings of Persia and of the Medes, and opened ourselves a way even into Egypt. And whereas you are pleased to give out, that you come to punish thieves and robbers, it is plain that you have played the part of a robber in all the nations you have yet invaded. You seized Lydia, made yourself master of Syria, and are in present possession also of Persia; the Bactrians are in your power, and you have penetrated into India; and, after all this, you cannot be satisfied, unless you extend your ravenous hands to our harmless flocks. What occasion have you for riches, since they only serve to increase your appetite? You are the first who by satiety sharpen your hunger; as if all your acquisitions only served to make you thirst after what you have not. Do not you reflect how long the Bactrians have employed you? and that while they kept you in play the Sogdians rebelled? So that your very victories seem to afford you fresh matter of

war. Now, admitting that you are greater and stronger than any, yet you ought to consider that nobody can endure long a foreign government. Do but pass the Tanais, and you may indeed learn the extent of our country, but can never hope to overtake the Scythians; our poverty will still be too nimble for your army that is laden with the spoils of so many nations. Again, when you think us the farthest from you, you shall find us within your camp. We are equally swift, either to fly or pursue. I am informed that our deserts and wastes are become proverbs of scorn among the Greeks. But, for our parts, we make choice of wilds, and those places that are void of human culture, rather than of cities and fruitful soils. Hold, therefore, your fortune as close as you can; for she is slippery, and will not be held against her will. Wholesome advice is better discovered by the consequences than the present. Put a curb, therefore, to your prosperity, and you will govern it the better. We have a saying amongst us, that Fortune is without feet, and has only hands and wings, and that when she reaches out her hands she will not suffer her wings to be touched. To be short, if you are a god, you ought to be beneficent to mortals, and not deprive them of what they have; and if you are a man, always remember yourself to be what you are. It is folly to be mindful of those things which make you forget yourself. You may make good use of the friendship of those you do not exasperate by war; for the firmest union is amongst equals; and those seem to be equals who have not yet tried their strength. Do not imagine those you conquer can be your friends. There is no friendship between the sovereign and the slave, for even in time of peace the decrees of war do still obtain. The Scythians, in their alliances, do not make use of oaths to ratify the same; but their integrity answers all the ends of oaths. It is a precaution of the Greeks, indeed, to confirm their transactions with the invocation of the gods; but as for ourselves, we make it part of our religion faithfully to observe our promises. They who have no reverence for men, will not scruple to deceive the gods themselves. Besides, you have no occasion for friends of whose benevolence you doubt now. In us you will have incorruptible guardians both of Asia and Europe. There is only the Tanais between us and Bactriana; and, beyond the Tanais we extend ourselves as far as Thrace, and Thrace is said to border upon Macedonia. Thus, you see, we are your neighbors in both your empires. Consider, therefore, whether you will have us for your friends or your enemies."

MARTIAL.

A. D. 43—104.

He unto whom thou art so partial,
 O reader, is the well-known Martial,
 The epigrammatist: while living,
 Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving,
 So shall he hear, and feel, and know it:
 Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

Byron.

MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS, the epigrammatist, was born at Bilbilis, in the northeastern part of Spain, in A. D. 43. He came to Rome at the age of twenty-three, in the thirteenth year of the reign of Nero, to complete his education for the bar. Here his peculiar talent at satiric epigrams procured him a high reputation in the reigns of Titus and Domitian, the latter emperor rewarding his panegyrics by creating him a Roman knight, and raising him to the tribunate. After residing in the metropolis for more than thirty years, he returned to his native place, and was married to a lady by the name of Marcella. The bride was rich, and the bridegroom grateful. He tells her—

"Thou art, alone, another Rome to me;"

and in another epigram he tells of the stately house and beautiful gardens which she brought him:—

"This little kingdom my Marcella gave."

He lived here in great happiness for a few years, and died about A. D. 104.

The extant works of Martial consist of an assemblage of short poems, all included under the general appellation of *Epigrammata*, upwards of 1500 in number, divided into fourteen books. The word "epigram" originally denoted, as its etymology implies, an *inscription*, but in process of time it was applied to any brief metrical effusion, whatever the subject might be; but the example of Martial has associated the idea of a sting or point with the epigram; and since his time the term has been in a great measure restricted to a sense denoting a short poem, in which all the thoughts and expressions converge to one sharp point, which forms the termination of the piece.

"It is impossible," says Professor Ramsay, of Glasgow University, "not to be amazed by the singular fertility of imagination, the prodigious flow of wit, and the delicate felicity of language everywhere developed in this extraordinary collection; and from no source do we derive more copious information on the national customs and social

habits of the Romans during the first century of the empire. But, however much we may admire the genius of the author, we feel no respect for the character of the man. The inconceivable servility of adulation with which he loads Domitian, proves that he was a courtier of the lowest class ; and his name is crushed by a load of cold-blooded filth, spread ostentatiously over the whole surface of his writings, too clearly denoting habitual impurity of thought, combined with habitual impurity of expression." Still, we can select a few from his numerous pieces that may be read with pleasure and profit.¹

I DO NOT LOVE THEE.

I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why ; I can only say this, I do not love thee.

I love thee not ; but why, I can't display ;
I love thee not, is all that I can say.²

THE FALSE AND TRUE MOURNER.

Gellia ne'er mourns her father's loss,
When no one's by to see ;
But yet her soon commanded tears
Flow fast in company.
To weep for praise is but a feigned moan ;
He grieves most truly, that does grieve alone.

Fletcher.

THE "PRETTY" ATTALUS.

Yes, you're a pretty preacher, sir, we know it,
Write pretty novels, are a pretty poet ;
A pretty critic, and tell fortunes too ;
Then, who writes farce or epigrams like you ?

¹ Editions. The most useful edition of Martial—and the same may be said of most of the Latin authors—is that published by Lemaire, in his *Latin Classics*, Paris, 8vo. Translations of many of his epigrams into English have been made by Hay, Elphinstone, Cowley, Hodgson, and others. For sprightly and witty imitations of this poet, read James Smith's "*Martial in London*," specimens of which may be found in the author's "*English Literature of the Nineteenth Century*."

² The following lines, in imitation of this epigram, were made by some Oxford wit, on Dr. John Fell, Bishop of Oxford, who died in 1686 :—

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell ;
The reason why, I cannot tell.
But this I'm sure I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

At every ball, how prettily you nick it!
 You fiddle, sing, play prettily at cricket.
 Yet, after all, in nothing you excel,
 Do all things prettily, but nothing well.
 What shall I call you? Say the best I can,
 You are, my friend, a very busy man.

Rev. R. Graves.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Fine lectures Attalus rehearses,
 Pleads finely, writes fine tales and verses;
 Fine epigrams, fine farces vie
 With grammar and astrology.
 He finely sings, and dances finely;
 Plays tennis; fiddles most divinely:
 All finely done, and nothing well.
 Then, if a man the truth may tell,
 This all-accomplish'd Punchinello
 Is a most busy, idle fellow.

Elton.

TO CHLOE.

I could resign that eye of blue,
 Howe'er its splendor used to thrill me;
 And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue—
 To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
 However much I've raved about it;
 And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
 I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learn'd to fast,
 That sooth, my love, I know not whether
 I might not bring myself at last
 —To do without you altogether.

Moore.

THE TRULY GREAT.

Milo, forbear to call him blest
 That only boasts a large estate,
 Should all the treasures of the East
 Meet, and conspire to make him great.
 Let a broad stream with golden sands
 Through all his meadows roll,
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
 That wears a narrow soul.

Dr. Watts.

THE VALUE OF LITERARY FAME.

Yes, I am poor, Callistratus, I own ;
 And so was ever ; yet not quite unknown :
 Graced with a knight's degree ; nor this alone , }
 But through the world my verse is frequent sung,
 And "That is he!" sounds buzz'd from every tongue ;
 And what to few, when dust, the fates assign,
 In bloom and freshness of my days is mine.
 Thy ceilings on a hundred columns rest ;
 Wealth, as of upstart freemen, bursts thy chest ;
 Nile flows in fatness o'er thy ample fields ;
 Cisalpine Gaul thy silky fleeces yields.
 Lo, such thou art, and such am I ! Like me, }
 Callistratus, thou canst not hope to be ;
 A hundred of the crowd resembles thee.

Elton.

WHAT IS WELL GIVEN IS NOT LOST.

Thieves may break locks, and with your cash retire ;
 Your ancient seat may be consumed by fire ;
 Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe,
 Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow ;
 You may be plunder'd by a woman vile ;
 Or all your ships may sink at sea the while.
 Who gives to friends, so much from fate secures ;
 That is the only wealth forever yours.

Hay.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Your slave will with your gold abscond,
 The fire your home lay low ;
 Your debtor will disown his bond,
 Your farm no crops bestow.
 Your steward a mistress frail shall cheat ;
 Your freighted ship the storms will beat.
 That only from mischance you'll save,
 Which to your friends is given ;
 The only wealth you'll always have
 Is that you've lent to heaven.

English Journal of Education, Jan. 1856.

TO A DETRACTOR.

Snarl on ; you never shall your purpose gain ;
 What long you seek, you still shall seek in vain,
 Who aim at any, rather than no fame :
 I will not, to abuse you, use your name.

It never in my writings shall be seen,
Or the world know that such a wretch hath been.
Try to make others angry when you bellow;
I scorn to meddle with a dirty fellow.

Hay.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry:
In what fair country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
"To-morrow I will live," the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late—the wise lived yesterday.¹

Cowley.

TO A BAD EPIGRAMMATIST.

In all the epigrams you write we trace
The sweetness and the candor of your face.
Think you, a reader will for verses call,
Without one grain of salt, or drop of gall?
'Tis vinegar gives relish to our food:
A face that cannot smile is never good.
Smooth tales, like sweetmeats, are for children-fit:
High-season'd, like my dishes, be my wit.

Hay.

THE TEDIOUS BARBER.

While that the barber went to trim
And shave Lupercus' chops and chin,
He was so tedious on the face,
Another beard grew in the place.

Fletcher.

¹ The following fine remarks upon "To-morrow," are from Dr. Johnson's tragedy of "Irene:"—

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still dote upon to-morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow;
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow;
Till interposing death destroys the prospect.
Strange! that this general fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier, laboring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

TO A BAD COUPLE.

When as you are so like in life,
A wicked husband, wicked wife,
I wonder you should live at strife.

Old MS. 16th Cent.

Both man and wife as bad as bad can be,
I wonder they no better should agree.

Hay.

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
Th' observing neighbors no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;
But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would never
By his free will be in Joan's company;
No more would Joan he should. Giles riseth early,
And, having got him out of doors, is glad;
The like is Joan. But turning home is sad;
And so is Joan. Ofttimes when Giles doth find
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind;
All this doth Joan. Or that his long-yearn'd life
Were quite out-spun; the like wish hath his wife.
In all affections, she concurreth still.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self-same things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree.

Ben Jonson.

TO QUINTIUS OVIDIUS.

Believing hear, what you deserve to hear:
Your birthday, as my own, to me is dear.
Blest and distinguish'd days! which we should prize
The first, the kindest bounty of the skies.
But yours gives most; for mine did only lend
Me to the world; yours gave to me a friend.

Hay.

TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

What makes the happiest life below,
A few plain rules, my friend, will show.

A good estate, not earn'd with toil,
But left by will, or giv'n by fate;
A land of no ungrateful soil,
A constant fire within your grate:

No law ; few cares ; a quiet mind ;
 Strength unimpair'd, a healthful frame ;
 Wisdom with innocence combin'd ;
 Friends equal both in years and fame ;

Your living easy, and your board
 With food, but not with luxury stored ;
 A bed, though chaste, not solitary ;
 Sound sleep, to shorten night's dull reign ;
 Wish nothing that is yours to vary ;
 Think all enjoyments that remain :
 And for the inevitable hour,
 Nor hope it nigh, nor dread its power.

Merivale.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Martial, the things that do attain
 The happy life, be these, I find :
 The riches left, not got with pain ;
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind :

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife ;
 No charge of rule, nor governance ;
 Without disease, the healthful life ;
 The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
 True wisdom join'd with simpleness ;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress :

The faithful wife, without debate :
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;
 Contented with thine own estate ;
 Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

EPITAPH ON EROTION.

Underneath this greedy stone,
 Lies little sweet Erotion ;
 Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
 Nipp'd away at six years old.
 Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
 That hast this small field after me,
 Let the yearly rites be paid
 To her little slender shade ;
 So shall no disease or jar
 Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar ;
 But this tomb be here alone
 The only melancholy stone.

Leigh Hunt.

THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

Me, who have lived so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat;
And a retreat so distant as may show
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote soe'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate doth bear;
Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
And all the solid use of riches knows.
The ground about the house maintains it there;
The house maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital substance of the lord.
The land itself does there the feast bestow;
The land itself must here to market go.
Three or four suits one winter here does waste;
One suit does there three or four winters last.
Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
And little luke-warm fires to you sold;
There fire's an element as cheap and free,
Almost, as any other of the three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports, and at their table eat;
When all the bounties here of men you score,
The place's bounty there will give you more.

Cowley.

FLORUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A. D. 100.

LUCIUS ANNEUS FLORUS, a native of Gaul, or, as some say, of Spain, lived, probably, at the close of the first and the beginning of the second century. He wrote a summary of Roman history, extending from the foundation of the city to the establishment of the empire under Augustus. It is an excellent compendium of the history of this period, and presents in a striking view all the leading events that occurred in it. The author has a very happy faculty of condensation: for instance, the conspiracy of Catiline is recounted in two pages, and yet nothing essential is omitted. His style, however, is by no means worthy of commendation, being far too florid and declamatory.

THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ.

The fourth, and almost mortal wound of the Roman empire, was at Cannæ, an obscure village of Apulia; which, however, became famous by the greatness of the defeat, its celebrity being acquired by the slaughter of forty thousand men. Here the general, the ground, the face of heaven, the day, indeed all nature, conspired together for the destruction of the unfortunate army. For Hannibal, the most artful of generals, not content with sending pretended deserters among the Romans, who fell upon their rear as they were fighting, but having also noted the nature of the ground in those open plains, where the heat of the sun is extremely violent, the dust very great, and the wind blows constantly, and as it were steadily, from the east, drew up his army in such a position, that, while the Romans were exposed to all these inconveniences, he himself, having heaven, as it were, on his side, fought with wind, dust, and sun in his favor. Two vast armies,¹ in consequence, were slaughtered till the enemy were satiated, and till Hannibal said to his soldiers, "Put up your swords." Of the two commanders, one escaped, the other was slain; which of them showed the greater spirit, is doubtful. Paulus was ashamed to survive; Varro did not despair. Of the greatness of the slaughter the following proofs may be noticed; that the Aufidus was for some time red with blood; that a bridge was made of dead bodies, by order of Hannibal, over the torrent of Vergellus; and that two *modi*² of rings were sent to Carthage, and the equestrian dignity estimated by measure.

It was afterwards not doubted, but that Rome might have seen its last day, and that Hannibal, within five days, might have feasted in the Capitol, if (as they say that Adherbal, the Carthaginian, the son of Bomilcar, observed) "he had known as well how to use his victory as how to gain it." But at that crisis, as is generally said, either the fate of the city that was to be empress of the world, or his own want of judgment, and the influence of deities unfavorable to Carthage, carried him in a different direction. When he might have taken advantage of his victory, he chose rather to seek enjoyment from it, and, leaving Rome, to march into Campania and to Tarentum,

¹ The armies of the two consuls, Paulus Æmilius and Varro.

² Nearly three gallons and three-quarters.

where both he and his army soon lost their vigor, so that it was justly remarked that "Capua proved a Cannæ to Hannibal;" since the sunshine of Campania, and the warm springs of Baïæ, subdued (who could have believed it?) him who had been unconquered by the Alps, and unshaken in the field. In the mean time the Romans began to recover, and to rise as it were from the dead. They had no arms, but they took them down from the temples; men were wanting, but slaves were freed to take the oath of service; the treasury was exhausted, but the senate willingly offered their wealth for the public service, leaving themselves no gold but what was contained in their children's *bullæ*,¹ and in their own belts and rings. The knights followed their example, and the common people that of the knights; so that when the wealth of the private persons was brought to the public treasury (in the consulship of Lævinus and Marcellus), the registers scarcely sufficed to contain the account of it, or the hands of the clerks to record it.

CHARACTER OF FABIUS—SPIRIT OF THE ROMANS.

How can I sufficiently praise the wisdom of the centuries in the choice of magistrates, when the younger sought advice from the elder as to what consuls should be created? They saw that against an enemy so often victorious, and so full of subtlety, it was necessary to contend, not only with courage, but with his own wiles. The first hope of the empire, now recovering, and, if I may use the expression, coming to life again, was Fabius, who found a new mode of conquering Hannibal, which was, *not to fight*. Hence he received that new name, so salutary to the commonwealth, of *Cunctator*, or Delayer. Hence too it happened, that he was called by the people *the shield of the empire*. Through the whole of Samnium, and through the Falerian and Gauran forests, he so harassed Hannibal, that he who could not be reduced by valor, was weakened by delay. The Romans then ventured, under the command of Claudius Marcellus, to engage him; they came to close quarters with him, drove him out of his dear Campania, and forced him to raise the siege of Nola. They ventured likewise, under the leadership of Sempronius Gracchus,

¹ A sort of ornament suspended from the necks of children, which, among the wealthy, was made of gold. It was in the shape of a bubble on water, or, as Pliny says, of a heart.

to pursue him through Lucania, and to press hard upon his rear as he retired; though they then fought him (sad dishonor!) with a body of slaves; for to this extremity had so many disasters reduced them; but they were rewarded with liberty; and from slaves they made them Romans.

O amazing confidence in the midst of so much adversity! O extraordinary courage and spirit of the Roman people in such oppressive and distressing circumstances! At a time when they were uncertain of preserving their own Italy, they yet ventured to look to other countries; and when the enemy were at their throat, flying through Campania and Apulia, and making an Africa in the middle of Italy, they at the same time both withstood that enemy, and dispersed their arms over the earth into Sicily, Sardinia, and Spain.

CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE.

It was in the first place expensive indulgence, and, in the next, the want of means occasioned by it, with a fair opportunity at the same time (for the Roman forces were then abroad in the remotest parts of the world), that led Catiline to form the atrocious design of subjugating his country. With what accomplices (direful to relate!) did he undertake to murder the senate, to assassinate the consuls, to destroy the city by fire, to plunder the treasury, to subvert the entire government, and to commit such outrages as not even Hannibal seems to have contemplated! He was himself a patrician; but this was only a small consideration; there were joined with him the Curii, the Porcii, the Syllæ, the Cethegi, the Antronii, the Vargunteii, the Longini (what illustrious families, what ornaments of the senate!) and Lentulus also, who was then prætor. All these he had as supporters in his horrid attempt. As a pledge to unite them in the plot, human blood was introduced, which, being carried around in bowls, they drank among them; an act of the utmost enormity, had not that been more enormous for which they drank it. Then would have been an end of this glorious empire, if the conspiracy had not happened in the consulship of Cicero and Antonius, of whom one discovered the plot by vigilance, and the other suppressed it by arms.

The revelation of the atrocious project was made by Fulvia, a common harlot, but unwilling to be guilty of treason against her country. The consul Cicero, accordingly, having convoked the senate, made a speech against the accused, who was then

present in the house; but nothing further was effected by it, than that the enemy made off, openly and expressly declaring that he would extinguish the flame raised against him by a general ruin. He, then set out to an army which had been prepared by Manlius in Etruria, intending to advance under arms against the city. Lentulus, meanwhile, promising himself the kingdom portended to his family by the Sibylline verses, disposed throughout the city, against a day appointed by Catiline, men, combustibles, and weapons. And not confined to plotting among the people of the city, the rage for the conspiracy, having excited the deputies of the Allobroges, who happened then to be at Rome, to give their voice in favor of war, would have spread beyond the Alps, had not a letter of Lentulus been intercepted through the information of Vulturcius. Hands were immediately laid on the barbarian deputies, by order of Cicero; and the prætor was openly convicted in the senate. When a consultation was held about their punishment, Cæsar gave his opinion that they should be spared for the sake of their rank, Cato that they should suffer the penalty due to their crime. Cato's advice being generally adopted, the traitors were strangled in prison.

But though a portion of the conspirators was thus cut off, Catiline did not desist from his enterprise. Marching, however, with an army from Etruria against his country, he was defeated by a force of Antonius that encountered him on the way. How desperate the engagement was, the result manifested; for not a man of the rebel troops survived. Whatever place each had occupied in the battle, that very spot, when life was extinct, he covered with his corpse. Catiline was found, far in advance of his men, among the dead bodies of the enemy; a most glorious death, had he thus fallen for his country.

TACITUS.

A. D. 57-118.

CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS, the historian, was born about A. D. 57. His father is supposed to have been the same Cornelius Tacitus whom Pliny describes as belonging to the Equestrian Order, and as Procurator of the Belgian Gaul. At an early age he applied himself to the study of eloquence, with a view to obtain distinction as an advo-

cate; and he also served some campaigns in the army, as the necessary qualification required of every candidate for a magistracy. At the age of twenty-one, he married the daughter of the celebrated Cn. Julius Agricola; ten years afterwards, he was one of the prætors; and nine years later, that is, in A. D. 97, in the first year of the reign of Nerva, he was appointed to the dignity of consul. Once, after this period, his name is mentioned, together with that of the younger Pliny,¹ as the joint and successful accusers of Marius Priscus, Proconsul of Africa, for multiplied acts of cruelty and corruption in his Province. But the later years of his life seem to have been devoted mostly to the composition of his histories; a labor in which he was interrupted by his premature death, which took place about A. D. 118.

In point of external advantages, no Roman had hitherto been so well fitted for the office of an historian as Tacitus. Practically acquainted with civil and military affairs, gifted with a fair fortune, enjoying the highest public honors, with ample and undisturbed leisure, and writing in the reign of a sovereign (Trajan) who had no desire to see the truth concealed or corrupted, he had all opportunities of acquiring information, without any temptation to forsake his duty as an historian from motives of hope or fear; and it could only be a question whether his own moral and intellectual qualities were such as worthily to correspond with the favors conferred on him by fortune. These qualities were undoubtedly of a very high order. He observes a fair and temperate tone in his censures even of the very worst characters, and does not allow himself to be hurried away by the feelings of moral indignation which could not but arise within him, when contemplating such a tissue of various crimes as that which it was his business to record. His remarks are always striking, mostly just, and often profound; and his narrative is clear, sensible, and animated. His delineations of character are lively, and apparently just, and his sentiments on political questions fair and judicious. His authority with regard to all points of Roman history is highly valuable, and, for those times with which he is more immediately concerned, we could hardly desire a better guide.

The extant works of Tacitus are: 1. A Life of his Father-in-law,

¹ Tacitus and Plinius were most intimate friends. Truthfulness is conspicuous in the writings of both; and "incorruptible virtue is as visible in the pages of Tacitus as benevolence is in the letters of Pliny. They mutually influenced each other's character and principles; their tastes and pursuits were similar; they loved each other dearly; corresponded regularly; corrected each other's works, and accepted patiently and gratefully each other's criticisms."—*Browne's English Literature*.

Agricola. This, though sometimes obscure—owing doubtless to the corruption of the text—is justly admired as a specimen of biography which portrays, in the author's peculiar manner, and with many masterly touches, the virtues and abilities of one of the most illustrious of the Romans. 2. A Treatise on the Manners and Nations of Germany, which contains much curious information respecting the customs, habits, and character of that warlike, and virtuous, and high-minded people. 3. A small portion of a voluminous work entitled, "Histories." They comprehended a period from the second consulship of Galba, A. D. 69, to the death of Domitian, A. D. 96. He intended, had his life been spared, to add the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, "the materials for which," he says, "are more plentiful and trustworthy, because of the unusual felicity of an age in which men were allowed to think as they pleased, and to give utterance to what they thought." 4. *Annales*, "Annals," beginning with the death of Augustus, A. D. 14, and closing with the death of Nero, A. D. 68. They consisted of sixteen books, but about one-half of them are lost. 5. A Dialogue on the Decline of Eloquence, the genuineness of which has been doubted by some, but without much foundation.¹

CUSTOMS AND CHARACTER OF THE GERMAN TRIBES.

They regard rank in the selection of their kings, but valor determines the choice of their military chiefs. The kings do not possess absolute or unlimited power; and the chiefs exert influence by their example rather than by authority; if they appear active, and prominent as leaders in the battle, they control others by the admiration which they excite. To put to death, imprison, or even scourge, is allowed to none except the priests; as if it were not for punishment nor by the command

¹ Editions. The edition of Ernesti, by Oberlin, Leipsic, 1811, is valuable as containing the notes and excursus of Lipsius; also, Bekker, Leipsic, 1831, 2 vols. 8vo.; and Orelli, Zurich, 1848, 2 vols. 8vo. An excellent college edition of the *Germania* and *Agricola*, with English notes, and a *Life of Tacitus*, has been published by Prof. Tyler, of Amherst College. Dr. William Smith has also given us a good edition, with notes, of the "*Germania*, *Agricola*, and First Book of the *Annals*," London, 1855. But the edition of the "*Germania*, with *Ethnological Dissertations and Notes*," by R. G. Latham, F. R. S., London, 1851, 8vo., is the fullest and ablest ever published, and leaves nothing more upon this treatise to be desired by the student. Its distinguishing feature is the great prominence given in it to ethnological investigations—matters which are too often passed over by other editors of the classics; and this, for a very good reason, because they are rarely competent to do justice to them. The English versions of Tacitus are by Gordon and Murphy.

of the chief, but at the will of the god, whom they believe to be present in the conflict; hence they carry into battle certain standards, with images of animals represented on them, taken from their sacred groves.

It is an especial spur to valor that the companies of their infantry and cavalry are not formed by chance or any accidental concourse, but they are composed of families and relatives, and moreover the dearest objects of their affection are near, so that the wailing of the women and the crying of the children can be distinctly heard. Every one considers these the most revered witnesses, the most valued approvers of his deeds. They show their wounds to their mothers and their wives, who do not shrink from counting and examining them; they even delight to encourage and carry food to the warriors in the hour of combat. There is a tradition that certain armies, when already wavering and yielding, have been restored by their women through the importunity of their entreaties, their demand for death at the hands of their countrymen, and their vivid representation of the horrors of impending captivity—for they fear this much more in the persons of their women; they even esteem those states more firmly bound by treaty, of whom noble maidens as well as youths are required as hostages. Moreover, they believe there is something holy and prophetic in their women, so that they carefully attend to their advice and oracular responses.

They worship Mercury (Woden) more than any other deity, whom, upon set days, they deem it proper to propitiate even with human victims. Hercules (Thor) and Mars (Taisco) they appease with such animals as the Romans use.

They do not think it becoming to the dignity of the gods to confine them within the walls of temples, or to make any images of them resembling the human countenance. They dedicate groves and woodlands, and call by the names of deities that mysterious presence which they view with the eye of reverence only.

It was the six hundred and fortieth year of Rome, in the consulship of Cæcilius Metellus and Papirius Carbo, when the arms of the Cimbri were first heard of. From that time, if we reckon to the second consulate of the Emperor Trajan, it is about two hundred and ten years. So long has Rome attempted to conquer Germany. During this long interval there have been many disasters on both sides. Not the Samnite, not the Carthaginians, not Spain nor Gaul, not even the Parthians have more frequently defeated us; since German liberty

is a mightier principle than Parthian monarchy. For what else than the slaughter of Crassus has the East reproached us with—herself humbled beneath Ventidius, and losing her own leader Pacorus?

But the Germans routed or captured Carbo and Cassius, and Scaurus Aurelius and Servilius Cæpio, with five consular armies of the republic—took Varus and his three legions even from Cæsar. Nor did Caius Marius in Italy, the Emperor Julius in Gaul, Drusus, Nero, and Germanicus in their own land defeat them with impunity. Subsequently the loud threats of Caligula were ridiculed; and when, through our own dissension and civil war, they enjoyed tranquillity, they took the winter quarters of the legions by storm, they aspired to the dominion of Gaul; and again repulsed, from that period to the most recent times, they have been rather vainly triumphed over than actually conquered.

USES OF BIOGRAPHY. CONDITION OF ROME.

Not even in our times has the age, though neglectful of its own great men, ceased to practise that ancient custom of transmitting to posterity the exploits and private life of illustrious men, as often as distinguished and eminent qualities have vanquished a fault common to both small and large states, viz., ignorance and envy of excellence. But with our ancestors, as the performance of actions worthy of remembrance was more easy and less obstructed, so all the most remarkable for talent were disposed to commemorate virtue, not through personal favor or self-seeking, but through the consciousness of having performed a worthy deed, as their only reward. And many have deemed it a mark of conscious integrity rather than of arrogance to write their own biography. This, in the case of Rutilius and Scaurus, did not impair confidence or incur censure; so true is it that virtues are held in the highest estimation in those very times when they are most easily produced. But had I undertaken to write the life of Agricola immediately after his decease, I should have needed permission; but since I should have fallen on times so cruel and hostile to virtue, I would not have asked it.

We read that the panegyric of Paetus Thrasea by Arulenus Rusticus, and of Priscus Helvidius by Herennius Senecio, was held to be a capital offence. Nor were cruelties inflicted merely upon the authors, but also upon the books—the officers of jus-

tice having been required to burn publicly in the forum the memorials of those most illustrious men. They thought, forsooth, that in that fire would be consumed the free speech of the Roman people, the liberty of the Senate, the common sentiments of mankind. Philosophers and scholars had already been banished, lest anything of marked excellence should be found. We have certainly afforded a remarkable instance of endurance; and as a past age suffered anarchy, the excess of liberty, so have we the height of tyranny, for by a system of espionage the right of free speech was taken away. We should also have lost the faculty of memory had forgetfulness been as voluntary as silence.

Now at length courage slowly revives; although Nerva Cæsar, at the very beginning of this most happy age, united sovereign power and popular freedom, things formerly deemed incompatible, and Nerva Trajan daily increases the prosperity of the empire, and the public has assumed not only hopes and wishes for security, but has seen these wishes arise to confidence and stability—yet by a law of human frailty remedies operate more tardily than evils; and as our bodies grow slowly, but may be instantly destroyed, so talent and literary zeal can be discouraged more easily than revived; especially because the delights of indolence imperceptibly steal in, and sloth once scorned is finally embraced. What shall I say of this, that during fifteen years, a large share of human life, many have died natural deaths, and all the ablest have fallen victims to the emperor's cruelty? A few remain, survivors not only of others, but, so to speak, of ourselves, having lost from middle life those years in which the young have advanced in silence to old age, and the old have almost reached the utmost limits of human existence.

GALGACUS' ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

[Agriocola, having repeatedly defeated the Britons in six campaigns, forces his way, in the seventh summer, into Scotland, where the Caledonians and Britons make a last stand under Galgacus. The following is a part of Galgacus' address to his army on the eve of the decisive battle. It is in Tacitus' best style, and cannot be excelled for the somewhat rough and sententious but passionate eloquence which the desperation of a last hope is wont to inspire in "uncultivated" defenders of their homes.]

Britons—all the previous battles that have been waged against the Romans with varied success, were inspired by the hope of final aid from *our* hands, because, being the noblest born of all Britain, and, on that account, placed in the very penetralia of our fatherland, our sight never having beheld the edge of slave-soil, is not blurred by the least glimpse of tyranny. Our very seclusion and our glorious retreat have guarded us to this day—the remotest of men and the last of freemen. But now there is no other nation beyond us, nothing but waves and rocks, and the Romans, more pitiless; whose haughty arrogance you will in vain endeavor to appease by any cringing debasement. The thieves of the world, when lands fail to satisfy their rapacity that devastates all, they ransack the seas also. If their enemy be rich, they are greedy for his wealth; if he be poor, they are eager for his enslavement:¹—a nation which East and West cannot glut; the only nation in the world which covets with equal ardor rich states and poor. Extortion, murder, rapine—in their false tongue are known as *power*; and where they make a solitude, they call it peace. * * *

But all the incentives to victory are on our side. No wives inspire the Roman courage; no parents are with them to reproach their flight. The majority have either no native country, or some foreign one. Few in number, fearful through ignorance of their position, looking around with horror on these skies, seas, and forests—all unknown, completely hemmed in, the gods have given them up to us, as it were already conquered. There is nothing to fear behind there;—ungarrisoned forts, colonies of old men, towns disaffected and torn with altercations between disloyal subjects and unjust governors. Here is your general, here your army; there—exactions of tribute, drudgery in mines and the other punishments of slaves. To choose these as our lasting portion or at once to avenge our wrongs—depends on this field. As you rush into action, bethink you of your ancestors and your posterity.

CHARACTER OF AGRICOLA.²

You, Agricola, were indeed blessed not only in the immaculate probity of your life, but in the calm propriety of your

¹ Si locuples hostis est, avari; si pauper, ambitiosi:—untranslatable in its concise power.

² Agricola died suddenly at Rome, under circumstances that indicate his being poisoned by Domitian. The following is the chaste and touching peroration of our author's tribute to his noble father-in-law.

death; for they tell us who caught your last words, that you met the final destiny firmly and cheerfully. But in addition to the sorrow of losing a parent,¹ the dejected grief of myself and your daughter is increased by the remembrance that it was not permitted us to assuage your suffering, to support your sinking powers, to fill our vacant hearts with your last looks and endearments; for surely we would have received your dying commands and monitions to fix them deeply in our inmost minds. Without doubt, O best of parents, all honors were lavishly accorded to your memory by your loving and assiduous wife; yet you were buried with fewer tears, and in the last light that met your eyes they craved something that was not. If there be some fixed home for the pious departed, if, as wise men think, great souls do not perish with the body—rest thou peacefully, and recall us, your household, from useless wailing and womanish plaints, to the contemplation of your virtues, which it were impious to mourn with silent sorrow or audible grief. Rather let us adorn your memory by sincere admiration, by lasting praises, and, if frail nature will permit, by conforming ourselves to your example. This will be the true honor and pious regard due from every relative of the house. I would enjoin this upon both daughter and wife—so to venerate the memory of the father and the husband as to constantly reflect upon all his deeds and words, and to cherish the form and texture of his mind rather than of his body. Not that I think busts made of marble or brass must be done away with; but as the countenances of men are feeble in structure and liable to decay, so are the images of those countenances. The form of mind is eternal; and this one cannot hold or express by any material or art foreign to it: only in the mould of daily duties can its image be cast. Whatever we loved and admired in Agricola remains and is to remain, treasured up in the minds of men, the duration of ages, the records of all history. Oblivion will settle upon many worthies of old—as if they had never achieved renown through deeds or birth; but Agricola, fairly delineated, and so handed down, will be a lasting possession to future generations.

¹ Tacitus was Agricola's son-in-law, and, with his wife, was unavoidably absent from Rome at the time of his father's death.

QUINTILIAN.

A. D. 40-118.

MARCUS FABIVS QVINTILIANVS, the celebrated rhetorician and critic, was born at Rome about A. D. 40. Very little is known of the particulars of his life. He studied law, and practised somewhat at the bar, but he was chiefly distinguished as a teacher of the principles of the art of rhetoric, in which he spent twenty years with a very high reputation. Among his pupils may be mentioned Pliny the younger, and the two grand nephews of the Emperor Domitian, by whom he was invested with the insignia and title of consul. His private character seems to have commanded the respect and esteem of his contemporaries. He retired to private life about A. D. 108, and is supposed to have died about A. D. 118.

The chief work which Quintilian has left us, and the one on which his fame rests, is entitled *De Institutione Oratoria*, or, sometimes, *Institutiones Oratoriæ*, "Institutes of Oratory," or Education of an Orator, and is the most complete course of rhetoric which the ancients have left us. It consists of twelve books. The first book contains a dissertation on the preliminary training requisite, before a youth can enter upon the studies necessary to form the accomplished orator, and gives us an outline of the method to be pursued in educating children from their earliest years: the second book treats of the art of oratory in general: the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh are devoted to invention and arrangement: the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh, to composition, including the proper use of the figures of speech, and to delivery, comprised under the general term *elocutio*: the twelfth or last, an inquiry into what is essential to the formation of a perfect public speaker.

"This production of Quintilian bears throughout the impress of a clear, sound judgment, keen discrimination, and pure taste, improved by extensive reading, deep reflection, and long practice. The diction is highly polished, and very graceful. The fastidious critic may, indeed, detect here and there an obscure, affected phrase, or a word employed in a sense not authorized by the purest models of Latinity, but these blemishes, although significant of the age to which the treatise belongs, are by no means so numerous or so glaring as seriously to injure its general beauty. In copiousness, perspicuity, and technical accuracy, it is unquestionably superior to the essay on the same subject ascribed to Cicero, although each possesses its peculiar merits.

The sections which possess the greatest interest for general readers are those chapters in the first book which relate to elementary education; and the beginning of the tenth book, which furnishes us with compressed but spirited history of Greek and Roman literature, in which the merits and defects of the great masters, in so far as they bear upon the object in view, are seized upon, and exhibited with great precision, force, and truth."¹

CHOICE OF A TEACHER.

As soon, therefore, as a boy shall have attained such proficiency in his studies as to be able to comprehend what we have called the first precepts of the teachers of rhetoric, he must be put under the professors of that art.

Of these professors the morals must first be ascertained; a point of which I proceed to treat in this part of my work, not because I do not think that the same examination is to be made, and with the utmost care, in regard also to other teachers, but because the very age of the pupils makes attention to the matter still more necessary. For boys are consigned to these professors when almost grown up, and continue their studies under them even after they are become men; and greater care must in consequence be adopted with regard to them, in order that the purity of the master may secure their more tender years from corruption, and his authority deter their bolder age from licentiousness. Nor is it enough that he give, in himself, an example of the strictest morality, unless he regulate, also, by severity of discipline, the conduct of those who come to receive his instructions.

Let him adopt, then, above all things, the feelings of a parent towards his pupils, and consider that he succeeds to the place of those by whom the children were intrusted to him. Let him neither have vices in himself, nor tolerate them in others. Let his austerity not be stern, nor his affability too easy, lest dislike arise from the one, or contempt from the other. Let him discourse frequently on what is honorable and good, for the oftener he admonishes, the more seldom will he have to chastise. Let him not be of an angry temper, and yet

¹ Professor Ramsay, of the Glasgow University.

Editions: The best edition of Quintilian is that begun by Spalding and finished by Zumpt, 6 vols. 8vo., Leipsic, 1798-1829. The best English translations are, that by Guthrie, 2 vols. 8vo., London, 1756; and that by Rev. John Selby Watson, 2 vols. 12mo., published in Bohn's library.

not a conniver at what ought to be corrected. Let him be plain in his mode of teaching, and patient of labor, but rather diligent in exacting tasks than fond of giving them of excessive length. Let him reply readily to those who put questions to him, and question of his own accord those who do not. In commending the exercises of his pupils, let him be neither niggardly nor lavish; for the one quality begets dislike of labor, and the other self-complacency. In amending what requires correction, let him not be harsh, and, least of all, not reproachful; for that very circumstance, that some tutors blame as if they hated, deters many young men from their proposed course of study. Let him every day say something, and even much, which, when the pupils hear, they may carry away with them, for though he may point out to them, in their course of reading, plenty of examples for their imitation, yet *the living voice*, as it is called, feeds the mind more nutritiously, and especially the voice of the teacher, whom his pupils, if they are but rightly instructed, both love and reverence. How much more readily we imitate those whom we like, can scarcely be expressed.

PUPILS SHOULD REGARD THEIR TUTORS AS INTELLECTUAL
PARENTS.

Having spoken thus fully concerning the duties of teachers, I give pupils, for the present, only this one admonition, that they are to love their tutors not less than their studies, and to regard them as parents, not indeed of their bodies, but of their minds. Such affection contributes greatly to improvement, for pupils, under its influence, will not only listen with pleasure, but will believe what is taught them, and will desire to resemble their instructors. They will come together, in assembling for school, with pleasure and cheerfulness; they will not be angry when corrected, and will be delighted when praised; and they will strive, by their devotion to study, to become as dear as possible to the master. For as it is the duty of preceptors to teach, so it is that of pupils to show themselves teachable; neither of these duties, else, will be of avail without the other. And as the generation of man is effected by both parents, and as you will in vain scatter seed, unless the furrowed ground, previously softened, cherish it, so neither can eloquence come to its growth unless by mutual agreement between him who communicates and him who receives.

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL TO A TRUE ORATOR.

Callicles maintains that "he who would be a true orator must be a just man, and must know what is just;" and it is therefore evident that oratory was not considered by Plato an evil, but that he thought true oratory could not be attained by any but a just and good man. In the Phædrus he sets forth still more clearly, that the art cannot be fully acquired without a knowledge of justice, an opinion to which I also assent. Would Plato, if he had held any other sentiments, have written the Defence of Socrates, and the Eulogy of those who fell in defence of their country,¹ compositions which are certainly work for the orator? But he has even inveighed against that class of men who used their abilities in speaking for bad ends. Socrates also thought the speech which Lysias had written for him when accused, improper for him to use, though it was a general practice, at that time, to compose for parties appearing before the judges speeches which they themselves might deliver; and thus an elusion of the law, by which one man was not allowed to speak for another, was effected. By Plato, also, those who separated oratory from justice, and preferred what is probable to what is true, were thought no proper teachers of the art, for so he signifies, too, in his Phædrus. Cornelius Celsus, moreover, may be thought to have been of the same opinion with those to whom I have just referred, for his words are, *the orator aims only at the semblance of truth*; and he adds, a little after, *not purity of conscience, but the victory of his client, is the reward of the pleader*. Were such assertions true, it would become only the worst of men to give such pernicious weapons to the most mischievous of characters, and to aid dishonesty with precepts; but let those who hold this opinion consider what ground they have for it.

Let me, for my part, as I have undertaken to form a *perfect orator*, whom I would have, above all, to be a *good man*, return to those who have better thoughts of the art. Some have pronounced oratory to be identical with *civil polity*; Cicero calls it *a part of civil polity*; and *a knowledge of civil polity*, he thinks, is nothing less than wisdom itself. Some have made

¹ Plato wrote a funeral oration on some Athenians who had fallen in battle; a composition, says Cicero, which was so well received, that it was recited publicly on a certain day every year.

it a part of *philosophy*, among whom is Isocrates. With this character of it, the definition that *oratory is the science of speaking well*, agrees excellently, for it embraces all the virtues of oratory at once, and includes also the character of the true orator, as he cannot speak well unless he be a good man. To the same purpose is the definition of Chrysippus, derived from Cleanthes, *the science of speaking properly*. There are more definitions in the same philosopher, but they relate rather to other¹ questions. A definition framed in these terms, *to persuade to what is necessary*, would convey the same notion, except that it makes the art depend on the result. Areus² defines oratory well, saying that it is *to speak according to the excellence of speech*. Those also exclude bad men from oratory who consider it as the knowledge of civil duties, since they deem such knowledge virtue; but they confine it within too narrow bounds, and to political questions. Albutius,³ no obscure professor or author, allows that it is the *art of speaking well*, but errs in giving it limitations, adding, *on political questions*, and *with probability*, of both which restrictions I have already disposed; those, too, are men of good intention, who consider it the business of oratory *to think and speak rightly*.

These are almost all the most celebrated definitions, and those about which there is the most controversy; for to discuss all would neither be much to the purpose, nor would be in my power; since a foolish desire, as I think, has prevailed among the writers of treatises on rhetoric, to define nothing in the same terms that another had already used; a vain-glorious practice which shall be far from me. For I shall say, not what I shall invent, but what I shall approve; as, for instance, that *oratory is the art of speaking well*; since, when the best definition is found, he who seeks for another must seek for a worse.

This being admitted, it is evident at the same time what object, what highest and ultimate end, oratory has; that object or end which is called in Greek *telos* (τέλος), and to which every art tends; for if oratory be *the art of speaking well*, its object and ultimate end must be *to speak well*.

¹ Not to this, whether eloquence is to be attributed to a good man only.

² He may possibly have been the Stoic philosopher of Alexandria, for whose sake Cæsar-Octavianus spared that city.

³ Caius Albutius Silus, of Novaria, a rhetorician of the age of Augustus.

IS ORATORY USEFUL?

Next comes the question *whether oratory is useful*; for some are accustomed to declaim violently against it, and, what is most ungenerous, to make use of the power of oratory to lay accusations against oratory; they say that *eloquence is that which saves the wicked from punishment; by the dishonesty of which the innocent are at times condemned; by which deliberations are influenced to the worse; by which not only popular seditions and tumults, but even inexpiable wars, are excited; and of which the efficacy is the greatest when it exerts itself for falsehood against truth.* Even to Socrates, the comic writers make it a reproach that *he taught how to make the worse reason appear the better*; and Plato on his part says that Tisias and Gorgias¹ professed the same art. To these they add examples from Greek and Roman history, and give a list of persons who, by exerting such eloquence as was mischievous, not only to individuals but to communities, have disturbed or overthrown the constitutions of whole states; asserting that eloquence on that account was banished from the state of Lacedæmon, and that even at Athens, where the orator was forbidden to move the passions, the powers of eloquence were in a manner curtailed.

Under such a mode of reasoning, neither will generals, nor magistrates, nor medicine, nor even wisdom itself, be of any utility; for Flaminius² was a general, and the Gracchi, Saturnini, and Glauciæ were magistrates; in the hands of physicians poisons have been found; and among those who abuse the name of philosophers have been occasionally detected the most horrible crimes. We must reject food, for it has often given rise to ill health; we must never go under roofs, for they sometimes fall upon those who dwell beneath them; a sword must not be forged for a soldier, for a robber may use the same weapon. Who does not know that fire and water, without which life cannot exist, and (that I may not confine myself to things of earth) that the sun and moon, the chief of the celestial luminaries, sometimes produce hurtful effects?

Will it be denied, however, that the blind Appius, by the

¹ "Tisias and Gorgias, by the power of words, make small things great, and great things small."—*Plato Phædr.*

² The general who was defeated by Hannibal at the lake Thrasimenus.

force of his eloquence, broke off a dishonorable treaty of peace about to be concluded with Pyrrhus? Was not the divine eloquence of Cicero, in opposition to the agrarian laws, even popular?¹ Did it not quell the daring of Catiline, and gain, in the toga, the honor of thanksgivings, the highest² that is given to generals victorious in the field? Does not oratory often free the alarmed minds of soldiers from fear, and persuade them, when they are going to face so many perils in battle, that glory is better than life? Nor indeed would the Lacedæmonians and Athenians influence me more than the people of Rome, among whom the highest respect has always been paid to orators. Nor do I think that founders of cities would have induced their unsettled multitudes to form themselves into communities by any other means than by the influence of the art of speaking; nor would legislators, without the utmost power of oratory, have prevailed on men to bind themselves to submit to the dominion of law. Even the very rules for the conduct of life, beautiful as they are by nature, have yet greater power in forming the mind when the radiance of eloquence illumines the beauty of the precepts. Though the weapons of eloquence, therefore, have effect in both directions, it is not just that that should be accounted an evil which we may use to a good purpose.

THE PERORATION OF A DISCOURSE.

That which produces the most powerful impression in the peroration of a speech, is pity, which not only forces the judge to change his opinions, but to manifest the feelings in his breast even by tears. Pity will be excited by dwelling either on that which the accused has suffered, or on that which he is actually suffering, or on that which awaits him if he be condemned; representations which have double force, when we show from what condition he has fallen, and into what condition he is in danger of falling. To these considerations age and sex may add weight, as well as objects of affection, I mean children, parents, and other relatives; and all these matters

¹ A speech against the agrarian laws could not have been well received by the people, without being in the highest degree forcible and eloquent. "While you spoke (O Cicero!), the tribes relinquished the agrarian law, that is, their own meat and drink."—*Plin. H. N.* vii. 31.

² Being preliminary to a triumph, by which, however, it was not always followed.

may be treated in various ways. Sometimes also the advocate numbers himself among his client's connections, as Cicero in his speech for Milo: *O unhappy that I am! O unfortunate that thou art! Could you, Milo, by means of those who are this day your judges, recall me into my country, and cannot I, by means of the same judges, retain you in yours?* This is a very good resource, if, as was then the case, entreaty is unsuited to the party who is accused; for who would endure to hear Milo supplicating for his life, when he acknowledged that he had killed a nobleman because he deserved to be killed? Cicero, therefore, sought to gain Milo the favor of the judges for his magnanimity, and took upon himself the part of suppliant for him.

In this part of a speech *prosopopeia* are extremely effective, that is, fictitious addresses delivered in another person's character, such as are suitable either to a prosecutor or defendant. Even mute objects may touch the feelings, either when we speak to them ourselves, or represent them as speaking. But the feelings are very strongly moved by the personification of characters; for the judge seems not to be listening to an orator lamenting the sufferings of others, but to hear with his own ears the expressions and tones of the unfortunate suppliants themselves, whose presence, even without speech, would be sufficient to call forth tears; and as their pleadings would excite greater pity if they themselves uttered them, so they are in some degree more effective when they are spoken apparently by their own mouth in a personification: as with actors on the stage, the same voice and the same pronunciation have greater power to excite the feelings when accompanied with a mask representing the character. Cicero, accordingly, though he puts no entreaties into the mouth of Milo, but rather commends him to favor for his firmness of mind, has yet attributed to him words and lamentations not unworthy of a man of spirit; *O labors, undertaken by me in vain! O deceitful hopes! O thoughts, cherished by me to no purpose!*

Yet our supplications for pity should not be long; as it is observed, not without reason, that *nothing dries sooner than tears*. For, since time lessens even natural sorrows, the representation of sorrow, which we produce in a speech, must lose its effect still sooner; and, if we are prolix in it, the hearer, wearied with tears, will recover his tranquillity, and return from the emotion which had surprised him to the exercise of his reason. Let us not allow the impressions that we make, therefore, to cool, but, when we have raised the feelings of our

audience to the utmost, let us quit the subject, and not expect that any person will long bewail the misfortunes of another. Not only in other parts of our speech, accordingly, but most of all in this part, our eloquence ought gradually to rise; for whatever does not add to that which has been said, seems even to take away from it, and the feeling which begins to subside soon passes away.

We may excite tears, however, not only by words, but by acts; and hence it became a practice to exhibit persons on their trial in a squalid and pitiful garb, accompanied with their children and parents; hence, too, we see blood-stained swords produced by accusers, with fractured bones extracted from wounds, and garments spotted with blood; we behold wounds unbound, and scourged backs exposed to view. The effect of such exhibitions is generally very strong, so that they fix the attention of the spectators on the act as if it were committed before their eyes. The blood-stained toga of Julius Cæsar, when exhibited in the forum, excited the populace of Rome almost to madness. It was known that he was killed; his body was even stretched on the bier; yet his robe, drenched in blood, excited such a vivid idea of the crime, that Cæsar seemed not to have been assassinated, but to be subjected to assassination at that very moment. But I would not for that reason approve of a device of which I have read, and which I have myself seen adopted, a representation, displayed in a painting or on a curtain, of the act at the atrocity of which the judge was to be shocked. For how conscious must a pleader be of his inefficiency, who thinks that a dumb picture will speak better for him than his own words? But a humble garb, and wretched appearance, on the part as well of the accused as of his relatives, has, I know, been of much effect; and I am aware that entreaties have contributed greatly to save accused persons from death. To implore mercy of the judges, therefore, by the defendant's *dearest objects of affection* (that is to say, if he has children, wife, or parents), will be of great advantage, as well as to invoke the gods, since such invocation seems to proceed from a clear conscience.

JUVENAL.

A. D. 38—119.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS was born probably at Aquinum, about A. D. 38,¹ and at an early age repaired to Rome. For many years he is said to have occupied himself in declaiming, and, as an able critic remarks, "every page of his writings bears evidence to the accuracy of this assertion. Each piece is a finished rhetorical essay, energetic, glowing, and sonorous; the successive attacks upon vice are all planned with systematic skill; the arguments are marshalled in imposing array; they advance supported by a heavy artillery of powerful and well-aimed illustrations, and sweeping impetuously onward, carry by assault each position as in turn assailed." But our knowledge of his life is very meagre. He is supposed to have employed his talents for satire at about the age of forty, in the reign of Domitian, but most of his satires were composed in the reign of Trajan. He died about A. D. 119, universally respected for his private virtues, as he was admired for his learning, his talents, and his powers as a satiric poet.

The extant works of Juvenal consist of sixteen satires, all composed in heroic hexameters. They are characterized by great passion, and lofty indignation against the vices of the times, but they are so frequently intermixed with pictures of pollution, that they cannot be read without leaving impure images upon the mind. While, therefore, the fine moral reflections of this satirist, independently of their sublimity, are strikingly just and profound, and often rise above the level of mere philosophy, yet his general usefulness as a satirist is much limited by the grossness of his indelicacy, which equals, at least, the acerbity of his invective. The benefit, therefore, which such a writer confers is extremely doubtful, since little good can arise from familiarizing the fancy with pictures of pollution, on which an impure imagination may dwell with pleasure, and by which it may be fed as with congenial food; but which a pure mind cannot contemplate without losing some portion of its innocent simplicity.²

¹ It is utterly impossible to arrive at any exact conclusion as regards either the birth or death of Juvenal. The dates here given are such as are most probably true.

² "The picture of Roman manners, as painted by the glowing pencil of Juvenal, is truly appalling. The fabric of society was in ruins. The popular religion was rejected with scorn, and its place was not occupied even by the creed of natural religion. Nothing remained but the empty pomp, pageant and ceremonial. The administration of the state was a mass of corruption;

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.¹

In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream,
 To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
 Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
 In its true light or good or evil see.
 For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?²
 What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
 But, finish'd, we our own success lament,
 And rue the pains, so fatally misspent?—
 To headlong ruin see whole houses driven,
 Curs'd with their prayers by too indulgent heaven!
 Bewildered thus, by folly or by fate,
 We beg pernicious gifts in every state,
 In peace, in war. A full and rapid flow
 Of eloquence, lays many a speaker low:
 E'en strength itself is fatal; Milo tries
 His wondrous arms, and—in the trial dies!

freedmen and foreigners, full of artful cunning, but destitute of principle, had the ear of the sovereign, and filled their coffers with bribes and confiscation. The grave and decent reserve which was characteristic of every Roman, in olden times, was thrown off even by the higher classes; and emperors took a public part in scenes of folly and profligacy, and exposed themselves as charioteers, as dancers, and as actors; nothing was respected but wealth—nothing provoked contempt but poverty. A vote was only valued for its worth in money; and that people, whose power was once absolute, would now sell their souls for bread and the Circensian games.

"Players and dancers had all honors and offices at their disposal. The city swarmed with informers who made the rich their prey; every man feared even his most intimate friend. To be noble, virtuous, innocent, was no protection: the only bond of friendship was to be an accomplice in crime. Philosophy was a cheat, and moral teaching an hypocrisy. The moralists 'preached like Curii, but lived like bacchanals.' The very teacher would do his best to corrupt his pupil: the guardian would defraud his ward. Luxury and extravagance brought men to ruin, which they sought to repair by flattering the childless, legacy-hunting, and gambling; and even patricians would cringe for a morsel of bread. The higher classes were selfish and cruel and insolent to their inferiors and dependants. Gluttony was so disgusting that six thousand sesterces (§250), would be given for a mullet; and the glutton would artificially relieve his stomach of its load, in order to prepare for another meal. Crimes which cannot be named were common. The morals of the female sex were as depraved as those of the men. Even those who were not so profligate aped the manners and habits of men, and would even meet in mock combat; and there was no public amusement so immoral or so cruel as not to be disgraced by the presence of the female sex."—*Browne's Roman Literature.*

¹ This extract is from the 10th Satire, which Dr. Johnson has so admirably paraphrased.

² ——— We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise Powers
 Deny us for our good; so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers.—*Shakespeare.*

But Avarice wider spreads her deadly snare,
 And hoards amass'd with too successful care;
 Hoards, which o'er all paternal fortunes rise,
 As, o'er the dolphin, towers the whale in size.
 For this, in other times, at Nero's word,
 The ruffian bands unsheath'd the murderous sword,
 Rush'd to the swelling coffers of the great,
 Chased Lateranus from his lordly seat,
 Besieg'd too wealthy Seneca's wide walls,
 And closed, terrific, round Longinus' halls:
 While sweetly in their cocklofts slept the poor,
 And heard no soldier thundering at their door.

The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
 Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth:
 E'en then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
 And starts and trembles at a rush's shade:
 While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
 And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.

The first great wish that all with rapture own,
 The general cry to every temple known,
 Is gold, gold, gold!—"and let, all gracious powers,
 The largest chest the forum boasts, be ours!"
 Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip:
 Dread then the draught, when, mantling at your lip,
 The goblet sparkles, radiant from the mine,
 And the broad gold reflects the ruby wine.

And do we now admire the stories told
 Of the two sages, so renown'd of old,
 How this forever laugh'd, whene'er he stept
 Beyond the threshold; that forever wept?
 But all can laugh; the wonder yet appears,
 What fount supplied the eternal stream of tears!
 Democritus, at every step he took,
 His sides with unextinguished laughter shook;
 He laugh'd aloud to see the vulgar fears,
 Laugh'd at their joys, and sometimes at their tears.
 Secure the while, he mock'd at Fortune's frown,
 And when she threaten'd, bade her hang or drown!

* * * * *

What wrought the Crassi's—what the Pompeys' doom,
 And his who bow'd the stubborn neck of Rome?
 What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise,
 Heard, in malignant kindness, by the skies!
 Few kings, few tyrants, find a bloodless end,
 Or to the grave, without a wound, descend.

The child, with whom a trusty slave is sent,
 Charg'd with his little scrip, has scarcely spent
 His mite at school, ere all his bosom glows
 With the fond hope he never more foregoes,
 To reach Demosthenes' or Tully's name,
 Rival of both in eloquence and fame!—
 Yet by this eloquence, alas! expired
 Each orator, so envied, so admired!

Yet by the rapid and resistless sway
 Of torrent genius, each was swept away.
 Genius, for that, the baneful potion sped,
 And lost, from this, the hands and gory head :
 While meaner pleaders unmolested stood,
 Nor stain'd the rostrum with their wretched blood.

* * * * *

The spoils of war; the trunk in triumph placed
 With all the trophies of the battle graced,
 Crush'd helms, and batter'd shields, and streamers borne
 From vanquish'd fleets, and beams from chariots torn :
 And arcs of triumph, where the captive foe
 Bends, in mute anguish, o'er the pomp below ;
 Are blessings which the slaves of glories rate
 Beyond a mortal's hope, a mortal's fate !
 Fired with the love of these, what countless swarms,
 Barbarians, Romans, Greeks, have rush'd to arms,
 All danger slighted, and all toil defied,
 And madly conquer'd, or as madly died !
 So much the raging thirst of fame exceeds
 The generous warmth which prompts to worthy deeds,
 That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power,
 Or woo her to their breast without a dower.
 Yet has this wild desire in other days,
 This boundless avarice of a few for praise,
 This frantic rage for names to grace a tomb,
 Involved whole countries in one general doom.
 Vain rage ! the roots of the wild fig-tree rise,
 Strike through the marble, and their memory dies !
 For like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay,
 And with the dust they hide, are swept away—
 Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
 And weigh the mighty dust that yet remains :
 AND IS THIS ALL ! Yet this was once the bold,
 The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold,
 Though stretch'd in breadth, from where the Atlantic roars,
 The distant Nilus, and his sunburnt shores,
 In length, from Carthage to the burning zone,
 Where other Moors and elephants are known.
 —Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds :
 Nature oppos'd her everlasting mounds,
 Her Alps and snows ; o'er these with torrent force
 He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful course.
 Already at his feet Italia lies ;—
 Yet thundering on, "Think nothing done," he cries,
 "Till Rome, proud Rome, beneath my fury falls,
 And Afric's standards float along her walls !"
 Big words !—but view his figure ! view his face !
 O for some master hand the lines to trace,
 As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods increast,
 The one-eyed chief urged his Getulian beast !
 But what ensued ? Illusive Glory, say :
 Subdued on Zama's memorable day,

He flies in exile to a petty state
 With headlong haste; and at a despot's gate
 Sits, mighty suppliant! of his life in doubt,
 Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.

Nor swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines hurl'd,
 Shall quell the man whose frown alarm'd the world.
 The vengeance due to Cannæ's fatal field,
 And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield.
 Fly, madman, fly, at toil and danger mock,
 Pierce the deep snow, and scale the eternal rock,
 To please the rhetoricians, and become
 A DECLAMATION—for the boys of Rome!

KNOW THYSELF.

HEAVEN sent us "KNOW THYSELF!"—Be this imprest,
 In living characters, upon thy breast,
 And still resolv'd; whether a wife thou choose,
 Or to the SACRED SENATE point thy views.—
 Or seek'st thou rather, in some doubtful cause,
 To vindicate thy country's injured laws?
 Knock at thy bosom, play the censor's part,
 And note, with caution, what and who thou art,
 An orator of force and skill profound,
 Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound!
 Yes, KNOW THYSELF: in great concerns and small,
 Be this thy care, for this, my friend, is all:
 Nor, when thy purse will scarce a gudgeon buy,
 With fond intemperance, for turbots sigh.

VALUE OF WISDOM—WICKEDNESS OF THE AGE.

WISDOM, I know, contains a sovereign charm,
 To vanquish Fortune, or at least disarm:
 Blest they who walk by her unerring rule!
 Nor those unblest, who, tutor'd in life's school,
 Have learn'd of old experience to submit,
 And lightly bear the yoke they cannot quit.
 What day so sacred, which no guilt profanes,
 No secret fraud, no open rapine, stains?
 What hour, in which no dark assassins prowl,
 Nor point the sword for hire, nor drug the bowl?
 THE GOOD, ALAS, ARE FEW! "The valued file,"
 Less than the gates of Thebes, the mouths of Nile!
 For now an age is come, that teems with crimes,
 Beyond all precedent of former times;
 An age so bad, that Nature cannot frame
 A metal base enough to give it name.

AVARICE.

Hence almost ev'ry crime, nor do we find,
That any passion of the human mind,
So oft has plung'd the sword, or drench'd the bowl,
As *Avarice*—that tyrant of the soul.
For he that will be rich, brooks no delay,
But drives o'er all, and takes the shortest way :
What law, or fear, or shame can e'er restrain
The greedy wretch in full pursuit of gain ?—
Do but get money, that's a needful task,
Which way you got it none will ever ask.—
Curs'd gold ! how high will daring mortals rise,
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glitt'ring prize ?

Pitt.

COMPETENCY.

If any ask me what would satisfy
To make life easy, thus I would reply :
As much as keeps out hunger, thirst and cold,
Or what contented Socrates of old :
As much as made wise Epicurus blest,
Who in small gardens spacious realms possess'd.
This is what Nature's wants may well suffice ;
He that would more, is covetous, not wise.

Dryden.

CONSCIENCE.

He that commits a sin, shall quickly find
The pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind :
Though bribes or favor should assert his cause,
Pronounce him guiltless, and elude the laws :
None quits himself : his own impartial thought
Will damn, and conscience will record the fault.

Cresch.

LUXURY.

You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes ?
Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times
Our matrons were : no luxury found room
In low-roof'd houses, and bare walls of loom :
Their hands with labor harden'd while 'twas light,
And frugal sleep supplied the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em straight,
And Hannibal was hov'ring at the gate.

But wanton, now, and lolling at our ease,
 We suffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,
 And wasteful riot, whose destructive charms
 Revenge the vanquish'd world of our victorious arms.
 No crime, no lustful actions are unknown,
 Since poverty, our guardian god, is gone.
 Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
 Pour like a deluge in from foreign parts.
 Since gold obscene, and silver found the way,
 Strange fashions with strange bullion to convey,
 And our plain simple manners to betray.

} *Dryden.*

LEGITIMATE OBJECTS OF HUMAN WISHES.

Shall man then nothing wish? Advised by me,
 Let the good gods, themselves, consult for thee:
 They what is useful, what expedient, know;
 And for the pleasant, will the fit bestow.

* * * * *

Yet, that some rites of worship may be thine,
 Some altar-offerings vow'd at holy shrine,
 For a sane mind in a sane body pray;
 A soul that looks on death without dismay;
 That firm prepares the course of life to run,
 And thanks kind Nature, when the race is done:
 A soul that strenuous toils could never tire;
 From anger calm; superior to desire:
 That rather would th' Herculean labors prove
 Than banquets, beds of down, and melting sloth of love.
 I show thee that which needs not prayer to gain!
 Which, of thyself, thou surely may'st obtain:
 The path of tranquil life through virtue lies;
 With prudence, thou hast all the deities:
 'Tis we, oh Fortune! who thy power have given;
 Our weak desires have set thy throne in heaven.

RIGHT TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Yes, there are faults, Fuscinus, that disgrace
 The noblest qualities of birth and place;
 Which, like infectious blood, transmitted, run
 In one eternal stream from sire to son.

If, in destructive play, the senior waste
 His joyous nights, the child, with kindred taste,
 Repeats in miniature the darling vice,
 Shakes the small box, and cogs the little dice.

Nor does that infant fairer hopes inspire,
 Who, train'd by the gray epicure, his sire,

Has learn'd to pickle mushrooms, and, like him,
 To souse the beccaficos,¹ till they swim !
 For take him thus to early luxury bred,
 Ere twice four springs have blossom'd o'er his head,
 And let ten thousand teachers, hoar with age,
 Inculcate temperance from the stoic page ;
 His wish will ever be in state to dine,
 And keep his kitchen's honor from decline !

* * * * *

So Nature prompts ; drawn by her secret tie,
 We view a parent's deeds with reverent eye ;
 With fatal haste, alas ! the example take,
 And love the sin for the dear sinner's sake.
 One youth, perhaps, form'd of superior clay,
 And warm'd by Titan with a purer ray,
 May dare to slight proximity of blood,
 And, in despite of Nature, to be good :
 One youth—the rest the beaten pathway tread,
 And blindly follow where their fathers led.
 O fatal guides ! this reason should suffice,
 To win you from the slippery route of vice,
 This powerful reason ; lest your sons pursue
 The guilty track, thus plainly mark'd by you !
 For youth is facile, and its yielding will
 Receives with fatal ease the imprint of ill :
 Hence Catilines in every clime abound ;
 But where are Cato and his nephew found ?
 Swift from the roof where youth, Fuscinus, dwell,
 Immodest sights, immodest sounds, expel ;
 THE PLACE IS SACRED : Far, far hence, remove,
 Ye venal votaries of illicit love !
 Ye dangerous knaves, who pander to be fed,
 And sell yourselves to infamy for bread,
 REVERENCE TO CHILDREN, AS TO HEAVEN, IS DUE :
 When you would, then, some darling sin pursue,
 Think that your infant offspring eyes the deed,
 And let the thought abate your guilty speed :
 Back from the headlong steep your steps entice,
 And check you, tottering on the verge of vice.
 O yet reflect ! for should he e'er provoke,
 In riper age the law's avenging stroke,
 (Since not alone in person and in face,
 But e'en in morals he will prove his race,
 And, while example acts with fatal force,
 Side, nay, outstrip you, in the vicious course)
 Vex'd, you will rave and storm : perhaps prepare,
 Should threat'ning fail, to name another heir !
 —Audacious ! with what front do you aspire
 To exercise the license of a sire,

¹ Literally a "fig-pecker"—a small bird, like the nightingale, that feeds on figs and grapes.

When all with rising indignation view
 The youth in turpitude surpass'd by you?
 Is there a guest expected? all is haste,
 All hurry in the house, from first to last.
 "Sweep the dry cobwebs down!" the master cries,
 Whips in his hand, and fury in his eyes—
 "Let not a spot the clouded columns stain;
 Scour you the figur'd silver, you the plain!"
 O, inconsistent wretch! is all this coil,
 Lest the front hall or gallery, daub'd with soil,
 (Which yet a little sand removes), offend
 The prying eye of some indifferent friend?
 And do you stir not, that your son may see
 The house from moral filth, from vices free?
 True, you have given a citizen to Rome;
 And she shall thank you, if the youth become,
 By your o'er-ruling care, or soon, or late,
 A useful member of the parent state:
 For all depends on you; the stamp he'll take
 From the strong impress which at first you make;
 And prove, as vice or virtue was your aim,
 His country's glory, or his country's shame.

* * * * * *

But youth, so prone to follow other ills,
 And driven to *AVARICE*, against their wills,
 For this grave vice assuming *Virtue's* guise,
 Seems *Virtue's* self to undiscerning eyes.
 The miser, hence, a frugal man they name,
 And hence they follow with their whole acclaim,
 The griping wretch, who strictlier guards his store,
 Than if the *Hesperian* dragon kept the door.
 Add that the vulgar, still a slave to gold,
 The worthy, in the wealthy man behold;
 And, reasoning from the fortune he has made,
 Hail him a perfect master of his trade!
 And true, indeed, it is—such *MASTERS* raise
 Immense estates; no matter by what ways;
 But raise they do, with brows in sweat still dyed,
 With forge still glowing, and with sledge still plied.
 The father, by the love of wealth possess'd,
 Convinced—the covetous alone are blest,
 And that, nor past, nor present times, e'er knew
 A poor man happy—bids his son pursue
 The paths they take, the courses they affect,
 And follow, at the heels, this thriving sect.
 But why this dire avidity of gain?
 This mass collected with such toil and pain?
 Since 'tis the veriest madness to live poor,
 And die with bags and coffers running o'er.
 Besides, while thus the streams of affluence roll,
 They nurse the eternal dropsey of the soul.

For thirst of wealth still grows with wealth increast,
And they desire it less, who have it least.

* * * * *

None sin by rule : none heed the charge precise,
Thus, AND NO FURTHER, MAY YE STEP IN VICE ;
But leap the bounds prescribed, and with free pace,
Scour far and wide the interdicted space ;
So when you tell the youth that fools alone
Regard a friend's distresses as their own,
You bid the willing hearer riches raise,
By fraud, by rapine, by the worst of ways ;
Riches, whose love is on your soul imprest,
Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast.
But mark the end ! the fire, deriv'd at first
From a small sparkle, by your folly nurs'd,
Blown to a flame, on all around it preys,
And wraps you in the universal blaze.
So the young lion rent, with hideous roar,
His keeper's trembling limbs, and drank his gore.

* * * * *

See every harbor throng'd, and every bay,
And half mankind upon the watery way !
For, where he hears the attractive voice of gain,
The merchant hurries, and defies the main.
Nor will he only range the Libyan shore,
But, passing Calpe, other worlds explore ;
And all for what ? O glorious end ! to come,
His toils o'erpast, with purse replenish'd, home,
And, with a traveller's privilege, vent his boasts
Of unknown monsters seen on unknown coasts.

* * * * *

Wealth by such dangers earn'd, such anxious pain,
Requires more care to keep it than to gain :
Whate'er my miseries, make me not, kind Fate,
The sleepless Argus of a vast estate !
The slaves of Licinus, a numerous band,
Watch through the night, with buckets in their hand,
While their rich master trembling lies, afraid
Lest fire his ivory, amber, gold, invade.
The naked Cynic mocks such restless cares,
His earthen tub no conflagration fears ;
If crack'd, to-morrow he procures a new,
Or coarsely soldering, makes the old one do.
Even Philip's son, when in his little cell,
Content, he saw the mighty master dwell ;
Own'd, with a sigh, that he who naught desired,
Was happier far than he who worlds required,
And whose ambition certain dangers brought,
Vast and unbounded as the object sought.
Fortune, advanced to heaven by fools alone,
Would lose, were wisdom ours, her shadowy throne.

“What call I, then, enough?” What will afford
A decent habit, and a frugal board;—
What Epicurus’ little garden bore,
And Socrates sufficient thought before:
These squared by Nature’s rules their blameless life—
Nature and wisdom never are at strife.

Gifford.

AULUS GELLIUS.

A. D. 117—180.

AULUS GELLIUS was probably a native of Rome, and flourished in the reign of Antoninus Pius. Of his private history we know but little, except what we gain from his own book: from which it appears that he had travelled much, especially in Greece, and had resided for some time at Athens, where he studied rhetoric and philosophy under the best masters. On his return to Rome, he devoted his time to his favorite pursuits and to judicial duties, having been appointed Prætor. The date of his death is not known with certainty, but it was probably the last year of the reign of Marcus Aurelius.

Aulus Gellius is known to us especially by his work, entitled *Noctes Atticæ*, “Attic Nights,” so called because the greater part of it was composed in a country house near Athens, during the long nights of winter. It consists of a number of extracts which the author had made in the perusal of the Greek and Latin authors, together with reflections upon a great variety of topics connected with history, antiquity, philosophy, and philology, interspersed with original remarks, dissertations, and discussions, the whole being thrown together into twenty books, without any attempt at order or arrangement: and with the exception of the eighth book, the whole has come down to us. It is a work of no little value, as it furnishes us with many curious facts respecting the language, history, and antiquities of the ancients, as well as with numerous fragments of earlier writers now entirely lost, elucidating questions which must otherwise have remained obscure. His style has been too highly commended by some, and decried by others. It is frequently careless, and displays a fondness for a peculiar species of affectation—the frequent introduction of obsolete words and phrases derived for the most part from the ancient comic dramatists.¹

¹ Editions: Gronovius, Lug. Bat., 1706, quarto, reprinted, with some dissertations, by Conradi, Leipzig, 1762. An excellent translation in English is by Rev. William Beloe, three volumes 8vo., London, 1795.

THE HUMBLE ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.

Phædon of Elis¹ was of the Socratic school, and very intimate both with Socrates and Plato. Plato prefixed this man's name to his divine book on the Immortality of the Soul. This Phædon was a slave, but of an elegant form and liberal understanding; and, as some have written, was, when a boy, sold by his profligate master. Cebes, a follower of Socrates, is said to have bought him on the recommendation of Socrates, and to have initiated him in the discipline of philosophy. He became afterwards an eminent philosopher; and there remain of his some very elegant discourses concerning Socrates. There have been many others who, from a state of servitude, have afterwards become distinguished philosophers. Amongst these was that Menippus, whose writings M. Varro imitated in his satires, by others called Cynic, by himself Menippean. Pompylus,² the slave of Theophrastus the Peripatetic; and he who was named the Persian, the slave of Zeno the Stoic; and Mys, the slave of Epicurus, were also philosophers of no mean reputation. Diogenes the Cynic lived also in servitude; but he, from a state of liberty, was sold as a slave. Xenias of Corinth, desiring to purchase him, asked him what art he knew? "The art," he replied, "of governing free men." Xenias, in admiration at his answer, bought and gave him his freedom; then, introducing his sons to him, "Take," says he, "these my children, who are free, and govern them." But the memory of Epictetus, the illustrious philosopher, that he also was a slave, is too recent to be mentioned as a thing obsolete. Two verses are said to have been written by this Epictetus³ upon

¹ Of this personage Diogenes Laertius relates, that he was born of a noble family; but being taken captive, was thus sold as a slave. The same author adds, that Alcibiades or Crito, at the suggestion of Socrates, restored him to liberty.

² This name is generally written Pompilius, mentioned by Laertius in his life of Theophrastus.

³ I may here remark, that the professors of philosophy and literature, so understood and called, have, with few exceptions, in all ages, been remarkable for their poverty. We ought, however, to make this distinction with respect to the learned men of ancient and modern times: the poverty of the ancient philosophers was voluntary, and often pressed upon public notice with a ridiculous degree of affectation; they were, however, amply compensated for this poverty, by the personal honors and reverence they received, being assiduously courted by the opulent, the powerful, and the great. This is not quite the case, I apprehend, in modern times. These honors and this reverence are reserved by just posterity, till the objects of it are no more;

himself, in which it is tacitly implied, that they who, in this life, have to struggle with various calamities, are not indiscriminately obnoxious to the gods; but that there are certain mysterious causes, which the investigation of few can comprehend: "I, Epictetus, born a slave, and lame, and poor as Irus, am dear to the gods."

HE ONLY SUCCEEDS WHO HELPS HIMSELF.

Æsop, the fabulist of Phrygia, has justly been reckoned a wise man. He communicated his salutary admonitions, not, as is the custom of philosophers, with a severity of manners and the imperiousness of command; but by his agreeable and facetious apologues having a wise and salutary tendency, he impressed the minds and understandings of his hearers, by captivating their attention. His fable, which follows, of the bird's nest, teaches with the most agreeable humor that hope and confidence, with respect to those things which a man can accomplish, should be placed not in another but in himself.

"There is a little bird," says he, "called a lark; it lives and builds its nest amongst the corn, and its young are generally fledged about the time of the approach of harvest. A lark happened to build among some early corn, which therefore was growing ripe when the young ones were yet unable to fly. When the mother went abroad to seek food for her young, she charged them to take notice if any unusual thing should happen or be said, and to inform her when she returned. The master of the corn calls his son, a youth, and says, 'You see that this corn has grown ripe, and requires our labor; to-morrow, therefore, as soon as it shall be light, go to our friends, desire them to come and assist us in getting in our harvest.' When he had said this, he departed. When the lark returned, the trembling young ones began to make a noise round their mother, and to entreat her to hasten away, and remove them to some other place; 'for the master,' say they, 'has sent to ask his friends to come to-morrow morning and reap.' The mother desires them to be at ease; 'for if the master,' says she, 'refers the reaping to his friends, it will not take place to-morrow, nor is it necessary for me to remove you to-day.' The next day, the mother flies away for food: the master waits for

and many there have been who, like Otway and Savage, were suffered to languish out a miserable life in want, whose talents are universally allowed to have improved and adorned their country.

his friends; the sun rages, and nothing is done; no friends came. Then he says a second time to his son: 'These friends,' says he, 'are very tardy indeed. Let us rather go and invite our relations and neighbors, and desire them to come early to-morrow and reap.' The affrighted young tell this to their mother: she again desires them not to be at all anxious or alarmed. 'There are no relations so obsequious as to comply instantly with such requests, and undertake labor without hesitation. But do you observe if anything shall be said again.' The next morning comes, and the bird goes to seek food. The relations and neighbors omit to give the assistance required of them. At length the master says to his son, 'Farewell to our friends and relations; bring two sickles at the dawn of day; I will take one, and you the other, and to-morrow we will reap the corn with our own hands.' When the mother heard from her young ones, that the master had said this: 'The time is now come,' says she, 'for us to go away; now what he says will undoubtedly be done; for he rests upon himself, whose business it is, and not on another, who is requested to do it.' The lark then removed her nest; and the corn was cut down by the master." This is the fable of Æsop concerning confidence in friends and relations, which is generally vain and deceitful. But what else do the more sententious books of philosophers recommend, than that we should make exertions for ourselves, nor consider as ours, nor at all belonging to us, what is external with respect to ourselves and our minds? Quintus Ennius has given this apologue of Æsop in his Satires, with great skill and beauty, in tetrameters. The two last, I think, it is well worth while to have impressed on the heart and memory.

"Always have in mind this sentiment,—Expect not from your friends what you can do yourself."

WHAT LED PROTAGORAS TO PHILOSOPHY.

They say that Protagoras, a man eminent in his pursuits of learning, with whose name Plato has inscribed his celebrated tract,¹ when a young man hired himself out to procure a livelihood, and was accustomed to carry burdens, which sort of men the Greek call *αχθοφοροι*, and we in Latin *bajuli*. He was

¹ "Protagoras, or the Sophist." This anecdote is related by Plato, by Plutarch, and by Diogenes Laertius; but, as Gronovius remarks, by none so fully as by Aulus Gellius.

once carrying from the adjoining fields to Abdera, of which he was an inhabitant, a number of sticks secured together by a short rope. It happened that Democritus, a citizen of the same place, a man very highly respected for his virtue and philosophic attainments, as he was walking without the city saw him with this burden, which was inconvenient to carry and hold together, walking with ease, and at a quick pace. He came near him, and contemplated the wood, which was put together and secured with great skill and judgment. He then asked him to rest a little; with which request, when Protagoras complied, Democritus observed of this heap, and, as it were, mass of wood, that it was secured by a small rope, and adjusted and poised with a certain mathematical nicety: he inquired, who thus disposed the wood; the other replied, that he had. He was then desired to undo it, and place it a second time in the same form; which, when he had done, and put it a second time together, Democritus, wondering at the acuteness and the skill of an unlearned man, "Young man," says he, "as you have a genius for doing well, there are greater and better things which you may do with me." He instantly took him away, and retained him at his house; maintained him, instructed him in philosophy, and made him what he afterwards became.

PHILIP AND ALEXANDER.

Philip, son of Amyntas, king of Macedonia, by whose valor and exertions the Macedonians, increasing their opulence and dominions, began to have sovereignty over various nations, and whose power and arms the celebrated orations of Demosthenes declare to have been formidable to the whole of Greece; this Philip, though at all times occupied and exercised in the toils and triumphs of war, never neglected the liberal pursuits of literature, and the studies of humanity. He did and uttered many things with equal facetiousness and urbanity. There are said to have been volumes of his letters full of elegance, grace, and wisdom: such is that in which he related to Aristotle the philosopher the birth of his son Alexander. This letter, as it seems to be an inducement for care and diligence in the education of children, I have thought proper to transcribe, that it may impress the minds of parents. It may be interpreted nearly in this manner:—

"Philip sends health to Aristotle—Know that a son is born to me; I therefore thank the gods, not so much because he is

born, but that he happened to be born during your life—I hope that, being instructed and brought up by you, he may prove worthy both of me and the conduct of affairs.”

MEANING OF THE LATIN WORD “HUMANITAS.”

They who are accustomed to observe the proprieties of the Latin language do not interpret the word “humanitas” according to the common acceptation, and as the Greeks call it *φιλανθρωπία*, “philanthropy,” signifying a certain ready benevolence indiscriminately exercised toward all men; but they consider humanity to be what the Greeks called *παιδεία* (*paideia*), “learning,” and what we term instruction and initiation in the liberal arts, which they who earnestly follow and obtain, may be said to be most *humanized*. For the pursuit and discipline of science is given to man only of all the animals, therefore it is called “humanitas.” And in this sense almost all books show that the ancients used this word, and particularly Marcus Varro, and Marcus Tullius.

A PHILOSOPHER’S ANSWER TO A RICH MAN.

In our way from Cassiopia¹ to Brundisium we passed through the Ionian, a sea violent, vast, and agitated with storms. During the whole first night of our voyage a very stormy side wind filled our vessel with water. At length, after much complaining, and sufficient employment at the pump, daylight appeared, but brought no diminution of our danger, nor cessation of the storm; but the whirlwinds seemed increasing, and the black sky, and the balls of fire, and the clouds, forming themselves into frightful shapes (which they called “Typhons”), appeared hanging over us ready to overwhelm the ship. In the company was a celebrated philosopher of the stoic school, whom I had known at Athens, a man of some consequence, and rather distinguished for the good order in which he kept his pupils. Amidst all these dangers, and this tumult of sea and sky, I watched this man attentively, anxious to know the state of his mind, whether he was dauntless and unalarmed. I observed that he expressed no fear nor apprehensions, uttered no complaints like the rest, nor gave into their way of exclaiming;

¹ Called also Cassope, a town on the coast of Epirus.

but in paleness and terror of countenance he differed but little from his neighbors. When the sky grew clear, and the sea became calm, a certain rich Greek from Asia approached the stoic; his wealth was proved from his expensive appearance, his quantity of baggage, and his train of attendants. "What is the reason" (said he, in a bantering humor) "that when we were in danger, you, who are a philosopher, were afraid, and looked pale, while I was neither afraid nor pale?" The philosopher, doubting a little whether it was worth while to make any answer: "If (said he) in so violent a storm, I did discover a little fear, you are not worthy of being told the reason; but that follower of Aristippus shall give you an answer for me, who, upon a similar occasion, being asked by a man much like yourself, why, as a philosopher, he was afraid, while he feared nothing, replied, that there was not the same cause for fear in one as the other, for the preservation of a worthless coxcomb was not an object worthy of much anxiety, but that he was concerned for the safety of an Aristippus." With this reply the stoic got rid of the rich Asiatic.

JUSTIN.

—
 FLOURISHED ABOUT A. D. 200.

OF the life of the historian M. Junianus Justinus, we know very little, and are even uncertain as to the period when he flourished. He wrote an abridgment of the Universal History of Trogus Pompeius,¹ or what might rather be called a collection of elegant extracts from that work, without much chronological order. His style is easy and perspicuous, and the work is not only highly entertaining in character, but has preserved from oblivion many facts not elsewhere recorded.²

¹ The work of Trogus, extending from the reign of the founder of the Assyrian empire, Ninus, to the reign of Augustus, is now lost. It was comprised in forty-four books, and entitled *Liber Historiarum Philippicarum*, because its chief object was to give an account of the origin, progress, and decline of the Macedonian monarchy; but he indulged in so many excursions, that he embraced a very wide field of investigation; though his work by no means deserves the title of Universal History.

² The best edition of Justin is that of Gronovius, reprinted and edited by Frotcher, Leipsic, 3 vols. 8vo., 1827. The translations in English are by Codrington, Bayley, Clarke (London, 1732), Turnbull (London, 1846), most of which have passed through several editions.

COMPARISON OF PHILIP AND ALEXANDER.

Philip took more pains and had more pleasure in the preparation of a battle than in the arrangement of a feast. Money was with him only a sinew of war. He knew better how to acquire riches, than how to preserve them; and living on plunder, was always poor. It cost him no more to pardon than to deceive. His conversation was sweet and alluring. He was prodigal of promises, which he did not keep; and whether he were serious or gay, he had always a design at the bottom. His constant maxim was, to caress those whom he hated, to instigate quarrels between those who loved him, and separately to flatter each party, whom he had alienated from the other. He was possessed of eloquence, had a ready apprehension, and a graceful delivery. He had for his successor his son Alexander, who had greater virtues and greater vices than himself. Both triumphed over their enemies, although by different means. The one employed open force only; the other had recourse to artifice. The one congratulated himself, when he had deceived his enemies, the other when he had conquered them. Philip had more policy, Alexander more dignity. The father knew how to dissemble his rage, and sometimes to conquer it; the son in his vengeance knew neither delay nor bounds. Both loved wine too well; but drunkenness, which opens the heart, produced different effects in them. Philip, in going from a feast, went to seek for danger, and exposed himself with temerity; Alexander turned his rage against the associates of his rivalry. The one often returned from battle, covered with wounds, received from his enemies; the other rose from table, defiled with the blood of his friends. The father wished to be loved; the son desired only to be feared. Both cultivated letters, the former through policy, the latter through taste. The one affected more moderation to his enemies, the other had in reality more clemency and good faith. It was with these different qualities that the father laid the foundation of the empire of the world, and that the son had the glory of completing the illustrious achievement.

ATHENS AFTER THE DEFEAT AT EGOS POTAMOS.

When the news of the defeat was understood at Athens, the inhabitants, leaving their houses, ran up and down the streets

in a frantic manner, asking questions of one another, and inquiring for the author of the news. Neither did incapacity keep the children at home, nor infirmity the old men, nor the weakness of their sex the women: so deeply had the feeling of such calamity affected every age. They met together in the forum, where, through the whole night, they bewailed the public distress. Some wept for their lost brothers, or sons, or parents; some for other relatives; others for friends dearer than relatives; all mingling their lamentations for their country with plaints for their private sufferings; sometimes regarding themselves, sometimes their city, as on the brink of ruin; and deeming the fate of those who survived more unhappy than that of the slain. Each represented to himself a siege, a famine, and an enemy overbearing and flushed with victory; sometimes contemplating in imagination the desolation and burning of the city, and sometimes the captivity and wretched slavery of all its inhabitants; and thinking the former destruction of Athens, which was attended only with the ruin of their houses, while their children and parents were safe, much less calamitous than what was now to befall them; since there remained no fleet in which, as before, they might find a refuge, and no army by whose valor they might be saved to erect a finer city.

While the city was thus wept over and almost brought to nothing, the enemy came upon it, pressed the inhabitants with a siege, and distressed them with famine. They knew that little remained of the provisions which they had laid up, and had taken care that no new ones should be imported. The Athenians, exhausted by their sufferings, from long endurance of famine, and daily losses of men, sued for peace; but it was long disputed between the Spartans and their allies whether it should be granted or not. Many gave their opinion that the very name of the Athenians should be blotted out, and the city destroyed by fire; but the Spartans refused "to pluck out one of the two eyes of Greece," and promised the Athenians peace, on condition "that they should demolish the walls extending down to the Piræus, and deliver up the ships which they had left; and that the state should receive from them thirty governors of their own citizens." The city being surrendered on these terms, the Lacedæmonians committed it to Lysander to model the government of it. This year was rendered remarkable, not only for the reduction of Athens, but for the death of Darius, king of Persia, and the banishment of Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily.

PYTHAGORAS.

This philosopher was born at Samos, the son of Demaratus, a rich merchant, and after being greatly advanced in wisdom, went first to Egypt, and afterwards to Babylon, to learn the motions of the stars and study the origin of the universe, and acquired very great knowledge. Returning from thence, he went to Crete and Lacedæmon, to instruct himself in the laws of Minos and Lycurgus, which at that time were in high repute. Furnished with all these attainments, he came to Crotona, and, by his influence, recalled the people, when they were giving themselves up to luxury, to the observance of frugality. He used daily to recommend virtue, and to enumerate the ill effects of luxury, and the misfortunes of states that had been ruined by its pestilential influence; and he thus produced in the people such a love of temperance, that it was at length thought incredible that any of them should be extravagant. He frequently gave instruction to the women apart from the men, and to the children apart from their parents. He impressed on the female sex the observance of chastity, and submission to their husbands; on the rising generation, modesty and devotion to learning. Through his whole course of instruction he exhorted all to love temperance, as the mother of every virtue; and he produced such an effect upon them by the constancy of his lectures, that the women laid aside their vestments embroidered with gold, and other ornaments and distinctions, as instruments of luxury, and, bringing them into the temple of Juno, consecrated them to the goddess, declaring that modesty, and not fine apparel, was the true adornment of their sex.

Pythagoras, after living twenty years at Crotona, removed to Metapontum, where he died; and such was the admiration of the people for his character, that they made a temple of his house, and worshipped him as a god.

BOETHIUS.

A. D. 472-526.

BOETHIUS, whose full name was Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius, a Roman statesman, prose writer, and poet, was descended from one of the noblest families of Rome, and was born about A. D. 472. He very early evinced fine parts, and great attention was paid to his education. To enrich his mind with the study of philosophy, and at the same time to perfect him in the Greek language, he was sent to Athens. Returning young to Rome, he was soon distinguished for his learning and virtue, promoted to the principal dignities in the state, and at length raised to the consulship. Living in great affluence and splendor, he devoted himself to the study of theology, mathematics, ethics, and logic; and how great a master he became in each of these branches of learning, appears from such of his works as are now extant. The great offices which he held in the state, and his consummate wisdom and inflexible integrity, procured him a share in the public councils. But these in the end proved his destruction; for when he was absent from the city, some of "the baser sort" of the court of the emperor Theodoric, fearing that he would expose their wickedness, and hating him as the bad always hate the good, brought against him the charge of endeavoring to overthrow the government of Theodoric. A sentence of confiscation and death was passed upon him unheard, and he was imprisoned at Ticinum, where, about two years after, he was beheaded on the 23d of October, A. D. 526. His body was interred by the inhabitants of Pavia, in the church of St. Augustine, near the steps of the chancel, where his monument existed till the last century, when that church was destroyed. Theodoric, who did not long survive Boethius, is said in his last hours to have repented of his cruelty.

Boethius occupied a sort of middle position in the general history and literature of the world. Being the last Roman of any note who understood the language and studied the literature of Greece, and living on the boundary of the ancient and the modern world, he is one of the most important links between them. Hence for six or eight hundred years, through the middle ages, he was looked upon as the head and type of all philosophers, and was invested with a distinctly Christian character, to which he had hardly any claim. But his extensive learning and great eloquence are manifested in his works—upon philosophy, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, and metaphy-

sical and theological subjects. A beautiful edition of these, collected with great care, was printed in Venice, in one handsome folio, in 1499.

The most celebrated production of Boethius is his *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, "On the Consolation of Philosophy," which was written during his imprisonment. It is an imaginary conversation between the author and Philosophy personified, who endeavors to console and soothe him in his afflictions. The topics of consolation in the work are deduced from the tenets of Plato, Zeno, and Aristotle, but without any notice of the sources of consolation which are peculiar to the Christian system; from which circumstance many have been led to think him more of a Stoic than a Christian. A sort of Christian interpretation was, however, given to it during the middle ages, and during all those centuries few books were more popular than this treatise, and few have passed through a greater number of editions in most of the languages of Europe. An additional interest is given to it from the fact that it was translated into Saxon by King Alfred, when the distressed situation of his kingdom by the invasion of the Danes caused him to seek retirement; and that Queen Elizabeth, during the time of her confinement by her sister Mary, sought to mitigate her grief by reading it, and afterwards translating it into English.

HAPPINESS CONSISTS NOT IN THE GIFTS OF FORTUNE.

To be fully convinced that happiness consists not in things which are in the power of fortune, attend to the following reasoning: If happiness is the chief good of a reasonable being, that cannot be his chief good, which is in its nature fluctuating, and of which he may be deprived; for there is some good more excellent than this transitory felicity, namely, what is permanent, and which cannot be taken away: it is therefore evident, that fortune, the most variable thing in the world, cannot bestow the sovereign good upon mankind. Besides, whoever is captivated with the favors of the capricious dame, either knows, or does not know her inconstancy. If he does not know it, what happiness can a person enjoy, who is immersed in the grossest ignorance? If he knows it, he must be afraid of losing her gifts, as he is sure they may be lost; and the fear of this will keep him in constant terror, and bereave him of repose. But perhaps he may think the favors of fortune despicable, and if he should be deprived of them, unworthy of his concern: if this is the case, it must be a very inconsiderable good, the loss

whereof can be supported without regret. But as I am satisfied that you are convinced of the soul's immortality, by a number of incontestable proofs; and since it is evident that the felicity of the body ends with life,¹ it unquestionably follows, that when men lose this felicity, they must be plunged in misery. Nevertheless, as we know that many of the human race have sought the enjoyment of happiness, not only by death, but by sufferings and torments; how can this present life make men happy, since, when finished, it does not make them miserable?

HAPPINESS NOT FOUND IN POWER OR HONORS.

Why should I discourse of power and of honors, which, though you are ignorant of true honor and of real power, you extol to the skies? When these favors of fortune fall to the share of an abandoned profligate, what flaming eruptions of Etna, what impetuous deluge did ever produce greater calamities? No doubt you have heard that your ancestors formed a design to abolish the consular government (though with the consulship their liberty commenced), on account of the insolence of these magistrates; as they formerly suppressed the title and office of king, because of the tyranny of their monarchs. But if sometimes, though seldom, it happens, that honors are conferred upon men of worth; is there anything estimable in them, but the probity of the persons invested with them? Hence it is, that virtue is not embellished by dignities, but on the contrary, dignities derive all their lustre from virtue. But in what respects, I pray you, is power so excellent and so desirable? Do but consider, O ye weak and despicable animals! what they are, over whom you appear to exercise authority, and what you are, who thus seem to govern? If you observed a mouse assuming command over her equals, would not you be ready to burst with laughter? But what is there in nature so weak as the human frame? The bite of an insect, the most inconsiderable reptile insinuating itself into the human pores, may be the cause of death. But how can any man obtain dominion over another, unless it be over his body, or what is inferior to his body, I mean, his possessions? Can you ever command a free-born soul? Can you ever disturb the tranquillity of a mind collected in itself, and resolutely exerting its

¹ If the happiness of man consists only in the felicity of the body, and a period is put to this felicity by death; man, if he continues afterwards to exist, must necessarily be miserable.

powers? An imperious prince imagining he might, by tortures, extort a confession of his accomplices in a conspiracy, from a person of determined spirit,¹ the undaunted man bit off his tongue, and spit it in the face of his enraged enemy: thus did he at once disappoint the views of the tyrant, and render the cruelties prepared for him, matter of triumph to his own heroic virtue. Besides, what is it that one man can do to another, which may not be retaliated upon the aggressor? Busiris,² who we are told was wont to kill his guests, was himself slaughtered by Hercules his guest. Regulus³ put in chains many prisoners of war, whom he took from the Carthaginians; but he was soon after obliged to submit to the chains of his victorious enemies. Is the power then of that man, do you think, of any importance, who dares not inflict what he intends upon another, lest his intended severities may be requited upon himself? Besides, I would have you to reflect, that if there were anything really and intrinsically good in power and honors, they could never devolve upon the wicked; for an union of things that are opposite, is repugnant to nature. But as we frequently see the worst men obtaining the highest honors; it is evident that honors are not in themselves good, otherwise they would not fall to the share of the unworthy. The same holds true, with regard to all the gifts of fortune, which are commonly showered down in profusion upon the least deserving. We ought here also to consider, that as none doubts of the strength of a man, who has given instances of his strength, nor of his swiftness who runs well; in like manner it is admitted that the knowledge of music makes a musician, of medicine a physician, and of rhetoric a rhetorician. For the nature of a thing consists in doing what is peculiar to itself, in not mixing its effects with things of opposite qualities, and in voluntarily repelling what is repugnant or hurtful to it. Now, we never see riches satisfy the restless cravings of avarice, nor power render master of himself the man whose opprobrious vices keep him bound in indissoluble chains; neither do we perceive that when honors are conferred on the unworthy, they are thereby rendered men of worth: on the contrary, dig-

¹ The person here spoken of was probably Zeno, inventor of logic, and the tyrant alluded to, Nearchus of Elen, against whom Zeno had formed a conspiracy.

² Busiris, king of Egypt, a cruel tyrant, is said to have been the son of Neptune and of Libya. He used to sacrifice strangers to Jupiter; but whilst he was preparing to put Hercules to death in this manner, Hercules overcame him, and sacrificed both him and his son to Jupiter upon the same altar.

³ The history of Regulus, the famous Roman consul, is universally known.

nities serve only to betray them, and to expose their want of merit. But for what reason does all this happen? 'Tis because you take a pleasure in giving false names to things; names contrary to their natures, and inconsistent with their effects: thus you dignify riches, power, and honors with names they have no title to. In fine, we may say the same of all the favors of fortune: we may truly conclude, that she has nothing to bestow that is really desirable, nothing that is naturally good; that she is not inseparably attached to men of merit, and that she does not render virtuous those to whom she adheres.

ADVERSE FORTUNE OFTEN PROFITABLE.¹

Do not, however, believe, continued Philosophy, that I am an implacable enemy to Fortune, and delight to wage perpetual war with her. I grant you, that this inconstant dame sometimes deserves well of mankind; I mean when she discovers herself to them; when she unveils her countenance and displays her manners. Perhaps you do not understand me. What I want to teach you is indeed so surprising, that I am at a loss to find words to express myself. I say that adverse Fortune is in reality more beneficial to mankind than prosperous Fortune. The latter, while she fondly throws forth her caresses, and would fain persuade us that happiness resides only with her, is quite the reverse of what she appears: the former appears what she really is, displaying by her vicissitudes her natural inconstancy. The one deceives; the other instructs. This, by a fallacious show of good, deludes and enslaves the mind; that, by discovering the fluctuating nature of human happiness, enlarges and restores it to its native freedom. The one we behold blown up with vanity, light, wavering, and incapable of reflection; whilst the aspect of the other is humble, patient, and wise with her experience in the school of affliction. In fine, prosperous Fortune, by her blandishments, leads men astray from the true good; but on the other hand, adverse Fortune, by her rigors, teaches them wherein real happiness consists, and conducts them to it. Let me now ask you this one question: Is it an inconsiderable service that this latter has done you, vexatious and odious as you think her, in put-

¹ Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

As You Like It. Act II. Scene I.

ting the fidelity of your friends to a trial? She has separated the true from the false: by her departure she has carried off hers, and left yours. At what price would not you have purchased such a service, when you were at the height of your imaginary felicity! Forbear then to deplore the wealth you have lost, as you have found riches of infinitely greater value—*your friends.*

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Upon the whole, then, it must be concluded, that the freedom of the human will remains unconstrained and inviolable; and that those laws cannot be considered as unjust, which assign rewards and punishments to men, whose actions are in no respect under the compulsion of necessity. We ought therefore to comfort ourselves with this reflection, that God, who sits on high, perceives everything, knows perfectly what is to happen; and that the eternal presence of his knowledge, concurring with the future quality of our actions, engages him always to dispense rewards to the good, and punishments to the wicked. The confidence which, for this reason, we repose in God, cannot be vain or fruitless; neither will the prayers we address to him be inefficacious, when they proceed from a heart which is pure and upright. Detest, then, and flee every vice; cultivate and pursue every virtue; exalt your mind to God, the only true hope; and offer up your prayers with humility to his throne. If you are ingenuous, you must confess the strict obligation that you are under, to live agreeably to the rules of wisdom and probity, as you know that all your actions are performed under the eye of an all-discerning Judge.



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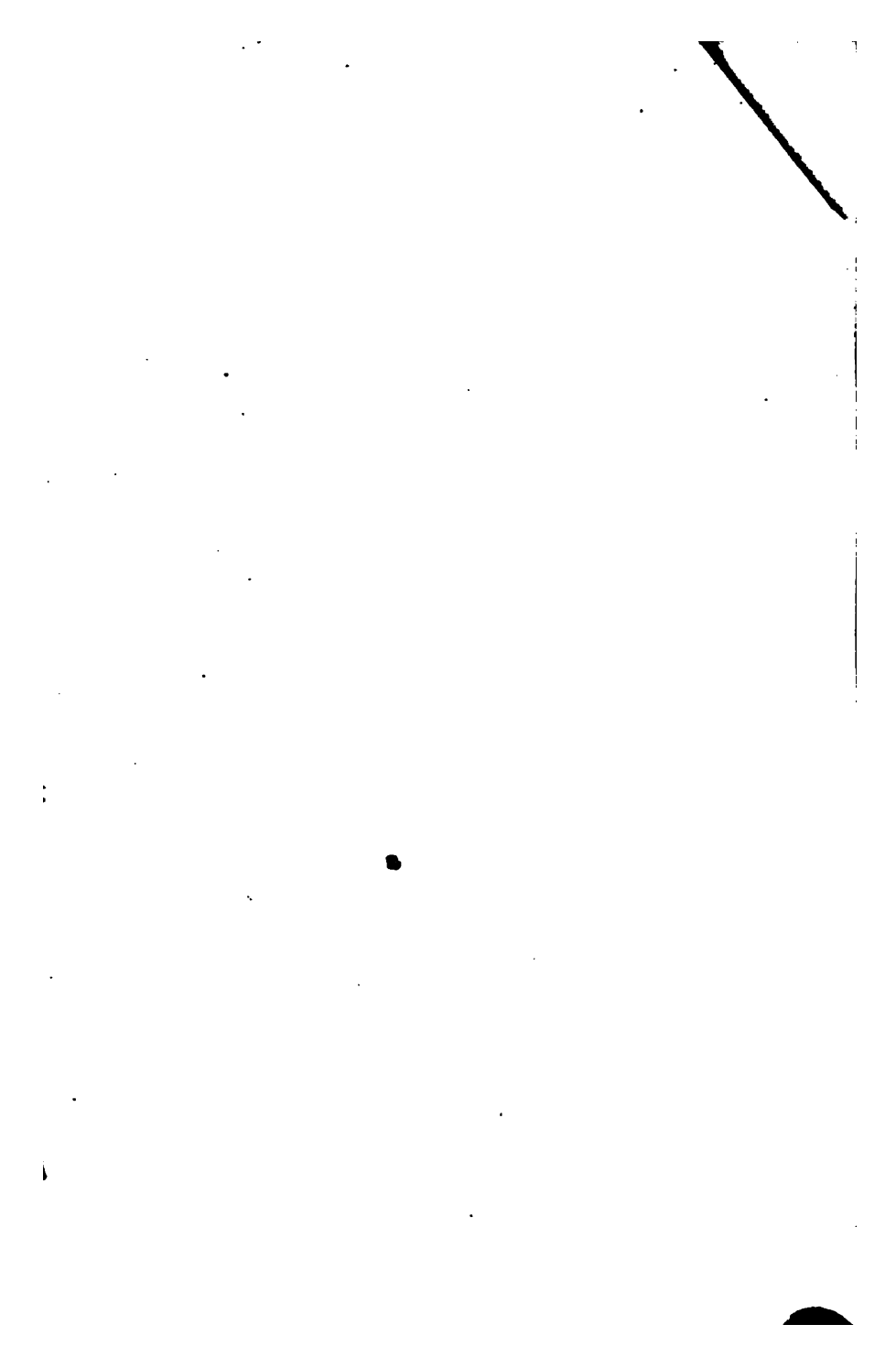
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